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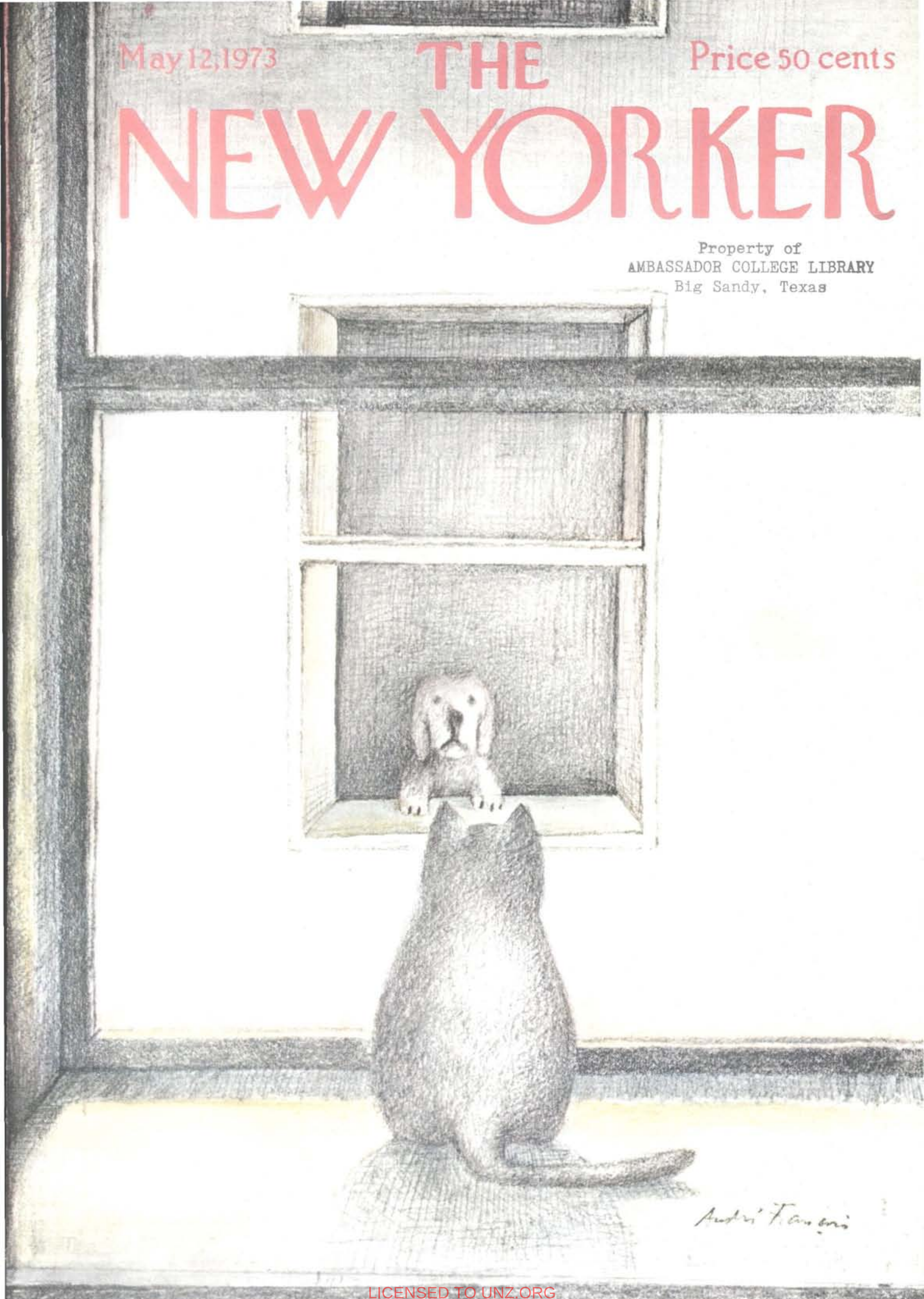

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alpha Beta—Laurence Luckinbill and Kathryn Walker in a two-character play by E. A. Whitehead, imported from London. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baba Goya—A play by Steve Tesich. Opens Wednesday, May 9, and will run through Saturday, June 2. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Changing Room—A team of mumbling, down-at-heel, semi-professional Rugby players undress and put on their gear and play a match and take off their gear and shower and sing and go home. Little nourishment is to be got from overhearing them, though the cast is able. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Crystal and Fox—Rue McClanahan and Will Hare in a play by Brian Friel. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cyrano—Christopher Plummer in a musical version of the Rostand classic, with a book and lyrics by Anthony Burgess, and music by Michael J. Lewis. Directed by Michael Kidd. Previews through Saturday, May 12. Opens officially on Sunday, May 13. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 9, and Saturdays at 2.)

Dr. Hero—A workshop production of a play by Israel Horovitz that is itself in the works. Much of the first act is nonvintage Horovitz, but there are some lively scenes in the second. Through it all, we follow the progress, from birth to death, of someone who aspires to be the World's Greatest Man. Edward Berkeley directed. (Shade Company, 230 Canal St. 431-3479. Fridays at 8 and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of RIVERWIND, a musical by John Jennings, is the final production in this season's series. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Finishing Touches—Jean Kerr's new play is, as you might expect, full of funny lines. The plot concerns some infinitesimal sexual longings in Academe. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. The director is Joseph Anthony. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, May 17, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, May 17, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—A static, diminishing production of Ibsen's play, under Gene Feist's direction. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

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El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Monte Markham, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simpleminded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about making love and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Two André Gregory productions: ALICE IN WONDERLAND, at the N.Y.U. Theatre, Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 10-20, at 5:30. . . . ¶ Beckett's ENDGAME, at the Normandy Theatre, Saturday, May 12, at 7:15, and final performance Sunday, May 13, at 8:30. (111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160.)

Nash at Nine—E. G. Marshall in a musical with verses and lyrics by the late Ogden Nash, and music by Milton Rosenstock. Conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Previews Friday through Wednesday, May 11-16. Opens officially on Thursday, May 17. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9; opening-night curtain at

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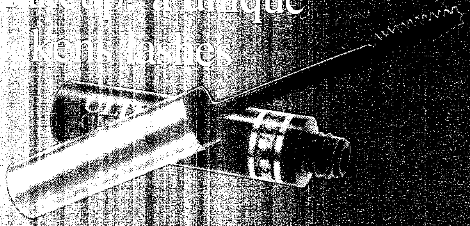
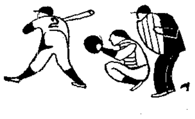


CHARLES REVSON/'ULTIMA' II

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Orphan—David Rabe's attempt to apply the myth of the Oresteia to certain contemporary events, among them our fighting in Vietnam and the Manson murders, is not entirely successful or convincing. Nevertheless, his play, for all its strain and distracting complexity, has some fine theatrical moments, and it is much better written than many plays that do work. The performance, under the direction of Jeff Bleckner, is first-rate. With John Harkins, Mariclare Costello, W.B. Brydon, Laurie Heineman, and Tom Aldredge, among other good actors. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Play's the Thing—Molnár's comedy in P.G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation of 1926. (Bijou, 45th St., W. 757-8455. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Seesaw—Several handsome production numbers almost make up for the shaky lonely-man-and-lonely-girl story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Michele Lee and Ken Howard. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 19.)

Smith—Don Murray in a musical with music and lyrics by Matt Dubey and Dean Fuller, and a book by them, together with Tony Hendra. Previews Wednesday, May 9. Opens officially on Thursday, May 10. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Spoon River Anthology—A revival of Charles Aidman's adaptation of Edgar Lee Masters' book. With Robert Elston. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-8057. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

The Women—A tiresome relic of the thirties, with a very large cast of actresses who bitch and bitch, though without conviction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

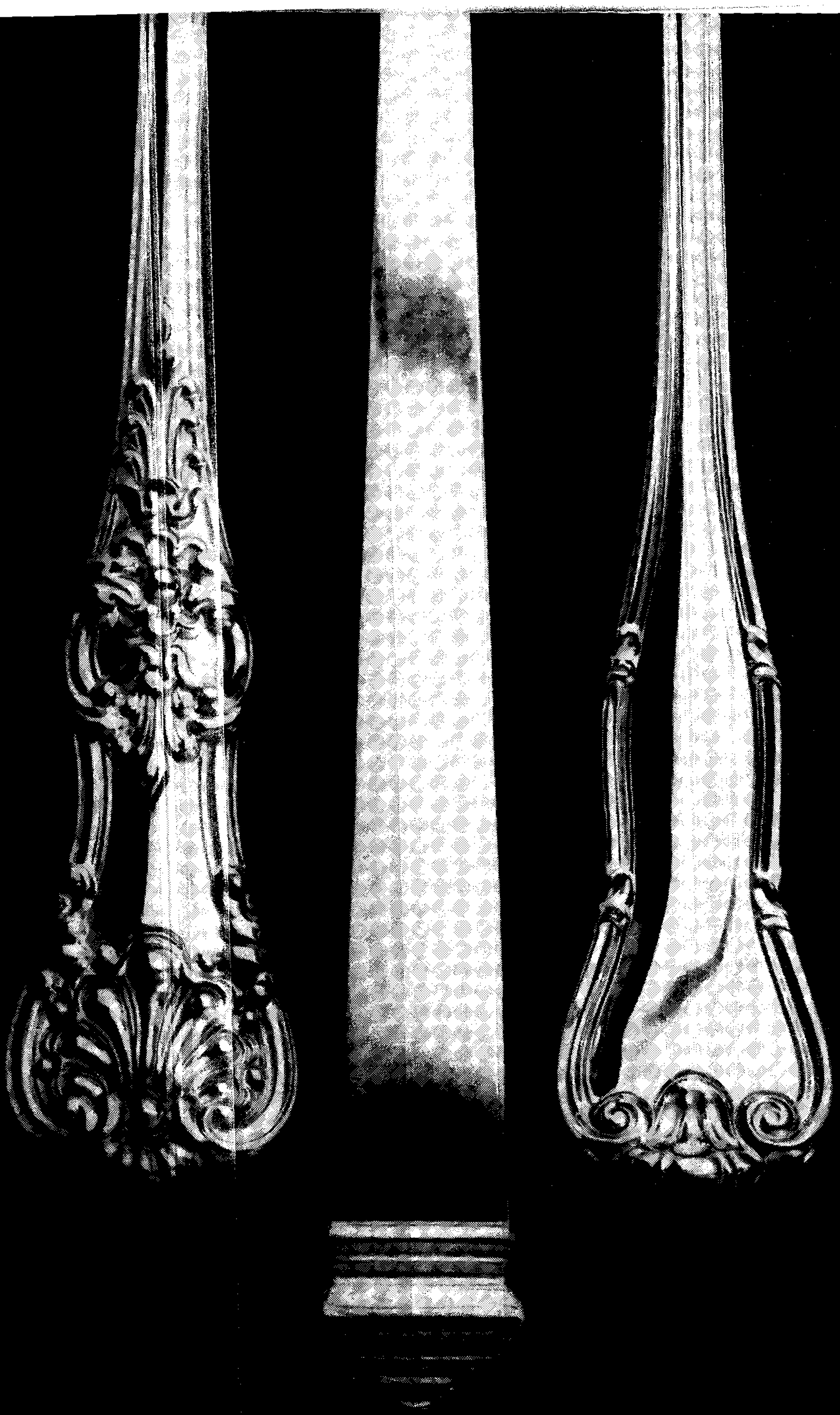
Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,422 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, except May 15, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesday, May 9, at 2, and Sunday, May 13, at 1.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with George Rose and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SUGAR:** Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 9, at 8: "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 10, at 8: "Watermill," "Episodes," and "In the Night.". . . ¶ Friday, May 11, at 8: "Watermill," "Concerto Barocco," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 12, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 12, at 8: "Watermill," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 13, at 1: "Scotch Symphony," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Dumbarton Oaks," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 13, at 7: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 15, at 8: "Watermill," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Danses Concertantes.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 9: A benefit performance (for tickets call 586-7902), including previews of new ballets by George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," a new unnamed ballet (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Friday, May 18, at 8: "Scherzo Fantastique," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Apollo," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 2: "Pulcinella," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 8: "Serenade," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Pulcinella." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 1.)

National Ballet of Canada—Performances of **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY**, with Rudolf Nureyev (except at the Sunday matinée) will close out the engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Through Sunday, May 13.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Sunday, June 3—Tuesday, May 15, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday, May 18, at 8, and Saturday, May 19, at 2 and 8: "Eugene Onegin." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Final performances of a two-week engagement—¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Secular Games," "Myth of a Voyage," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Seraphic Dialogue," "El Penitente," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "Diversion of Angels," "Cave of the Heart," and "Myth of a Voyage."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 13: "Secular Games," "Diversion of Angels," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 13: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Mendicants of Evening," and "Myth of a Voyage." (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—A three-week engagement—Wednesday matinée, May 9: "Blues Suite," "Streams," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Myth," "Love Songs," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Blues Suite," "Clear Songs After Rain," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Streams," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "Blues Suite," "Clear Songs After Rain," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 13: "Clear Songs After Rain," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 13: "Streams," "Choral Dances," "Cry," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 15: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 16: "Clear Songs After Rain," "Flowers," and "Kinetic Molpai."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 16: "Myth," "Love Songs," "According to Eve," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Hidden Rites" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 18: "Flowers," "Nubian Lady," "Choral Dances," and "Hidden Rites."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "Choros," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 27.)

Midi Garth Dance Theatre—"Images of Our Time," "Time and Memory," "Anonymous," and "Prelude to Flight." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The annual spectacle of people and animals doing things that nature never intended them to do. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays at 12:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of a basketball playoff, the performances on Sunday, May 13, may be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 28.)

Negro Ensemble Company Special Events—The first two programs in the final offering of the season. Friday through Sunday, May 11-13: Ruth Brisbane in "The Legacy of Bessie Smith," a one-woman show, plus the Revelations Gospel Choir.... ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, May 15-17: A group called the Prime Element, in a concert of contemporary music. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew—pianist John Foster, bassist Herman Wright, and drummer Paris Wright—is one of the worthiest. Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Through Monday, May 14, the James Cotton Blues Band upholds the musical traditions that evolved in Chicago in the forties and fifties. Beginning Wednesday, May 16, country-pop singer Jonathan Edwards will be sharing the bill with singer-composer Melissa Manchester. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Bassist Sam Jones and his trio will finish up on Wednesday, May 9, followed by a trio masterminded by pianist Barry Miles Thursday through Sunday, May 10-13. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the virtuous duo of guitarist Joe Beck and bassist Herb Bushler through Saturday, May 12, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Monday, May 14, the electric piano of Bobby Timmons and the bass of Wayne Dockery will begin their collaboration. On Sundays, pianist Bill Rubenstein plays from nine until one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; a Cole Porter song, after all, could be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The lighthearted voice and piano of Nellie Lutcher return to the limelight, assisted by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Sundays, pianist Dick Hyman flourishes. Still another pianist, Roland Hanna, applies himself to the keyboard with forceful dignity from three to seven on Saturdays and Sundays. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Breakfast Special, folk group, and Ellen Warshaw, folk singer, will trade sets through Saturday, May 12. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Sundays are a very mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A happy combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, May 13, between five-forty-five and eight-thirty, the pair will present a program consisting entirely of Hoagy Carmichael songs. On Mondays, singer-pianist Norma Shepherd performs.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Stan Getz, his smooth, melodic tenor sax and his quartet alternate with pianist Monty Alexander's trio through Saturday, May 12. Monday, May 14, marks the beginning of a week of the vital art of Gerry Mulligan and his group, Age of Steam, plus the celebrated tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims and his quartet. These musicians play from nine-thirty until three or four. Sundays, from eight until two, Leo Ball and Dick Cone lead a big band.

Horn & Hardart, 104 W. 57th St. (489-1414)—Another Automat (this one located in a relatively subdued neighborhood) "flips at ten"—i.e., musical entertainment and alcoholic beverages Fridays and Saturdays from ten until two. The singing, smiling duo of Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss will be backed by their trio, Every Thursday, on May 11-12. David Amram, master of the French horn, guitar, kazoo, and other instruments, will recite-sing his lyrics May 18-19.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly. Sundays, between four and seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, and bassoon) does sixteenth-to-eighteenth-century material.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Which came first, the name or the nautical décor? One of the most respected trumpeters, Clark Terry, will be on board with his quintet through Sunday, May 13. Dakota Staton, who knows how to squeal expressively, will be singing with a trio starting Tuesday, May 15. Mondays now belong to composer-saxophonist Frank Foster and his quartet, and to singer Joe Lee Wilson. Music from nine until three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Larry Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. Monday's feature is the trio of singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth. Closed Sundays.... ¶ On the Mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

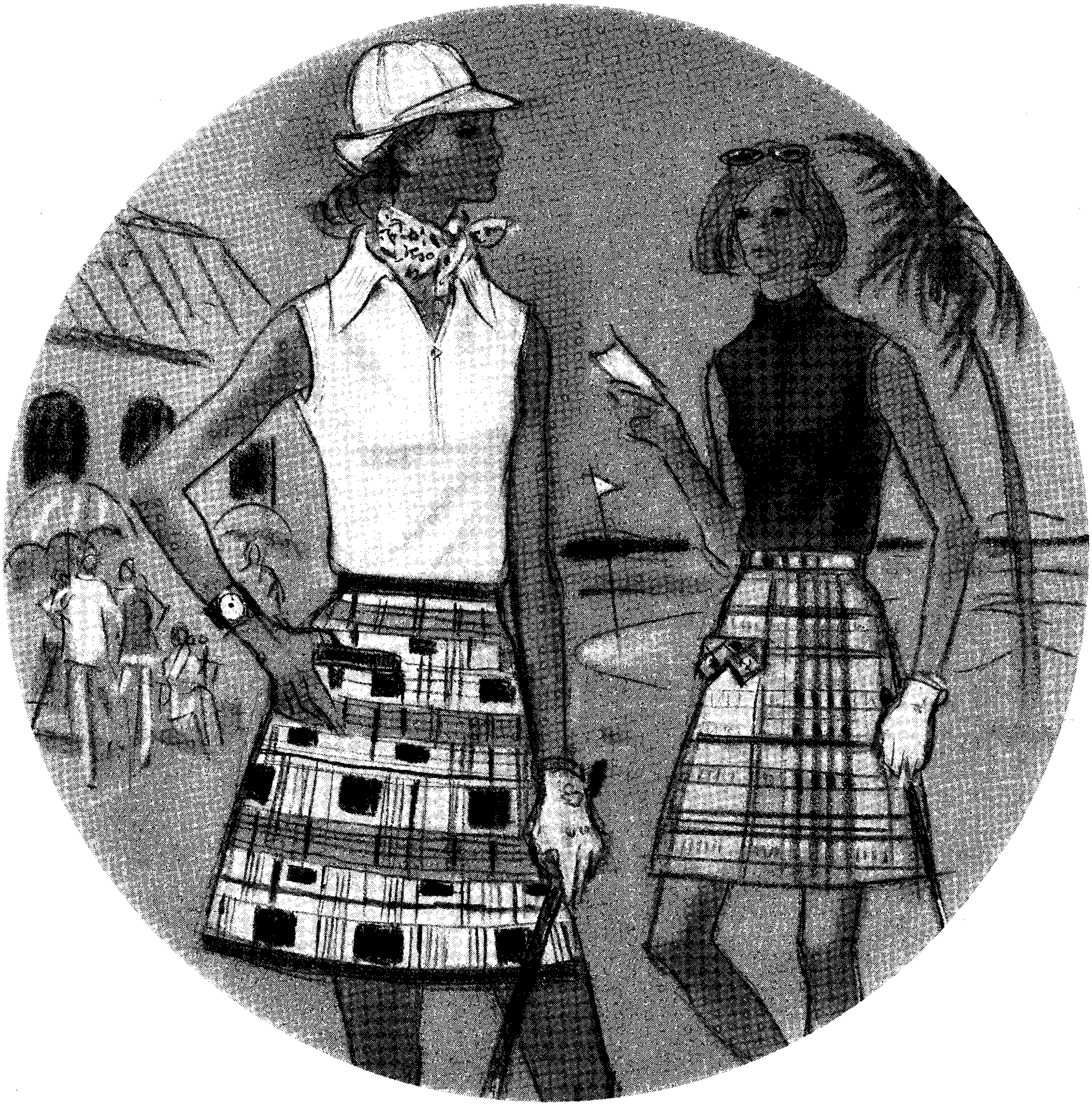
Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the crowd tends to be young and enthusiastic. Singer of Irish folk songs Liam Clancy holds forth through Sunday, May 13. Sounds of a different order are scheduled Tuesday, May 15, when jazz singer Morgana King offers her customary finesse. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Country Joe McDonald, whose folk songs are often generated by American politics, will lead his All-Star Band, featuring Barry Melton on lead guitar, through Thursday, May 10. Orphan, an outfit that produces country rock, will arrive on the doorstep Wednesday, May 9, and linger through Monday, May 14. Squeezing in from Friday through Tuesday, May 11-15, will be Doc Holliday, a rock band. On Wednesday, May 16, the established country singer and composer Willie Nelson will arrive. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty the rest of the week. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—The Blue Room Cabaret, executed in early Clockwork Orange, offers various rock bands and other groups nightly from ten until two. Should the music ever grow slow, one can always check out the other entertainments in this theatre complex or browse in the boutique.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese in a Village-coffeehouse atmosphere. From Thursday through Monday, May 10-14, the sounds will be supplied by a folk-rock group, Aztec Two-Step, and folk singer Billy Mernit. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered. Closed Tuesdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—



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A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. More contemporary is the sound produced by Corky Hale, who plays piano, harp, and flute, and her quartet through Saturday, May 12. The proficient piano of Barbara Carroll will be accompanied by a bassist starting Tuesday, May 15, from nine to one. On Monday nights, a Dixieland band plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Enhancing this spirit is the casually bluesy piano of Junior Mance and his trio Thursdays through Saturdays from ten to three. Guitarist Melvin Sparks' trio is on hand Sundays and Mondays from nine until two. No live music on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz, the latter offered by singer-pianist Bob Brown and bassist Jack Gregg. Entertainment Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A conscientious cabaret. Teri Thorton, singing her own compositions, has joined the permanent cast of singer-host Jimmie Daniels, a man of effortless urbanity, and pianist Sammy Benskin. Shows begin at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Mr. Benskin plays intermittently from seven-thirty to one. On Mondays, new talent can be seen. Dining. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, poised and elegant, sits in a straight-backed chair and does songs that owe much of their meaning to timing, gesture, and intonation. The tales she tells are of love and loss and youth and age, and they are supported by Jimmy Lyon's sensitive piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAM'S JAZZ UPSTAIRS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An unpretentious and comfortable new club installed above Sam's Restaurant. It has already presented such musicians as Marvin Stamm, Roland Hanna, Frank Foster, and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell and his quartet can be heard from nine-thirty until two. Dancing and supper.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two rooms evoke a lived-in elegance. The adept guitar of Bucky Pizzarelli solos and associates with the voice of Marlene VerPlanck. The duo of pianist Charlie Cochran and bassist Ernie Furtado is also at work from nine-thirty until one. Monday nights, singer Sandra Jordan presents a talent show. No music Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—The trio of pianist Jimmy Sidey plays on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. Snacks.

THREE, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—If Blossom Dearie were a bell she could go on ringing forever, and a lot of people would be ecstatic about it. When she sits at the piano and sings in her small, clean, honest voice, something happens that makes a lot of other singers sound like tin buckets in comparison. She is performing in this little bar-and-restaurant Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight and Sundays at four-thirty and at six-thirty. She does it concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

TWO SAINTS, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Nothing much to look at, but the quintet of bassist, composer, and arranger Charles Mingus is a strong reminder of the days when this old establishment was known as the Five Spot. Music Tuesdays through Sundays from nine. Italian food. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Drummer Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers maintain their musical perspective through Sunday, May 13. The venerated Sonny Stitt and his tenor sax will head a trio starting Tuesday, May 15. On Wednesdays, harpist Daphne Hellman's trio also performs. Music from about ten. Closed Mondays.

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VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The fluid precision of drummer Roy Haynes inspires his quintet through Sunday, May 13. Beginning Tuesday, May 15, the innovative yet accessible music of trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and his quintet will explore. On Mondays, which are all too rare, the impressive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation finds its chairs and lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not as serious but every bit as intense is the bright, direct delivery of singer Dee Dee Bridgewater. The music begins at nine-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Duke Cleamons play Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a revue, is up for inspection Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Additionally, singer John C. Attle performs at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

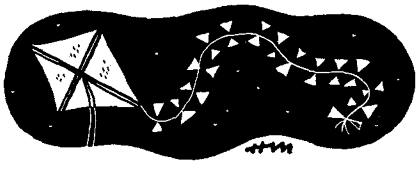
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** trombonist Urbie Green is heading a dance sextet, with vocals contributed by Kathy Green. The band alternates with the George Cort trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, and with the Roger Steele trio on Mondays. The Steele trio goes it alone on Sundays. The music begins at seven-thirty weekdays, and at five-thirty Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The latest troupe is headed by Cuban singer Blanca Rosa Gil and Marcelo and his Spanish Ballet. On Thursday, May 10, tenor Andy Russell will succeed Señorita Gil. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO SUITE,** there is activity, after eight-thirty, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.



COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, May 9, is the final night for Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes and for comic Sal Richards. Next evening, a rhythm-and-blues group known as the Cornelius Brothers and Sister Rose will come in, along with pop singer Natalie Cole. Shows at eight, eleven-thirty, and two Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight and midnight the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, the Horace Diaz orchestra and a soft-rock group named Boogie provide the dance music from seven-thirty to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio from seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad is on duty Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** there are song recitals by Daniel & Dimitri at dinner and supper. Dick Lewis is on the bandstand, heading up his dance crew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—From Spain comes Raphael to continue his career as *vox pop*. He does dinner and supper sessions every night but Sunday. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by Danish singer Nina Van Pallandt. On Monday, April 14, pianist Peter Nero will take over. Dancing to Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, violinist Jani Sarkozi plays for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Lettermen, specialists in close harmony, are the dinner and supper fare in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** Dancing to the Charles Turecamo band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Eating, dancing (sometimes to rock), and merrymaking in this shadow of the Acropolis until very, very late. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table, and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek to the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. Every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri surveys her small domain from

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the top of a piano, whence she sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, who has a jazz-and-pop voice and deft fingers, sings and plays piano for cocktails and early dining from five-thirty to eight-thirty Mondays through Fridays. He is absent Saturdays, and the restaurant is closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): The setting is Roman circa 1975, and the music is the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Moat, armor, medieval architecture. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Richard Wilkins. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): High above First Avenue, wherefore a view. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-and-grill, every night, except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds to the sparkle. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): The piano practitioner in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill is Murray Grand, who plays Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics can be heard from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Sunday and Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Heads, some tiny, some very large, in bronze and terra-cotta, also plaster bas-reliefs and drawings; through May 26.

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(Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BENNY ANDREWS—A large, socially conscious painting, plus studies for it, by a black artist; through Saturday, May 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

JOHN BALDESSARI—Films, photographic work, and videotapes that present "conceptualized" information; through Saturday, May 12. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Figurative bronzes, bronze reliefs, and drawings; through June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL BAXTE (1890-1972)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by this School of Paris artist who worked in New York and abroad; through Monday, May 14. (Glezer, 870 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Saturdays; open Sundays.)

GISELA BEKER—Geometrical abstractions by a German descendant of the Bauhaus; through Saturday, May 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUDITH BERNSTEIN / ROSEMARY MAYER—Large charcoal drawings of screws by a self-conscious feminist. / Fabric works from ceiling to floor. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Wednesday, May 16. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BLANCH (1896-1968)—Semi-abstract landscapes by this Woodstock artist; through Saturday, May 19. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM BOUTIS—Painted-cardboard columns, wood reliefs, painted boxes, and Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Friday, May 11. (Landmark, 469 Broome St.)

STAN BRODSKY—New Mexico landscapes; through May 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

DAVID LEE BROWN—Abstract steel sculptures; through May 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings; through Saturday, May 19. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

A. CHADBOURN—Impressionist landscapes of Europe; through May 25. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHRYSSA—Constructions and sculptures in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, May 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

ALAN COTE—Large paintings consisting of bars of color; through May 26. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN CRILE—Paintings of patterned carpets; through Saturday, May 19. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANNE DARBOVEN—Abstract pen drawings by a conceptualist; through Saturday, May 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

VESTIE DAVIS—Paintings of Brooklyn and Coney Island by a seventy-year-old naïf; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, May 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

PETER DECHAR—Large paintings of outsize pears; through May 26. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARK DI SUVERO—Drawings by this sculptor known for his huge works in wood and steel; through June 2. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JUDITH DOLNICK / RICHARD BOGART—Abstract paintings. / Romantic landscapes. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Through Saturday, May 19. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Studies for costumes and characters made in connection with a theatrical tableau being presented at the Guggenheim as part of his retrospective; through June 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON / ROLAND TOPOR—Color drawings of cityscapes with figures. / Realistic figure drawings that aim at black humor. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Through Saturday, May 12.)

RICHARD FRIEDBERG—Works in many mediums—sand, wood, metal, and string, e.g.—with some resemblance to Kandinsky; through May 24. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLEVE GRAY—Abstract cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, May 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WERNER GROSHANS—Portraits, still-lifes, and rather surreal landscapes by a member of the National Academy; through May 23. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT HASELTINE—Thirty-three bronze and marble works by a well-known sculptor of championship horses; through May 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALLEN HERMES—Realistic figurative bronzes; through Tuesday, May 15. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLIE HEWITT—Painted wooden constructions with found objects, and large totemic welded-steel pieces; through Thursday, May 17. (Gallery of the New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through May 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Early ink drawings; through Saturday, May 19. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

DARRYL HUGHTO—Abstract paintings based on the spiral; through Thursday, May 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER JEMISON—Paintings of abstracted natural forms, plus ceramic masks, by an American Indian; through May 26. (American Art, 133 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

DON JOHNSON / JOHN OKULICK—Mixed-medium paintings of common American objects—hamburgers, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, apple pie—combined with three-dimensional forms to show how things seem to be going in the United States. / Wooden constructions built as if seen in perspective, on the walls and floor. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through June 2. Closed Mondays.)

MORTON KAISH—Paintings of nude couples; through Saturday, May 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

LEE KRASNER—Recent paintings by this Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, May 12. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings featuring the V shape by this artist who has experimented in many modes; through Wednesday, May 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLOTTE LICHTBLAU / SY GRESSER—Expressionist paintings in varying degrees of abstraction. / Stone and wood sculptures. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Through May 20. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

RICHARD LIPPOLD—Sculptures done since 1962; through Saturday, May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

RON LUSKER—Paintings related to Abstract Expressionism; through Thursday, May 17. (Artist House, 131 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

MARISOL—Sculptures of giant wooden fish, highly lacquered; through May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—Colored Plexiglas rectangular shapes by a West Coast Minimalist; through May 31. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, etchings, and hangings made of jute weavings plus assorted materials—yarn, rope, odd objects, and paint; through May 25. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES OLITSKI—Spray paintings with a one-color central field; through May 30. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LLOYD NEY (1893-1965)—Nineteen-forties' watercolors and two large oils by a Pennsylvanian who showed at the Museum of Non-Objective Painting; through June 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOMMY PALMORE—Nudes and animals in unusual

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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settings; through Saturday, May 12. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by this School of Paris artist who also worked in New York; through Saturday, May 19. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MASSIMO PIERUCCI—Whimsical sculptures, some with moving parts; through Saturday, May 19. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ANTOINE PONCET—Sculptures in marble and bronze by an artist who worked with Arp; through Saturday, May 19. (Modern Master Tapestries, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALAN PRICE—Realistic paintings of Long Island sea and shore scenes, also lithographs by Stow Wengenroth; through June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILLIP SCHREIBMAN—Palette-knife applications of heavy bars of color; through May 26. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID SMYTH—A steel-and-concrete sculpture that occupies the entire gallery; through May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

JULIAN STANCZAK / FRITZ BULTMAN—Paintings in which color is organized in relation to a grid pattern. / Abstract bronzes with suggestions of figurative elements. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Through Saturday, May 19. Closed Mondays.)

JOE STEFANELLI—Hard-edge abstractions with an Egyptian theme by a former Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, May 12. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARINA STERN—Precisionist paintings of urban scenes; through June 9. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL SUTTMAN—Sculptures in bronze and bas-reliefs containing elements of still-life, figures, and architectural shapes; through June 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM T. WILEY—About forty works, consisting of constructions, paintings, drawings, watercolors, and lithographs, by a West Coast artist identified with "Funk" art, a style related to Dada and Surrealism; through June 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

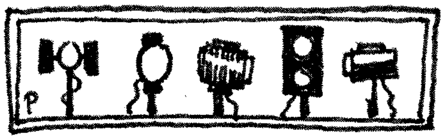
JOHN WILLENBECHER—Constructions based on a labyrinth of ladders and spheres; through May 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEROME WITKIN—Paintings and drawings of people, objects, and interiors; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, May 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ELLEN WOLFF—Abstract paintings built up with various substances to resemble ancient carvings; through Saturday, May 12. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1973 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; starting Friday, May 11. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 19, from 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: "It sure puts some gloss on Knoedler's," Armand Hammer said in the *Times* last week about the loan exhibition of forty-one Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings that he arranged to bring over from the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad and the Pushkin Museum in Moscow. The exhibition is glossy indeed—seven Matisses, seven Gauguins, six Picassos, five Cézannes, three van Goghs, two pictures each by Monet, Renoir, Rousseau, and Derain, and one each by Pissarro, Sisley, Braque, Vlaminck, and Léger—but it is not as momentous an experience as one might expect. The visitor familiar with the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art receives a feeling of *déjà vu*, rather than of discovery, as he views these paintings, for almost all of which an equivalent exists in one or another or both of these museums. (The exceptions are the Matisses and—as of last year—the Rousseaus.) Another problem with the show is that it is so unrelievedly good. The English critic Bevis Hillier once said of an unrelieved Tasteful Design exhibition that "one longs for a little robust kitsch—as the Israelites might have enjoyed some ketchup with their unending manna." A similar perverse longing comes over the visitor to this concentration of impeccable masterpieces, thirty-seven of which were chosen by Dr. Hammer and the rest by J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington. In the recent controversies surrounding the "refinement" of museum collections, all the concern has been about the pictures that get lost in the process. The Russian show suggests that the remaining *crème de la crème* may lose something, too, when all mitigating mediocrity is banished. Through May 27. (Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, May 9, from 10 to 9; Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 9, from 10 to 6. Admission is $2.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: The large show here of American and French Impressionists is unexceptionably uneven; among its high points are a fragrantly colored oil painting of a baby in a pram by Frederick Frieseke; three watercolors and two oils by the incomparable Prendergast; "Church at Old Lyme" by Childe Hassam, which brings the eternal summer of French Impressionism to a New England fall; a Hassam interior, with a woman gazing out of the window; and an uncharacteristic Monet—a view of the Seine at Vetheuil, done in 1904—which is interesting to compare to the 1901 version that appears in the Knoedler exhibition. Through May 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and wall hangings on the theme of letters of the alphabet and numbers; through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Hundertwasser and other members of the Vienna school of "Fantastic Realism;" through Friday, May 11.... **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bauermeister, Mallory, Brusca, and others; through June 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Sculptures in different mediums by eight artists, among them Sylvia Stone, Clement Meadmore, and Linda Howard; through June 1. (Weekdays, 8 to 6.)... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Works by gallery artists; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty landscape and figure paintings, dating from 1630 to 1680, by Dutch artists who were influenced by the Italian School; through June 30.... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by Lois Dodd, Charles DuBack, Louis Finkelstein, Sideo Fromboluti, Linda Lindeberg, David Slivka, and others; starting Saturday, May 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: "Protest" art by nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Peter Saul, Benny Andrews, Sylvia Sleigh, George Segal, Lester Johnson, and June Leaf; through May 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Peirce, Etnier, and others; through May 25. (Closed Mondays.) ... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Realist paintings by Ralph Goings, romantic-realist landscapes by Stephen Woodburn, and small paintings by Richard Pettibone; through Saturday, May 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through Saturday, May 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: The third international benefit exhibit of works by "young artists" from about fifty countries; through June 1. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Degas, Marin, Picabia, Chagall, and others; through Saturday, May 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and ceramics by women of this artists' housing project; through May 27. (Fridays, 6 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Collages, constructions, and shaped and rectangular canvases by three women artists; through Friday, May 11.... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: American women printmakers of the thirties and forties, among them Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Angna Enters, Marion Greenwood, and Clare Leighton; through Wednesday, May 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

CECIL BEATON—Black-and-white portraits made between 1922 and 1932 of literary figures, movie stars, and beautiful girls, including the Sitwells, Daphne du Maurier, Tallulah Bankhead, Johnny Weismuller, Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, John Wayne, and the photographer's sister Baba; through Saturday, May 12. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

MICHAEL BISHOP / ELAINE FISHER—Conceptual works that deal, to little purpose, with space exploration and photographic processes. / Sidewalks, buildings, figures, and shadows as elements of strong, abstract compositions reminiscent of the early work of Strand. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Through May 26. Closed Mondays.)

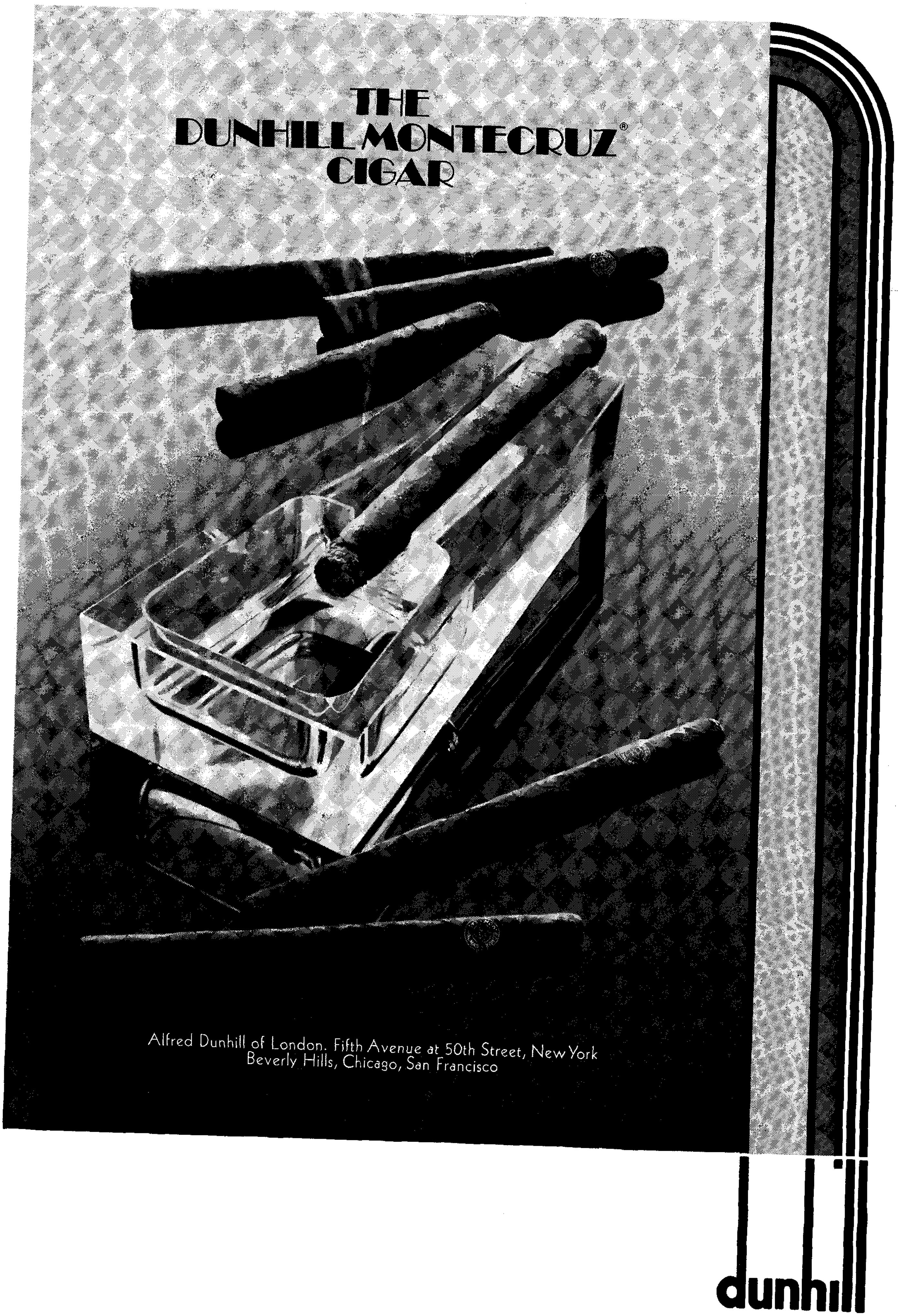
IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM—Two retrospectives, which overlap in some instances, but are not identical, of the career of the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who was ninety last month. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Through Sunday, May 13. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5.... ¶ Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Through July 1. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

J. MICHAEL EGAN—In last year's "Sharp-Focus Realism" show at the Janis Gallery, one of the exhibits was an ultra-realistic plastic statue by Duane Hanson of the gallery's owner, Sidney Janis, and another was a painting by Willard Midgette of Mr. Janis cowering in a corner. Now J. Michael Egan has put *his* dealer, Allan Rich, naked into one of the enormous photographs on canvas in this show, along with Mrs. Rich and himself, also naked; the three of them are standing around the artist's studio soberly regarding his sculptures and geometric abstractions. Also on view, along with other photographs of nude studio visitors and of unattended sculptures are the sculptures themselves—arrangements of real things (shoes, tables, tablecloths, fruit, a stuffed bird, an open dictionary) painted white and very elegant-looking. The exhibition was inspired by Courbet's "L'Atelier," and in a statement written for the show Egan writes, "Like Courbet, my need has been 'to represent the customs, ideas, and appearance of my own time according to my own valuation.'" He adds, "Above all, it is my conviction that I have something to say." Through June 2. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

WALKER EVANS—Three early pictures of details of the Coney Island roller coaster, a number of the famous sharecropper interiors and portraits of the thirties, and a landscape taken last month. Some of the pictures in the exhibition are from among those that appeared in James Agee's "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men." Through Thursday, May 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

IRENE FAY—Landscapes and portraits, taken in upstate New York, the West Indies, and England, whose reserve is a kind of signature; through Friday, May 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—At the **PACE EDITIONS**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Sharp-Focus Realism: A New Perspective" attempts to establish a connection between the recent Photo-Realist school of



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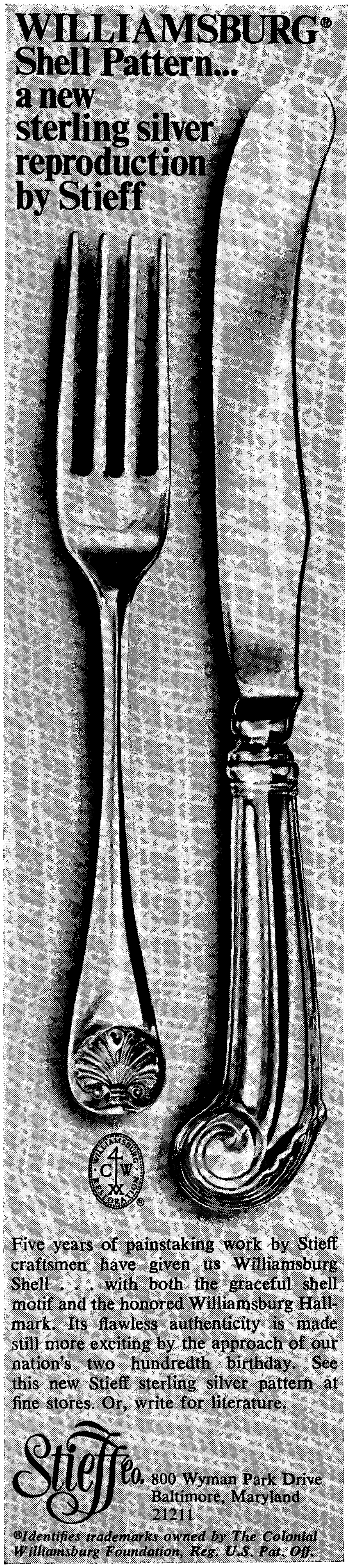

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painting and the photography of André Kertész, Walker Evans, Berenice Abbot, Harry Callahan, Robert Frank, and other well-known and less well-known contemporary photographers. In only one instance—that of a twenty-five-year-old photographer named Stephen Shore—does the connection seem real. Shore is represented by an assemblage of fifty-six Kodacolor snapshots of various hideous interiors, exteriors, plates of food, and people looking the sheepish way they do in snapshots, and also by a rack of colored postcards (puppies in baskets, public monuments, motel dining rooms) that he purchased during a trip through the Southwest last year and that are being offered to the public for ten cents each. (The assemblage is six hundred dollars.) For the rest, the show is a nice sampling of pictures by (mostly) first-rate photographers, mostly selected from their less studied works, with an emphasis on streets, buildings, and public places. Through June 9. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through June 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through July 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 28. . . . ¶ A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through July 1. . . . ¶ Thirty recent silk-screens by Agnes Martin, a prominent abstractionist; starting Monday, May 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, six illustrated books, and even a theatrical tableau. Through July 29. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 24. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventeen pieces—sculptures, drawings, films, videotapes, holograms, and environments—by the West Coast avant-gardist Bruce Nauman, who has been labelled in such categories as anti-form, process, conceptual, and body art; through Sunday, May 13. . . . ¶ Seventeen paintings by Gladys Nilsson, a member of the "Hairy Who" Chicago group that exploited comic-strip drawing and color; through Sunday, May 13. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine paintings by Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71), a pioneer American abstractionist; starting Saturday, May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, May 16, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program in which Anthony Burgess will narrate two theatre pieces by Stanley Silverman, performed by Speculum Musicae and a chorus. Tickets are issued on a first-come first-served basis.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred sculptures in wood, iron, brass, copper, and terra-cotta representing cultural life of the Dogon people of Africa; also photographs, slides, and films by the late Eliot Elisofon, plus costumes, textiles, and music. Through May 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A collection of archeological and ethnological artifacts, photographs, maps, and audiovisual material assembled to explain the cultural past and present of Greenland; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective show of illustrations by Fritz Kredel, including books, original drawings, maps, watercolors, and working manuscripts, dating from 1923 to the present; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred and sixty manuscripts (including two notebooks in the hand of Sergei Diaghilev), sculptures, prints, engravings, and watercolors acquired for the Dance Collection in the past ten years; through June 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty drawings from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, the majority by Tiepolo and his son and never before seen on view in New York, from the Lore and Rudolf Heinemann collection; starting Friday, May 11. . . . ¶ Manuscripts and early printed books, mostly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; starting Friday, May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-seven works in fabric that explore the sculptural potential of the medium; through June 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A scholarly selection of a hundred and fifty-seven French master drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in North American collections, including items by little-known artists; through Sunday, May 13. . . . ¶ Studies in motion of animals and human beings built around photographs by the pioneer Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904); starting Thursday, May 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31. . . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the New York première of Ernest Bloch's "Macbeth," in English. Staged by John Houseman, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, May 9, and Friday, May 11, at 8, and Sunday, May 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting the final concerts of the regular season. Performances

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of Dvořák's "Stabat Mater" on Thursday, May 10, at 8:30; Friday, May 11, at 2; and Saturday, May 12, at 8:30 (all with Edith Mathis, soprano; Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo-soprano; Peter Schreier, tenor; Karl Ridderbusch, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 9. "Spring Is Here" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, and Saturday, May 19, at 8:30 (with Grant Johannesen, piano, and Shinichi Yuize, koto player); and "Allegro Promenade" on Friday, May 18, at 8:30 (with Dylana Jenson, twelve-year-old violinist).

Mannes Orchestra—Chi-Jen Chang and Terrance Frazor conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, May 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 18, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of Local 802—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a program of musical settings of Psalms. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Eileen Laurence, soprano; Sean Daniel, baritone; and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choirs and Community Orchestra—James Harrison directing, with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; Robert White, tenor; Robert Shiesley, baritone; and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Masterwork Chorus—David Randolph directing, with Sandra Darling, soprano; Sophia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; William Metcalf, baritone; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Concordia Choir—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 13, at 3.)

Yale Russian Chorus—H. Brock Holmes directing. (Immanuel Lutheran Church, Lexington Ave. at 88th St. Sunday, May 13, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call AT 9-8128.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks and Ann Fried Russell directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, May 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Paula Hatcher and Richard Phillips—Flute and guitar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

David Glazer—Clarinet, with Isidore Cohen, violin, and others. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, May 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday and Thursday, May 9-10, at 8, the second concert having been postponed from Dec. 13.)

Three by Three—At Carnegie Hall, Sunday, May 13—Nobuko Imai, viola, at 2. . . . ¶ Bonita Glenn, soprano, at 3. . . . ¶ Ilana Vered, piano, at 4.

Bernard Goldberg—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

Renata Scotto—Soprano, in an all-Rossini program, with Susanne Marsee, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Richard McKee, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

Maureen Forrester and John Ogdon—Contralto and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, May 15, at 6.)

Speculum Musicae—The last program (postponed from April 30) in a series devoted to twentieth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 15, at 8.)

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a program of German music. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, May 16, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Roger Scimé—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

Lois Whiteman—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 2.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Piano, violin, and cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday May 19, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 9, at 5:45: MARIAN MCPARTLAND. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 5:45: STARS OF THE HOOFERS.

Shirley Bassey and Woody Herman—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 8.

Countsmen—Earle Warren, Doc Cheatham, Jo Jones, Gene Ramey, Chuck Folds, and Tiny Grimes. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, May 12, at 2. For information about tickets, call 479-6086.)

B. B. King and Wishbone Ash—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 12, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of programs in which lyricists (in this case Carolyn Leigh) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 13, and Tuesday, May 15, at 8.)

Stephen Cheng & the Dragon Seeds—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, May 13, at 8:30.)

Albert King, T-Bone Walker's Airlines, and Climax Blues Band—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 13, at 8:30.

Jazz at the Theatre de Lys—Baby Laurence, Clark Terry, Frank Wess, Gene Bertoncini, Sonny Brown, and Chris White. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Monday, May 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call WA 4-8782.)

Doobie Brothers and Argent—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 18, at 8.

Roger McGuinn Band and Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen—Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

Labelle—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 8:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, May 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Yankees, Thursday, May 10, at 8:05 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, May 18, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 19, at 2:15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 11, at 7:30; Saturday, May 12, at 2; and Sunday, May 13, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Monday and Tuesday, May 14-15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, at 7:30, and Friday, May 18, at 6.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Championship Playoffs, Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, May 13, at 2, if necessary.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 12.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead. Saturday, May 19.)

Horse Show—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 11-13.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 19.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, May 9, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 12. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, May 14, through Saturday, June 16. The Vagrancy Handicap, Monday, May 14, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 19. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 19.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"Patience," Saturday and Sunday, May 12-13, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, May 19, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show, "Our Neighbor World," explores man's present knowledge of the moon. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry Readings—Carolyn Kizer and Jon Anderson reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Discussions—Two artists, Charles Saxon and Kenneth Paul Block, discussing their work. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Wednesday, May 9, at 6:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussion.). . . ¶ The fifth in a series of six programs called "Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers," this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by Stanley Kramer, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Kramer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 15, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Miss Betsy Babcock, 447 E. 57th St.; Mr. Ernest Beadle, 400 E. 58th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pratt, Jr., 242 E. 68th St.; Mr. Donald Brooks, 158 E. 70th St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Silverman, 710 Park Ave. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

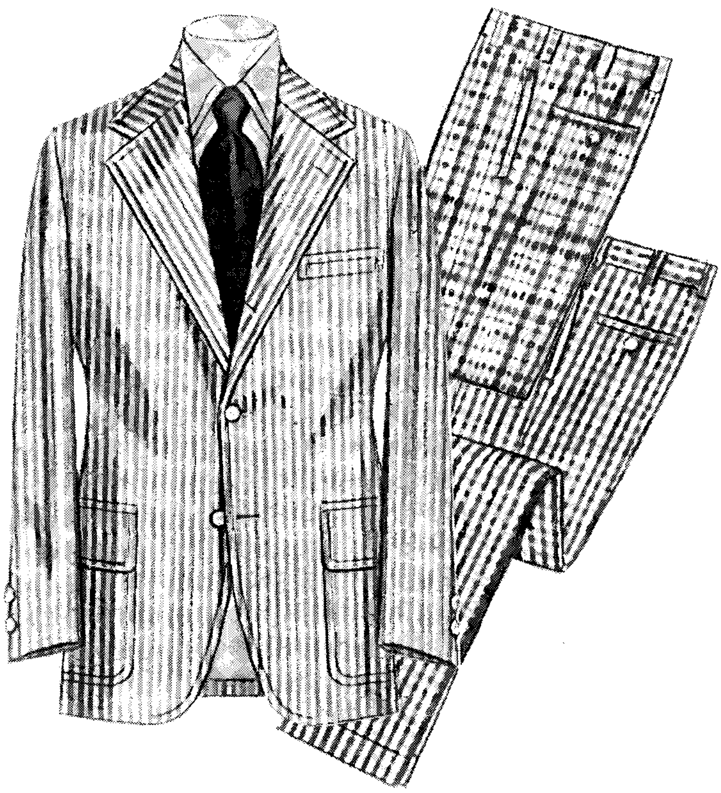
Flower Show—The May Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, May 16, from noon to 4.

The Great Outdoors—On Sunday, May 13, there will be a conducted tour of Tompkins Square, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Meets at the corner of Second Ave. and 2nd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, May 16, and continuing through Wednesday, May 30, the City Center people will be scattering a spring dance festival all around town—staged on various open areas and architectural spaces. The performers will be James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company, Trisha Brown and Group, the Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company, and the Don Redlich Dance Company. For daily information about times and places, call 472-1003. . . . ¶ Soho Fleas, an antiques market at the corner of Grand and Wooster Streets, is open every Saturday, weather permitting, from 10 to 5. . . . ¶ The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.), another antiques show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ The Antiques Flea Fair-East (York Ave. at 90th St.), a benefit show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 10, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master prints, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, May 11, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 12, at 10:15 and 2: French and other furniture and decorations, from the estate of Princess Désirée Windisch-Graetz. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 15, at 10:15 and 2: Children's books and other literature; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 10. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 10:15: Chinese Export ceramics, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 11. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 2 and 8: Twentieth-century American paintings, from the estate of Edith G. Halpert and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 11.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Barnard and Columbia, Wednesday, May 16.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 9 at 5:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ May 10 at 5:30: "Double Suicide" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ May 10 at 8 and May 11 at 2: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ May 11 at 5:30 and May 12 at noon: "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ May 12 at 3: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970). . . . ¶ May 12 at 5:30: "Silence" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ May 13 at 12:30 and 3: "The Invisible Man" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ May 13 at 5:30: "Sapporo Winter Olympics" (1972), directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970). . . . ¶ May 14 at 5:30: "Silence" (1971). . . . ¶ May 15 at 2: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . ¶ May 15 at 5:30: "Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilization" (1971), directed by James Ivory; "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" (1972), directed by Ismail Merchant; and "Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls" (1972), directed by Anthony Korner. . . . ¶ May 16 at 5:30: "The Thin Man" (1934). . . . ¶ May 17 at 5:30: "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ May 17 at 8: A program of short films dealing with anthropology. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through May 10: "The Crowd Roars" (1932), directed by Howard Hawks. . . . May 12-13: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz. . . . May 16-17: "Strawberry Blonde" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh. . . . ¶ May 11: "The Best Man" (1964), directed by Franklin Schaffner, with Henry Fonda and Cliff Robertson. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Eisenstein, Flaherty, Frampton, Kubelka, Griffith, Hill, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except May 12, 13, and 15) at 10. No Mondays. On Friday, May 11, at 6, 8, and 10, special screenings of films by Stewart. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—May 9: "Choice Chance Woman Dance," directed by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ May 10-11: "Maidstone," directed by Norman Mailer. . . . ¶ May 12: "Rough Magic," directed by Timothy Knox. . . . ¶ May 13-15: "Here Comes Every Body," directed by John Whitmore. . . . ¶ May 16: "One P.M.," directed by D. A. Pennebaker and Jean-Luc Godard. . . . ¶ Starting May 17: "Women Filmmakers 1," a program of six short films. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the Museum for time schedules and ticket information.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 15: "Slither."
From May 16: "Ludwig."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 12: "Thousands Cheer" and "George White's Scandals."
May 13-15: "Girl of the Golden West" and "Smilin' Through."
From May 16: "Marie Antoinette" and "Let Us Be Gay."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 15: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
From May 16: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A Separate Peace" and "Bad Company."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 15: "Pete 'n' Tillie" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From May 16: "Deliverance" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"I Love You Rosa."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
May 9: Theatre closed.
From May 10: "L'Amour."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Class of '44."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Nelson Affair."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 10: "Z" and "The Battle of Algiers."
From May 11: A Marlon Brando festival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 10: "Slither."
From May 11: "The Harrad Experiment."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 15: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."
From May 16: "Paper Moon."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Soylent Green."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Deep Thrust."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Save the Tiger."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scarecrow."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
May 9: "You're Lying."
May 10-16: "The P.O.W."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 15: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."
From May 16: "Dirty Little Billy."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Lost Horizon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 15: "Deliverance."
From May 16: "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Sleuth."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 15: "Deep Thrust."
From May 16: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 10: "Scorpio."
From May 11: "Theatre of Blood."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Slither."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 16: "High Plains Drifter."
From May 17: "The Day of the Jackal."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 16: "Fist of Fury."
From May 17: "The Day of the Jackal."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hitler: The Last Ten Days."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 15: "Charley-One-Eye."
From May 16: "The Soul of Nigger Charley."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 10: "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From May 11: "Theatre of Blood."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 12: "Anna Karenina" and "The Philadelphia Story."
May 13-15: "Queen Christina" and "Pat and Mike."
From May 16: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"An Autumn Afternoon."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Sleuth."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 15: "Deliverance" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"/"Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis"/"Blow-Up" and "Brewster McCloud"/"César and Rosalie" and "Long Ago, Tomorrow."
From May 16: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 12: "The Cocoanuts" and "Horsefeathers."
May 13-15: "Duck Soup" and "Monkey Business."
From May 16: "A Night at the Opera" and "At the Circus."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 15: "Soylent Green" and "Every Little Crook and Nanny."
From May 16: To be announced.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Book of Numbers."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 10: "Snowball Express" and "Dumbo."
From May 11: To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through May 16: "Tom Sawyer."
From May 17: "Mary Poppins."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 10: Theatre closed.
From May 11: "Cinerama."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 10: "Here Comes Every Body."
From May 11: "The Offence."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 15: "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From May 16: "Ludwig."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Wedding in White."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid." (No evening performances on Monday, May 14.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 15: "Pete 'n' Tillie" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From May 16: "Ludwig."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through May 10: "The Getaway" and "Pocket Money."
From May 11: "The Poseidon Adventure."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Slither."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 10: "Samurai: Part II" and "Goyokin."
May 11-12: "Samurai: Part III" and "Bandits on the Wind."
May 13-14: "Chushingura."
May 15: "Samurai: Parts I, II, and III."
From May 16: "Adieu Philippine."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 15: "Ten from Your Show of Shows" and "Murmur of the Heart."
From May 16: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 10: "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein."
May 11-13: "Diamonds Are Forever" and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service."
May 14-15: "The Bank Dick" and "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break."
May 16-17: "The Horse's Mouth" and "The Battle of the Sexes."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 15: "Fist of Fury."
From May 16: "Extreme Close-up" and "The Baby Maker."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"Sleuth."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 15: "The Conformist" and "Take the Money and Run."
From May 16: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adieu Philippine (1961)—Directed by Jacques Rozier. In French. (New Yorker; starting May 16.)

L'Amour—With Michael Sklar, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Eastside Cinema; starting May 10.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 12.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Elgin; starting May 16.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—A Japanese film directed by Yasujiro Ozu. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Baby Maker (1970)—Pseudo-seriousness about a life-loving young hippie (Barbara Hershey) who agrees to make a baby for a childless couple. Cellophane-wrapped little insights into everybody's feelings, and total evasion of the moral problems implicit in the gimmicky plot. Written and directed by James Bridges. (Riverside; starting May 16.)

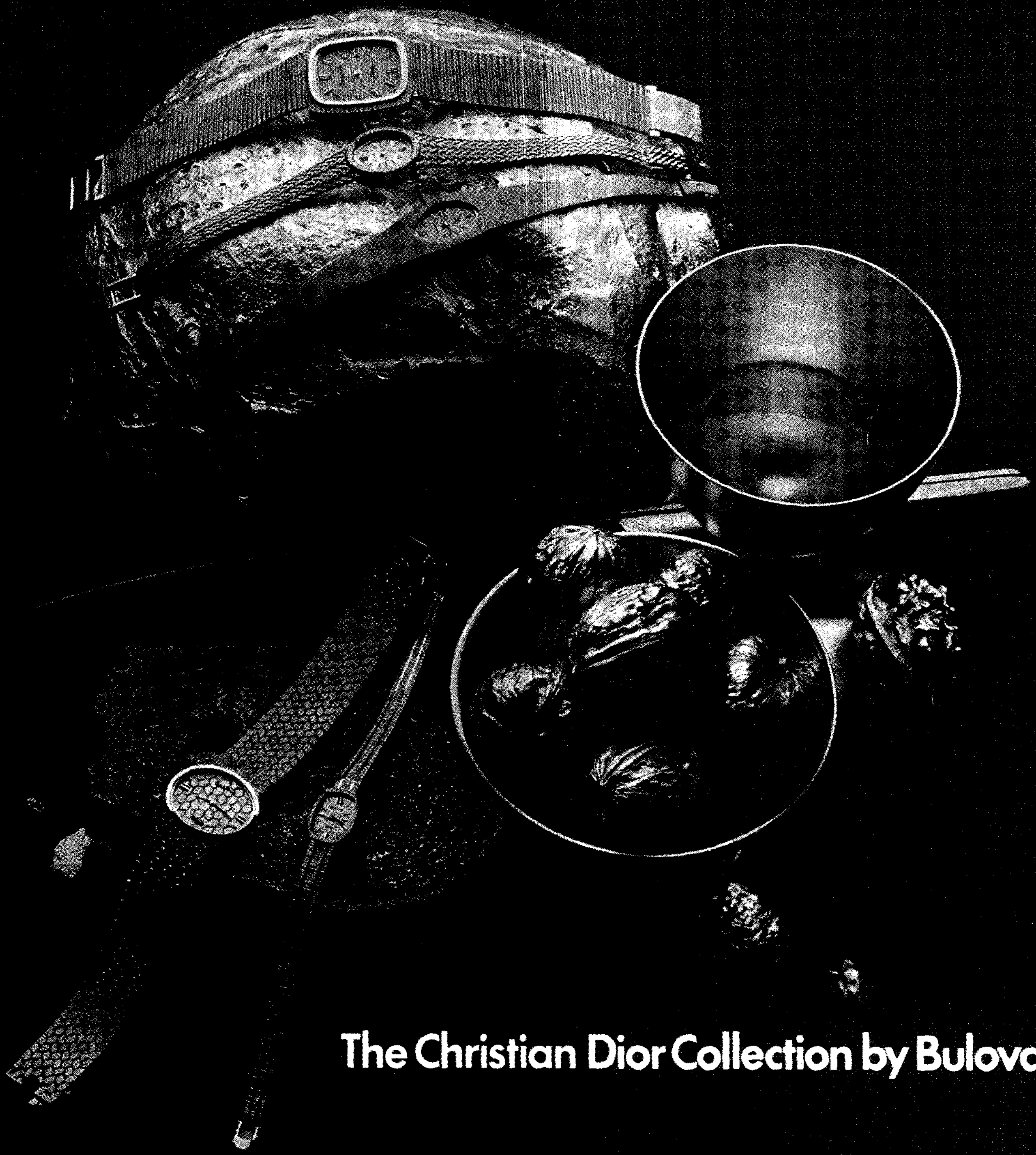
Bad Company—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Cinema Village.)

Bandits on the Wind (1961)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 11-12.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Thalia; May 14-15.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Plaza; through May 10.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—The old order, represented by Peter Sellers as the head accountant of a Scottish firm rich in tradition, Once upon a time, there lived a man who had the power to turn everything he touched into solid gold...



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

triumphing over the new, represented by Constance Cummings as an interloping American efficiency expert. This British film was adapted from the James Thurber story "The Catbird Seat," but as directed by Charles Crichton it's not as funny as it's meant to be. With Robert Morley as the laird in charge of the firm. (Thalia; May 16-17.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

Book of Numbers—How a black-operated numbers bank gets started in a small Southern town during the Depression. Directed by, and with, Raymond St. Jacques. (DeMille.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Coronet; through May 15. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting May 16.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

Charley-One-Eye—A Western drama, with Richard Roundtree and Roy Thinnes. Directed by Don Chaffey. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through May 15.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three and a half hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 13-14.)

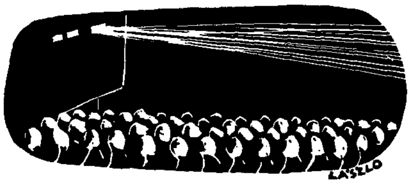
Cinerama (1952)—If you want to feel that you are riding in the lunatic van of a roller coaster, or sitting in La Scala when the Triumphal March from "Aïda" is being played, or participating in a Florida water carnival . . . (Ziegfeld; starting May 11.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Elgin; through May 12.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Olympia; through May 15.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema II.)



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The Day of the Jackal—Based on Frederick Forsyth's suspense novel about a political assassin hired to kill President de Gaulle. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Loews Orpheum and Loews Ciné; starting May 17.)

Deep Thrust—A kung-fu film from Hong Kong. (East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through May 15.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (72nd St. East and Quad Cinema; through May 15. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 16.)

Diamonds Are Forever (1971)—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (Thalia; May 11-13.)

Dirty Little Billy—With Michael J. Pollard and Lee Purcell, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Columbia I; starting May 16.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 16.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Elgin; May 13-15.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Guild; through May 10.)

Every Little Crook and Nanny—Lynn Redgrave tries hard in Cy Howard's comedy-thriller about an English nanny and the Mafia. Starchy, outspoken England tries to cope. Not up to much, apart from her. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 15.)

Extreme Close-up—From a Michael Crichton story, directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Riverside; starting May 16.)

Fist of Fury—A kung-fu picture starring Bruce Lee. (Riverside; through May 15. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through May 16.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 15.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

George White's Scandals (1945)—Rambunctious comedienne Joan Davis in a jerry-built musical from R.K.O. Assorted songs, mostly mediocre. With Gene Krupa and his band, Ethel Smith, and hard-working, generally tedious Jack Haley. Felix E. Feist directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 12.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Beacon; through May 10.)

Girl of the Golden West (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Walter Pidgeon—MacDonald being the good girl and Eddy the bandit in this hoary old tale, here produced as a fairly boring musical with a score by Gus Kahn and Sigmund Romberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13-15.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. From the Off Broadway play that seems to have been with us since B.C.; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. Show-biz religiosity. (Columbia II.)

Goyokin (1969)—A Japanese film, directed by Hideo Gosha. (New Yorker; through May 10.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Baronet; starting May 11.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Monday, May 14.)

Here Comes Every Body—An unintentionally comic thing about group encounters in California and learning to love yourself. Made by John Whitmore, an English baronet who has dropped his Bart. in favor of anonymity and free-lance contemplation on an island in the Bahamas. (Festival; through May 10.)

High Plains Drifter—A Western, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Loews Orpheum; through May 16.)

Hitler: The Last Ten Days—With Alec Guinness, directed by Ennio de Concini. (86th St. East.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Elgin; through May 12.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as Joyce Cary's fabulous painter-hero—the lewd, scrounging Gully Jimson (whose antic self-destructiveness is based on Dylan Thomas). With Kay Walsh as Coker, the barmaid;

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Renée Houston as Sarah; and Ernest Thesiger as Hickson. Ronald Neame is a literal-minded director, and so this comedy isn't as free as it should be—it turns out to be a conformist movie about nonconformity—but the characters manage to bust through, and it is highly entertaining. (Thalia; May 16-17.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michael Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (34th St. East.)

A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein (1968)—A documentary film. (Thalia; through May 10.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Let Us Be Gay (1930)—One of Norma Shearer's daring-modern early talkies. This one—about divorce among the spoiled, smart set—was taken from a Rachel Crothers comedy of the 1929 Broadway season. Marie Dressler plays a battle-axe of a socialite, and the cast includes a (relatively) young Hedda Hopper, Rod La Rocque, Sally Eilers, Raymond Hackett, and Gilbert Emery. The gowns are by Adrian, the direction by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 16.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow (1971)—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East.)

Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing—Maggie Smith, with her limp-asparagus wrists and her Restoration-comedy brilliance, practically rescues this love story set in Spain and directed by Alan J. Pakula with an awful lot of visual effects. The neurotic young hero is played by Timothy Bottoms, who is not the sort of ass Shakespeare had in mind. Worth seeing for Maggie Smith. (Columbia I; through May 15.)

Ludwig—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Art, Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 16.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Marie Antoinette (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The efforts to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of fictitious romance; meant for leavening, this doomed romance only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 16.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This remorselessly cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with some parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owens, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Music Hall; starting May 17.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 15.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Gramercy; starting May 16.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Gramercy and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 15.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Elgin; May 13-15.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy. In French. (Symphony; through May 15.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin on stage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Fine Arts.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields in his prime. Like "The Bank Dick" of the year before, this one deals with making a movie. The movie Fields wants to make is set in a Ruritania in the clouds that is native American surrealism—comic-strip foolishness. Up there, he encounters the great-bosomed comic divinity, Margaret Dumont. The film also has its horror: an erstwhile ingenue named Gloria Jean. You can't just shut your eyes because she *sings*. With Leon Errol; Edward Cline directed. (Thalia; May 14-15.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Elgin; starting May 16.)

The Offence—With Sean Connery and Trevor Howard, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Festival; starting May 11.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service (1969)—A worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism and more action, including a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages the action sequences terrifyingly well. (Thalia; May 11-13.)

Paper Moon—The tale of an alliance between a small-time con artist (Ryan O'Neal) and a little girl (Tatum O'Neal). Directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Coronet; starting May 16.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warm-ups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (8th St. Playhouse; May 13-15.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Gramercy and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 15.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of movie-making. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 12.)

Pocket Money—Rather glibly elegiac picture about rodeo riding and picking up steers in Mexico. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, Paul Newman and Lee Marvin stare at each other pregnantly and try to imply volumes about the way vagrants and underdogs are cheated by the bosses of any system, including the rodeo business. Maybe the film means to be more laconically sophisticated than it seems after the first hour. (Beacon; through May 10.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Beacon; starting May 11.)

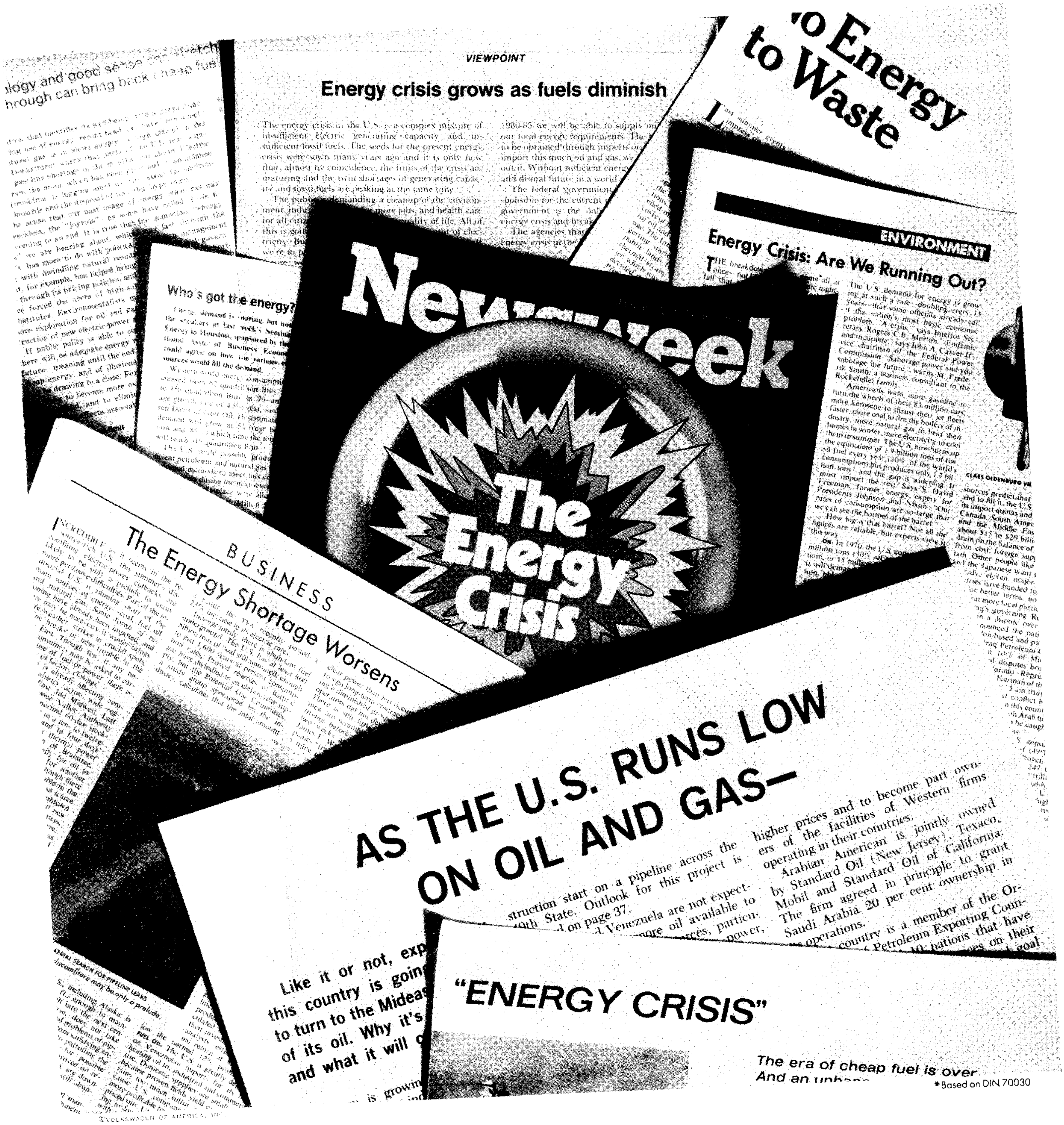
The P.O.W.—About a returning wounded Vietnam veteran. Written and directed by Philip H. Dossick. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 10-16.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (8th St. Playhouse; May 13-15.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Thalia; through May 10.)

Samurai—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956). Through May 10. . . . Part III: "Musashi and Kojiro" (1956). May 11-12. . . . Parts I, II, and III: May 15. (New Yorker.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance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money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Cinema Malibu.)

Scarecrow—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I.)

Scorpio—A tale of double agents and triple crosses, with Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon. Directed by Michael Winner. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through May 10.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema Village.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Juliet 1, Greenwich, and Riviera.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (U. A. East and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Baronet; through May 10. . . . ¶ Art; through May 15.)

Smilin' Through (1941)—Jeanette MacDonald, smilin' mostly through the 1914-18 war, sings "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and "A Little Love, a Little Kiss." There is something of the sergeant-major about Miss MacDonald, and she holds the flag hard with "A Little Kiss:" emotion is rampant, and you feel she would curse the lower ranks if she could. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13-15.)

Snowball Express—From the Disney Studios, with Dean Jones and Nancy Olson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (Guild; through May 10.)

The Soul of Nigger Charley—A sequel to "The Legend of Nigger Charley," with Fred Williamson again playing Charley. Directed by Larry G. Spangler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting May 16.)

Soylent Green—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie normally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 15.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Olympia; through May 15.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Waverly; through May 10. . . . ¶ Playboy and Symphony; through May 15. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 16.)

Theatre of Blood—Vincent Price plays a Shakespearean actor who plots revenge against eight unappreciative drama critics. With Diana Rigg as his daughter. Directed by Douglas Hickox. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Waverly; starting May 11.)

Thousands Cheer (1943)—Gene Kelly tries hard in this all-star M-G-M musical, and Lena Horne sings "Honeysuckle Rose," but nothing could save it. Maybe José Iturbi put the seal of doom (i.e., mediocrity) on the venture when he condescended to play boogie-woogie; his boogie-woogie is surely the worst ever recorded. With Judy Garland, Ben Blue, Eleanor Powell, Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, and many others. George Sidney directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 12.)

Tom Sawyer—The great Mark Twain, diminished for teeny tots and weeny minds. Tom might as well be Shirley Temple, and Huck Deanna Durbin. Directed by Don Taylor in Missouri; he looks as if he's never been outside the buildings of *Reader's Digest*, which here is dipping its whopping big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Tom is obviously going to grow up into the most respectable adman, giving all he has to Nixon, and the poetic Huck vanishes into the thin, thin air of big production numbers about picnics. (Music Hall; through May 16.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 16.)

Wedding in White—A sad Canadian film about prurience, directed by William Fruet, who also wrote the script. With Donald Pleasence, who acts technically but finely, and Carol Kane, who looks like an expressionless, beautiful Pre-Raphaelite. To be gone to in a strong mood; it's truly and interestingly done. The older women in this story of an authoritarian militarist outraged by the rape of his poor Rosetti-looking sixteen-year-old are all oddly proud, embattled, and splendid. (Little Carnegie.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—(The discreet comma was not always in the title.) Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

You're Lying—Vilgot Sjöman directed this quasi-documentary about a petty criminal who gets turned into a big-time grumbler, alcoholic, and thief because of our vicious prison methods. Sjöman made "My Sister, My Love," a period film about incest, which was very delicate, with the substance of "Cosi Fan Tutte;" then he made "I Am Curious—Yellow," which was gross, like this film. In Swedish. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 9.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Plaza; through May 10.)

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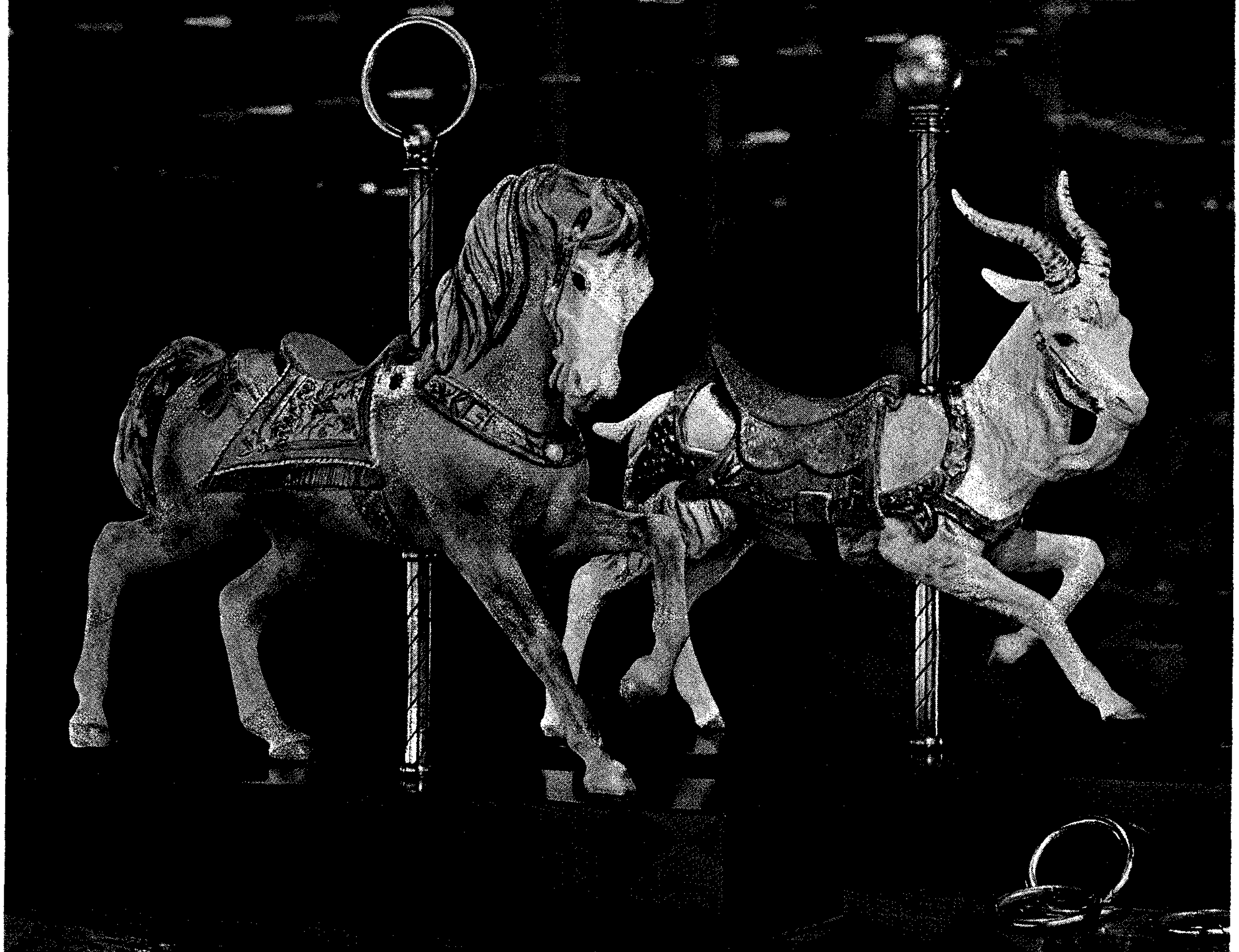

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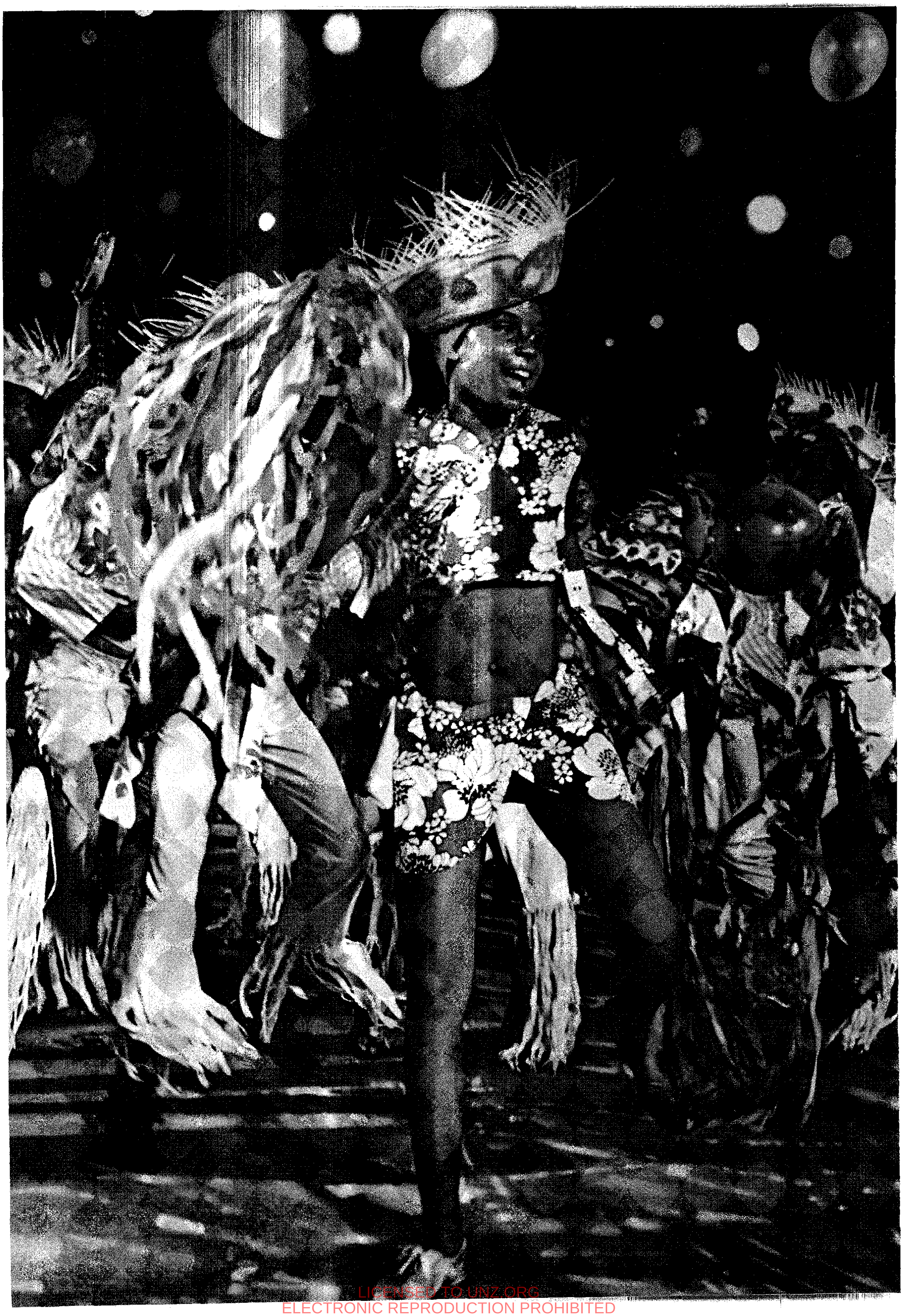

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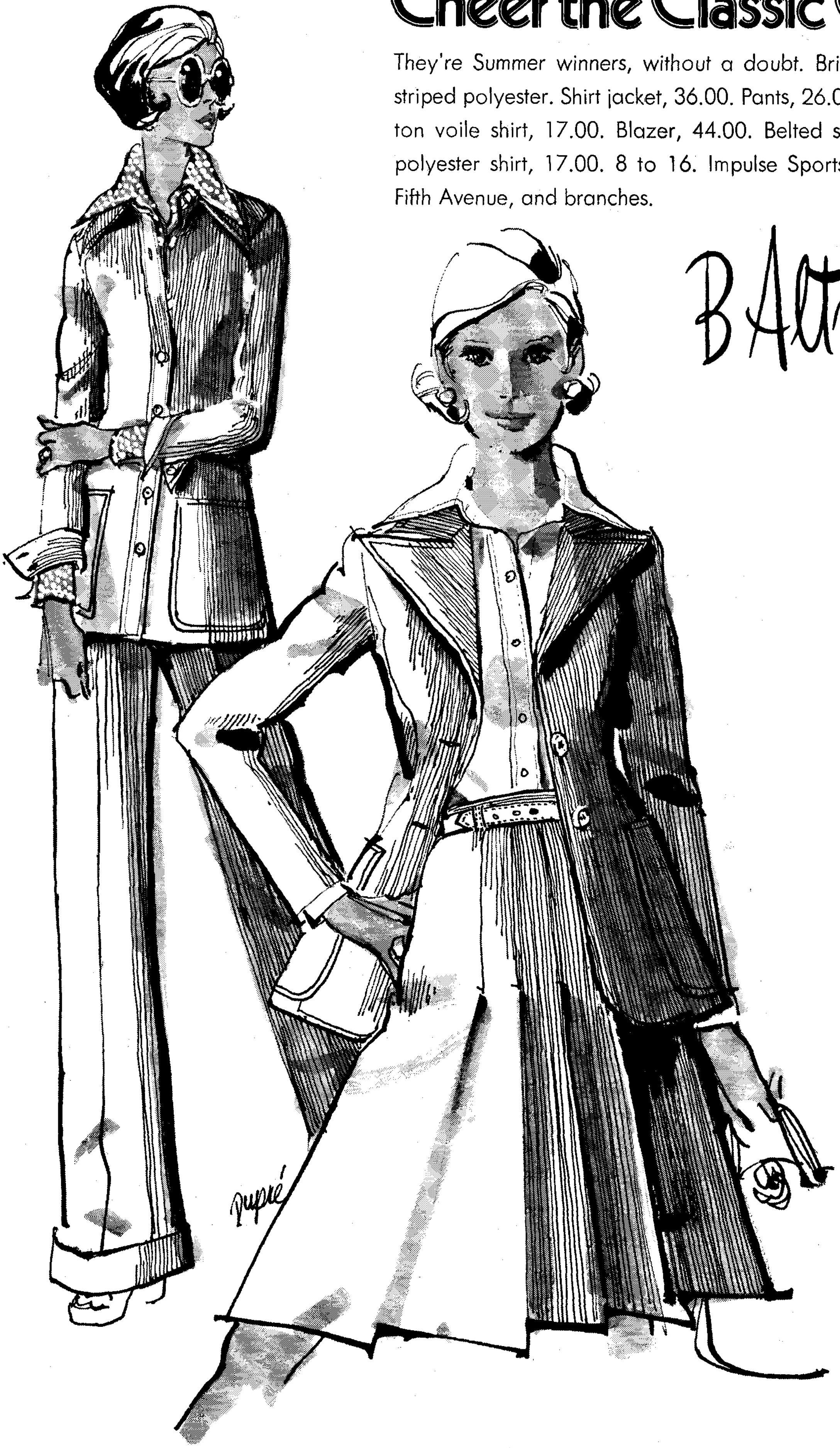

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT has been said again and again by commentators, with great assurance, that President Nixon's best hope of surviving the social and political disaster known as the Watergate affair lies in what one of them called "the people's deep desire to believe in the President, whoever he may be at the time." Historically, there is little evidence to support this increasingly popular, but pernicious, theory. The people may want to believe in the President more than they believe in other politicians, because a majority of the voters chose him, for his character and reliability, over other politicians to rule the nation. But since the people generally view *all* politicians with a healthy measure of mistrust, the one they select to lead them is, in all likelihood, merely one that they trust more—and not necessarily a lot more—than the others. Moreover, as every politician knows, the greater the position of trust a man occupies, the greater the public condemnation if he is found to have betrayed it. The origin of the commentators' theory is probably the support that embattled Presidents who faced grave foreign threats once received from the electorate almost automatically. But during the war in Vietnam the traditional wartime support given a President largely disappeared; the people's refusal to believe in President Johnson drove him from office in the midst of a war—and after he had won one of the greatest electoral victories in the nation's history. Above all, if the voters were so keen on believing in the President, come what may, then half of them would not have been shown by the latest polls to believe that the incumbent President had all along known about, and presumably condoned, the filthy practices engaged in by members of his personal staff.

Although it is true that the people's trust in their government is essential to the survival of a political system that, like ours, is based on "the consent of the governed," this is not to say that the people have faith because they *must* have it, for some mysterious emotional reason, or because someone else feels that they do have it. There is no reason that the people should believe in any given President simply because he is President, unless one accepts another claim, often made by political commentators in recent times, that the United States has become a sort of Presidential monarchy. The assertion that the people are strongly inclined to believe in the President, whatever he does, leads the same commentators to feel that the people *should* believe in him, and, in the end, a failure to believe in him smacks of a lack of patriotism. If one does not believe in the President, this argument goes, one ultimately does not believe in the Presidency, either, and once the Presidency is weakened by a loss of confidence democracy is all but destroyed. This line of thinking would have astonished patriots of the past, who loved and hated their leaders with devotion and passion, and to whom any demand for fealty was abhorrent. Of course, the notion that the institution of the Presidency is inseparable from the man who occupies it is nonsense; if this notion were true, our system would have come apart many times. Actually, what has repeatedly happened is that people have become deeply suspicious of this man or that who was serving in the Presidency and have demanded that he serve properly or yield to someone who could. The people lost faith in President Herbert Hoover, and revived and saved the Presidency by putting Franklin Roosevelt in it—thereby taking a kind of action that their ancestors had taken before them and that their descendants would undoubtedly take again. In a sense, then, bad Presidents are nearly as important to our system as good Presidents, for a man who fails to fulfill the demands of the highest office reminds the people of what that office should be and leads them to find a man who is suited to hold it. Such a transferral of power demonstrates anew the meaning of the Presidency, the preciousness of democracy, and the means of preserving the political system. And, as the transferral occurs, it restores the people's confidence—not in any particular man or in any particular institution but in their ability to choose the right man and to make the institution work for them. By taking this action, they express the essential distinction between faith and trust. Faith in a politician or a political institution suggests a mindless allegiance, whereas trust implies confidence. And in a democratic society confidence must be continually tested and reaffirmed.

In the case of President Nixon, the basic question today is not whether the lack of public confidence in him undermines the system but whether he will honorably restore public confidence in himself or be forced out of office. The authors of the Constitution believed that the system they had devised was superior to the men who would run it, and that it could survive the downfall of even the highest of them. Otherwise, the Constitution would not contain the provision for impeachment; like the right to amend the Constitution, the impeachment article is one of

"Mu wuff dnnt unnertan muh."

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that document's chief assertions of the people's ultimate sovereignty. While it would be utter folly to institute impeachment proceedings against a President for anything except the most serious betrayal of the people's trust, it would be equal folly to accept anything less than clear proof that this trust had not been seriously betrayed. Although the President attempted to reassure the nation on this point in his television address, his subsequent refusal to allow any aide, former or present, to divulge any word spoken to or by the President on any matter has cast the gravest doubt on his own statement. And the question that has been asked over and over in the past few weeks—"How could a President who kept such tight control over his Administration as President Nixon did be unaware of, or deceived about, acts of this magnitude in his own house?"—must be answered. If the answer, finally, is that he truly did not know, then other very important questions must also be answered. One is "How much of the power to represent the people should a President delegate to others?" Another is "Who should these surrogates be?" Shortly before beginning his campaign for the Presidency in 1968, Mr. Nixon stated that in his opinion the country needed a President mostly for conducting foreign affairs, and added that domestic matters could pretty much be left to the Cabinet. While this is an exceedingly dubious proposition at best, it did make clear who the President's surrogates in domestic affairs would be; namely, public officials who would be subject to Senate confirmation, and thus to some measure of public control through elected representatives of the people. However, during his first term President Nixon steadily weakened the power delegated to most Cabinet members and placed more and more power in the hands of White House aides, who were subject to no public control whatever, and shortly after his second Inauguration he moved to exert total authority over the executive branch of the government by further diminishing the power of the Cabinet and further increasing the power of a few aides who were to oversee the major departments. In the end, the President handed over most of the power given him by the people to men who were in no way answerable to them. And, what was perhaps even more crucial, the President gave this immense power to men who had had no experience whatever in public affairs before they went to work for him. Roughly, these men fall into two groups: advertising and public-relations men, on the one hand, and lawyers, on the other. By and large, it can be said—and in Washington it often has been—that the energies and talents of these men have always been exerted in favor of manipulating the public to serve private interests rather than in favor of understanding and advancing the public interest. Ever since President Nixon assumed office, Washington politicians, old-line government workers, and members of the press have charged the men around him, publicly and privately, with an almost complete lack of grasp of what this country is and how it works, and with a comparable lack of understanding of the sensitive world of politics. The Watergate affair has proved these critics right, for no one but the rankest political amateurs could have conceived and carried out such a preposterous and sure-to-fail conspiracy. Yet these were the men the President appointed to devise and administer public policy where it most vitally concerned the citizenry—at home. If he did not know what some of them were doing in the way of espionage, sabotage, and obstruction of justice, did he know what they were doing about the poor and the disabled, about black people, about children and the elderly, and about civil liberties?

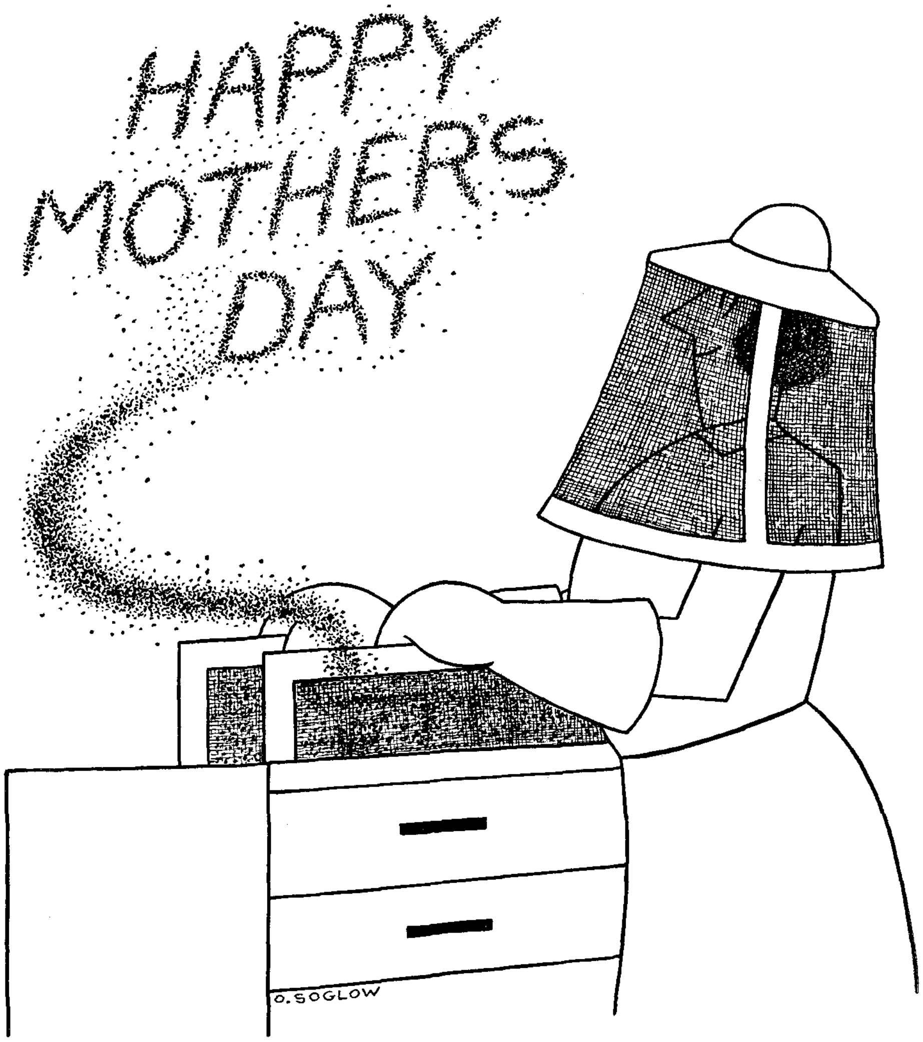
In his speech to the nation, immediately following the resignation of four of his top men, Mr. Nixon vowed to get to the bottom of the Watergate scandal, referred to the nomination of a new Attorney General to conduct a "fair and fearless" investigation of it, and then told the people that he was now turning his attention to more pressing matters—once again, foreign affairs. This was a shocking admission that this nation as a nation matters less to him than does this nation as a world power. Few of the voters who elected and reëlected him are likely to share that view. For most of them, prices and wages, jobs, education, taxes, medical care, personal safety, and clean government are far more important than the use of American power abroad. If Mr. Nixon is so ready to turn away from the worst White House scandal in history for the sake of heading back toward another summit and the pleasures of world statesmanship, the people can expect that little more will happen here at home than the dismissal and possibly the prosecution of a few of his aides. That will punish those who behaved criminally and deter anyone who might be tempted to imitate them in the future, but it will not do anything about bringing this particular Presidency back to the people it is supposed to serve, or about assuring all of us that the public manipulators will be succeeded by public servants. A housecleaning job is no substitute for a resolution of the moral crisis that the nation faces today.

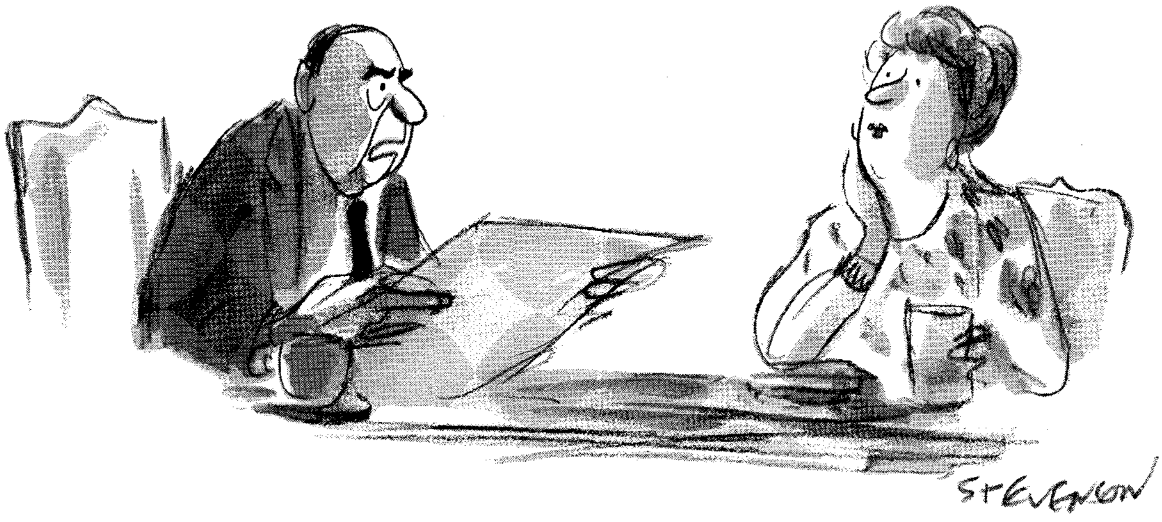
Torture

WHILE the flowers were blooming in Bryant Park on a nice spring afternoon last week, a hundred or so grim-faced people across the street on the third floor of the Graduate Center of the City University of New York were devoting nearly three and a half hours to a discussion of torture. The meeting was called by Amnesty International, a do-gooding organization we have long admired because it does good: since its formation in London, in 1961, it has been largely responsible for the release of five thousand political prisoners—or, as Amnesty prefers to call them, prisoners of conscience. Now, in 1973, it is concentrating on torture, and for good reason, according to Lord Caradon, the veteran British foreign-service officer, who chaired the CUNY session. "I believe that almost every political prisoner in the world is subjected these days to some form of torture—an evil of a character so disgraceful and so revolting that we should surely be grateful, all of us, to do what we can to bring it to an end," he said. Amnesty International is hoping to have the United Nations make torture an international crime, and, by way of starting things off, is circulating petitions in seven languages (Lord Caradon was the first to sign) saying, "We, the undersigned, call upon the General Assembly of the United Nations to outlaw immediately the torture of prisoners throughout the world."

Among the other signers at the CUNY gathering were former Attorney General Ramsey Clark; Margaret Papandreou, the American-born wife of the once imprisoned former Greek Cabinet Minister; Joel Carlson, the white South African lawyer who, until he moved to the United States two years ago, spent much of his time defending South African blacks put on trial by their government; Richard Chartier, the executive director of the Latin-American Working Group of the National Council of Churches; Joseph Buttinger, former co-chairman of the International Rescue Committee; and Joan Baez, who identified herself as an expert not on torture but on empathy with human suffering. She said she liked the Amnesty petition because it was the sort of thing that a radical like her could take around to her conservative next-door neighbors in California and get them to sign. As for Mr. Clark, he came out in favor of an impartial investigation of the torture of prisoners of war in Vietnam ("I don't think we're going to have confidence in what our Department of Defense tells us at this sad time in our history"), and said that the most important issue of our day was the preservation of human dignity. "Violence is the ultimate human degradation," he said, "and violence inflicted on defenseless people is the ultimate form of violence. And that is torture." Mr. Chartier said that in Latin America today the use of torture by governments seeking to retain power has increased both quantitatively and qualitatively. Mrs. Papandreou described contemporary Greece as "a classic case of government by torture," and observed that when individuals in prison there are said to be held incommunicado, one can accurately interpret that to mean they are being tortured. Mr. Carlson proposed that victims of torture be assured of political asylum by the world, and Mr. Buttinger, just back from a fact-finding trip to Southeast Asia, said that when it came to torture the country with the worst record of any on earth at the moment was South Vietnam. A recorded message from Don Luce, the American who brought tiger cages to universal notice in 1970, informed the audience that in 1971 the United States Navy had awarded a four-hundred-thousand-dollar contract to an American firm for the construction of three hundred and eighty-four new tiger cages; Mr. Luce added that there are now more than two hundred thousand political prisoners in President Thieu's custody.

The Amnesty meeting was not without its moments of asperity. A few women in the audience with marked brogues complained that the panel of experts on torture seemed to be paying too little heed to what the British were up to in Northern Ireland, and Lord Caradon felt constrained to go up to one of them—a woman wearing a





"Damn it, Gertrude, Abe Beame isn't supposed to turn you on!"

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green "Unite Ireland" button—during a brief break in the proceedings and say, "You must not regard me as the enemy." She replied, "Oh, no, sir—I have three sisters-in-law in England." An Arab man wanted to know what the world proposed to do about "a whole nation in jail"—Palestinians, he explained, under Israeli jurisdiction—and not long after he had spoken a bearded man with a hat on wondered what information Amnesty International had about the torture of Jews in Arab jails. A young Indian man got a round of applause when, after informing the gathering that there is torture in India, too, he said, "Torture is torture, wherever it is happening, so let us unite together and fight it." No one at the Amnesty meeting alluded even fleetingly to the question of granting amnesty to recent American war resisters, but Ramsey Clark had a few remarks to make on the state of the national mind: "We have a certain schizophrenia about where American interest lies in foreign countries. It seems to stop this side of prisons, and of what happens to the people in them. . . . I think we need to open up prisons in all parts of the world—here in Manhattan as well as in Hanoi."

Post Time

OUT at Aqueduct the other Friday afternoon, we ran into an old friend of ours, Andrew Beyer. We were there on impulse. Andy was there for the reason that fish are in the sea. Race tracks are his habitat. He was in the press box, next to the raked glass wall that overlooks the oval, and he was hunched over a copy of the newspaper of his trade, the *Racing Form.* We asked him what kind of year he was having.

"I'm ahead by a substantial amount—substantial," he said, in his slow bass voice. "What I have now that I used to lack is self-discipline. So many bad things can happen to you at the race track. Everything's fine, and then something comes along that wipes you out so you can't buy a winner. A couple of weeks ago, I lost two photo finishes back to back. But I said to myself, 'Andy, don't let this mess up your mind.' I shook it off and finished the week with three of the best days of my life."

Andy has been playing the horses for seventeen of his twenty-nine years. He went to Harvard with the class of '65 but never graduated, largely because he omitted to take his final exams in his senior year. He is a happy man. He is one of the few people we know who have achieved their ambitions. All he ever asked from life was that somebody pay him handsomely for going to horse races, and the Washington *Star-News*, for which he writes four columns a week, does exactly that. From October through May, he puts in six-day weeks at Laurel, Bowie, and Pimlico, with occasional trips to places like New York and Louisville. He spends August at Saratoga. That leaves June, July, and September for recuperation and long-range thinking.

Andy picked a winner for us in the first race, and we decided to quit while we were ahead. Andy, needless to say, does not believe in quitting while he is ahead (or, for that matter, while he is behind).

We asked him how he was going to bet the second race.

"Animal here called Town Drunk," he said, tapping the form. "His trainer is Jack Van Berg, one of the two best horse trainers in America. Van Berg has a pattern he follows consistently. He just sort of hangs around a track at first, and then after he's been there for about a week he just goes crazy. He's been here at Aqueduct a little more than a week, and he's had two ten-to-one shots with impossible-looking records win. My figures say that Windays Boy ought to win this race by a length or two, but this is one of those cases where you see the name and you bet it blind. And Town Drunk ran a good race his last time out."

Andy watched the race through a pair of Nikon binoculars. He is tall and gaunt. With his bony face, his long, wispy, sandy hair, and his gold-rimmed spectacles, he looks more like a schoolmaster than a tout. "C'mon, Town Drunk," he muttered, jiggling on the edge of his chair. Windays Boy won the race. Town Drunk was second, beaten by half a length.

We went with Andy to the press lounge for some beer and sandwiches, and he told us about his handicapping method. Andy used to be an angle handicapper, using a method he learned from his first racing guru, a middle-aged Cuban horseplayer whom he calls Mr. D. The method was based on trying to guess when a horse had been held back for a few races as a way of building the odds. This method, naturally, was most effective at the crummier tracks, where the supervision is light, the purses are small, and the horses are unreliable. "About three years ago, I confronted myself honestly, which is sometimes a difficult thing for a horseplayer to do," Andy said. "I realized that the handicapping methods I was using were just not good enough. I met a guy called Sheldon, who was working for his Ph.D. in mathematics at Harvard. He had devised a very sophisticated form of speed handicapping, and my method is based on his. In standard speed handicapping you calculate the track variant—the degree to which the track is fast or slow—and this enables you to compare past performances. My method—to simplify—takes into account the fact that the longer a race is, the slower the horses are running at the end of it. It's very esoteric and very precise. None of this stuff about who has more of an indefinable quality called class—just who is faster than whom."

Andy went downstairs to bet on the exacta in the sixth race, and we went along. The exacta is a gimmick in which the bettor tries to pick the first two finishers in the race in the correct order. Nearly forty thousand people were at the Big A that day, and the betting rooms swarmed with men. All of them were carrying newspapers, which made them look old-fashioned, as if they had all been wearing snap-brim hats.

Upstairs again, we watched the race. Andy's choices finished first and second but in the wrong order. By way of cheering him up, we asked him to tell us about his greatest triumph.

"Three years ago, I spotted a horse called Sun in Action in the entries at Liberty Bell, near Philadelphia. The only reason I spotted him was that the ninth race at Laurel was on the same page of the form sheet as the first at Liberty Bell. I just fell in love with him. He was the living embodiment of a handicapping angle I was working on. As the days went by, I became obsessed by this horse. I was having a terrible year. I saw this horse as my salvation. I wrote a column and said, 'This is the best bet of the year. Stop worrying about that Christmas money.' Now, this was a horse who had never been close in his life. I took all the money I had in the world—two hundred dollars—and went to Philadelphia. Sun in Action went off at twenty to one. He broke O.K. out of the gate, but then he started dropping back and dropping back. On the turn, with half a mile to go, he was fourteen lengths behind. With an eighth of a mile to go, he was still seven lengths behind. Then he started to fly. It was one of those head-bobbing photo finishes. And I lost."

"You lost? What about the triumph?"

"Then they disqualified the winner. I was a minor celebrity. I haven't had a broke day since."

"L"

THE last train to run on the last remaining section of the Third Avenue "L" left 149th Street and Third Avenue, in the Bronx, at six minutes after twelve in the morning on Sunday, April 29th, and headed for Gun Hill Road. We were there in time to take it. In fact, we were there in time to take the next-to-last train, which left at eleven-forty-six on Saturday night, but we let that chance go by. The next-to-last train left with a very small load, while lots of people stood around waiting for the 12:06.

The platforms of the stations along the Third Avenue "L" are wooden, and they are at a height that just about corresponds to the third story of the buildings around them. The third-story height is pleasant. It is a good height for observation. Waiting at the 149th Street station, facing north, we looked to our right, at the buildings on Willis Avenue. There was a bar with some life (most of the neon sign proclaiming its name was out, but a neon cocktail glass tilted at a rakish angle and implying a peppy, 1948 good time still functioned), and a cuchifritos place was lit up and doing good business, but most of the stores around were shut. Many of the stores had nineteen-forties neon signs, and nearly all had nineteen-sixties roll-down solid-metal window guards. It was hard to tell which stores would open in the morning.

The platform was crowded. There were a lot of men in yellow hardhats with the word "Power" on them, who worked for the Transit Authority. There were a lot of men in their twenties who had come out to take the last ride on purpose. And there were a lot of people who seemed merely to be on their way home. Two well-dressed young black women who were on their way home were Sheila Edwards and Diane Duffy. Sheila Edwards wore red platform shoes, white pants, a long white coat, and a red polka-dot shirt. Diane Duffy had on a red velvet coat. Diane Duffy said she wasn't going to miss the "L." "Damn right, I won't miss it. Now I get to make my phone calls without all that *noise*," she said. A man who was standing nearby came up and asked us why we were interested in the "L," and we told him that we had come to take the last train. "Why?" he asked. We told him we thought it might be fun. "You must be high," he said. "There ain't no fun up here."

When the last train left the 149th Street station, it was crowded. One man in his twenties had a guitar and sang a song of his own composition. Another man in his twenties had brought along a sheep. The last train ride was, in some ways, *sophomoric*. The people who were going home got off at their stations and didn't pay much attention to the festivities—the sheep and the song, for instance. Looking out the window as the train pulled into the 156th Street station, we saw dozens of stores that appeared to have been bombed out. "A Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street has now been abandoned!" a man in his twenties shouted as the train pulled out of that station for the last time. This same man shouted his abandonment announcement after each stop. Occasionally, along the route, there was some life in a tavern. Otherwise, there was no life to see. We noticed at each of the stations that the graffiti were plentiful but somehow muted. "Strut," for instance, who is an artist whose work we look for, was in evidence in several places, but he had left his name in white paint and on a modest scale. His Third Avenue "L" work seemed unrelated to the elaborate work he does on the Seventh Avenue line in Manhattan. Only once along the route did anyone outside the "L" greet the passage of the last train. As the train moved from 183rd Street to Fordham Road, having left behind the worst bombed-out districts, a middle-aged woman in a print dress stood at the window of her third-floor apartment and waved her hands over her head.

TO OUR READERS

As of May 15th, our one-year subscription rate will be increased from twelve to fifteen dollars, and our two-year rate will be increased from twenty to twenty-five dollars.

The last ride ended at the Gun Hill Road station. We went to the dispatcher's office there. It is a pleasant, old-fashioned room with five big angled windows that allow the dispatcher to see the platform and both tracks. The room has gray cabinets and a fine old wooden clock and a very old telephone. In the dispatcher's room on the night of the last ride were Charles Carroll, a heavy-set middle-aged black man, who *is* the dispatcher; Luther Clark, a trim middle-aged black man, who is an instructor of motormen; several men who had served as motormen on the "L;" and a motorman from Boston. The motorman from Boston was more interested than anyone else in the historical significance of the last night of the Third Avenue "L."

We watched as Mr. Carroll arranged his last piece of work, which was to have the last train laid up in the 239th Street yard, and we asked Mr. Carroll if he was sorry to see the "L" close.

"Sure," he said.

"Of course he's sorry," said Mr. Clark. "He was head man here. Now he'll hit the list. He'll have to float from office to office night after night."

MRS. BLASINGAME POTEET

WHEN we were younger, we lived across the street from a woman who believed that the way you kept your front lawn said as much about you as your religion or your politics. I remember her as a frail woman who tied her gray hair tightly in a bun. She wore bluejeans and aviator sunglasses, and kept a sweat pad across her forehead. And she had every type of garden tool imaginable: rakes, shears, trowels, fine-bristled brooms, hoses, an assortment of nozzles, a lawnmower, and a spreader. She'd lived all her life on the outskirts of Philadelphia, but through her diligence she gave a sense of rurality to the lawn, and she herself looked as natural, if not as hardy, as an azalea.

Her surname was Poteet, and her husband ran a travel agency that booked tours to the Caribbean Islands, California, Las Vegas, Europe, and Africa, which his agency called The Last Refuge. They had one son, who had moved away years ago but came home every Christmas with his wife and daughter. The son and his family would arrive around noon on the day before Christmas, unload their station wagon, carry their suitcases and snacks into the house, and come out again for a tour of the lawn. They would see the canvas sheets that covered the grass for the winter and the bushes shrouded in burlap sacks. Then they would disappear into the house until New Year's Day. Sometimes when I passed the house I saw their silhouettes on the curtains, moving back and forth. There would be the silhouette of Mrs. Poteet, all angles, directing traffic, and that of Mr. Poteet, half the size of his son but more prosperous-looking, with a cigar and the Basque beret it seemed he never took off, standing with his arms around his son and daughter-in-law.

There was no silhouette of the little girl against the curtain, though, because she was too small, and, in any case, she loved to be out on the lawn. On her first night there, her grandmother would lead her down the steps to the garden, pointing the way with a flashlight. Then, while Mrs. Poteet knelt and aimed her light, the little girl peeked under the burlap that covered each frozen bush.

"What do you see, Casey?"

"A yellow rose!"

"Can you smell it?"

With her head under the burlap: "It smells like gingersnaps!"

"Well, as long as you don't take it in mind to eat it," Mrs. Poteet would say.

I often felt that Mrs. Poteet wanted her son to make his visit in summer instead of winter, because then the lawn had a California look. She was a strong-minded person; her son must have had to fight to choose when he wanted to come. And she wasn't willful just about the lawn; my mother told me that when the Poteets first moved in—before I was born—Mrs. Poteet used her maiden name, Blasingame, and had both names, Poteet and Blasingame, printed on their mailbox.

"We sound like a law firm," she told my mother. "And it has absolutely no advantage—it certainly doesn't help our income tax—except that it reminds me of my roots."

As you might expect, she used gardening words in ordinary conversation and never missed an opportunity to say how human beings could profit from their plant cousins. For example: My brother Butch was born in summer; I was seven at the time. I remember that one afternoon shortly before my mother gave birth I was sitting on our front steps when Mrs. Poteet, her sweat pad on her forehead and wearing canvas work gloves, walked up and asked me if I was happy to be having a sibling. I hesitated, ignorant, and finally said that *everyone* wanted a sibling.

"And do you know how siblings arrive, Arthur?" she asked. Her face was tan, with a great many lines, and when she talked her skin crinkled like waxed paper.

"They're inherited," I said.

She smiled. "Come here," she said, and took my hand—her glove was much too big for her hand, and I felt her fingers hiding inside—and led me across the street to her lawn, where the sprinkler was going.

"Do you see how grass grows, Arthur?" she asked. "First a seed is planted, then a new being comes into the world and we nourish it with our water."

She caught the fine spray in her palm and let it form a puddle.

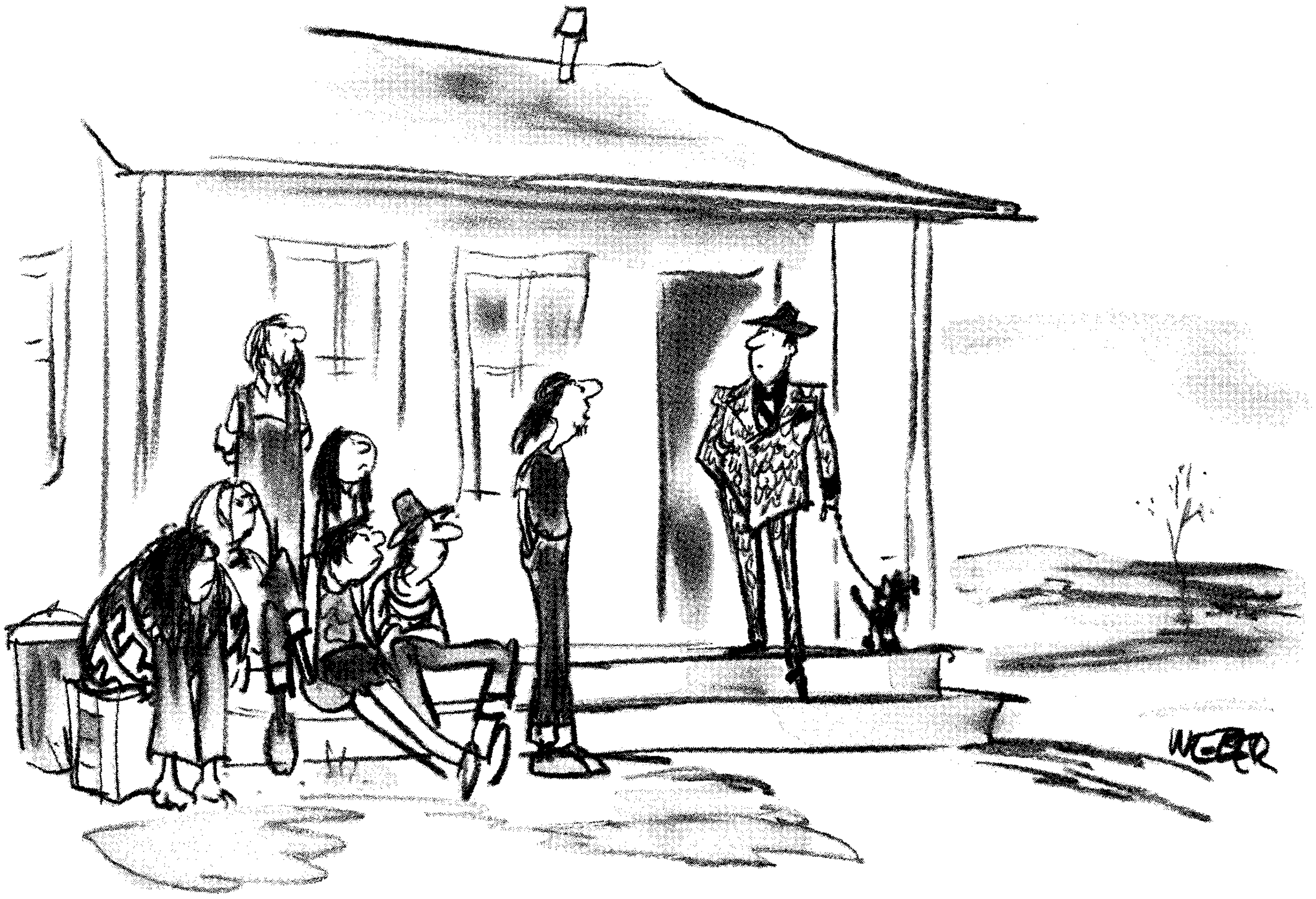
"But a plant can be mother, father, and siblings, all in one."

I nodded, wanting her to think I understood. We walked to the flower bed. Then, spreading the petals of a lily, she said, "A flower has a *sta-men*—here—and an *o-vary*—down there—and pollen, all to itself. The pollen is as tiny as the fur on your tongue, and with one whiff of air it can bring to life an entire family.

"And plants never travel far from home," she explained to me. "Not like your *Homo sapiens*. Why, a journey of five feet is long indeed for a bit of pollen."

The lawn was her passion, and she worked on it alone. Mr. Poteet helped in autumn by carrying leaves to a fire they burned in a steel cylinder by the curb. But in summer he spent Saturdays on their patio, smoking cigars and sipping tonic, while Mrs. Poteet ran about the lawn doing a hundred jobs at once. I imagine if she'd let him he would have helped; but she was so fussy about where bulbs were to go, the length the grass was to be cut, and the width of the edging at the walk and curb that his work would only have annoyed her and exasperated him. So he sat in his chaise longue under an umbrella and read—usually travel books and biographies of great artists—and occasionally he read aloud his favorite passages to Mrs. Poteet as she worked. She'd be clipping the edge of the slope by the sidewalk, and he'd read of Picasso's life or a Mayan excavation, and she'd nod to each story, all the while hunched over her shears, clipping and struggling along in a duck walk. After an hour or so, he'd go into the house and come back with two drinks—a fresh tonic for himself and a fruit juice for her. Then she'd place her tools in a neat pile by the steps, take off her sweat pad and gloves, and sit down next to him. He'd talk about his books, but she'd fidget and examine the lawn for details she'd overlooked: a patch of unmowed grass or a hedge left untrimmed. Then she'd gulp down her juice and return to work.

This was how they spent every Saturday during summer, from morn-



"I'm awfully sorry, Dick, but we've all just had a little meeting, and we've agreed that perhaps it's best that you leave the commune."

• •

ing till dinnertime. Often they had dinner on the patio; Mr. Poteet barbecued steak or chicken while Mrs. Poteet, so freshly washed you'd never have guessed she'd spent a day working on the lawn, started the sprinkler and dashed to the center of the lawn every few minutes to adjust its base so that all parts of the lawn were insured an equal supply of water. The sidewalk in front of the lawn, the little path leading to the front steps, and the patio were all without a trace of dirt. She was a meticulous groundskeeper.

They took a long time over their meal, breathing smoke from the smoldering coals. Then, at nine, they doused the coals, cleaned and packed the barbecue set, and shut off the sprinkler. Before they went to bed, Mrs. Poteet always clipped a rose for the vase on the living-room windowsill.

SO you see she was a careful woman—"her own boss," as Mr. Poteet said—and, though she was friendly, she kept to her business. It was through her business that we really knew her.

One day, she phoned my mother and, after exchanging pleasantries, asked to speak to the junior partner of the house. My mother caught on right away and said that she and Bill, my father, often felt like junior partners in their establishment. Mrs. Poteet said yes, they'd felt the same way when John was growing up.

When my mother handed me the phone, she said, "I think you're in for a business proposition."

"Arthur," Mrs. Poteet said, "I've been watching you and your brother, and I suspect that with training you both could develop green thumbs."

"Yes'm," I said.

"A lawn often needs young hands to pep it up, so if you'd like you can begin to cultivate your thumbs with me, as apprentices, at one dollar twenty-five cents an hour—a wage I never dreamed of earning till I was practically thirty."

"I'll have to ask my mother," I said. I thought of the sun, the sticky grass, and how lazy Butch was.

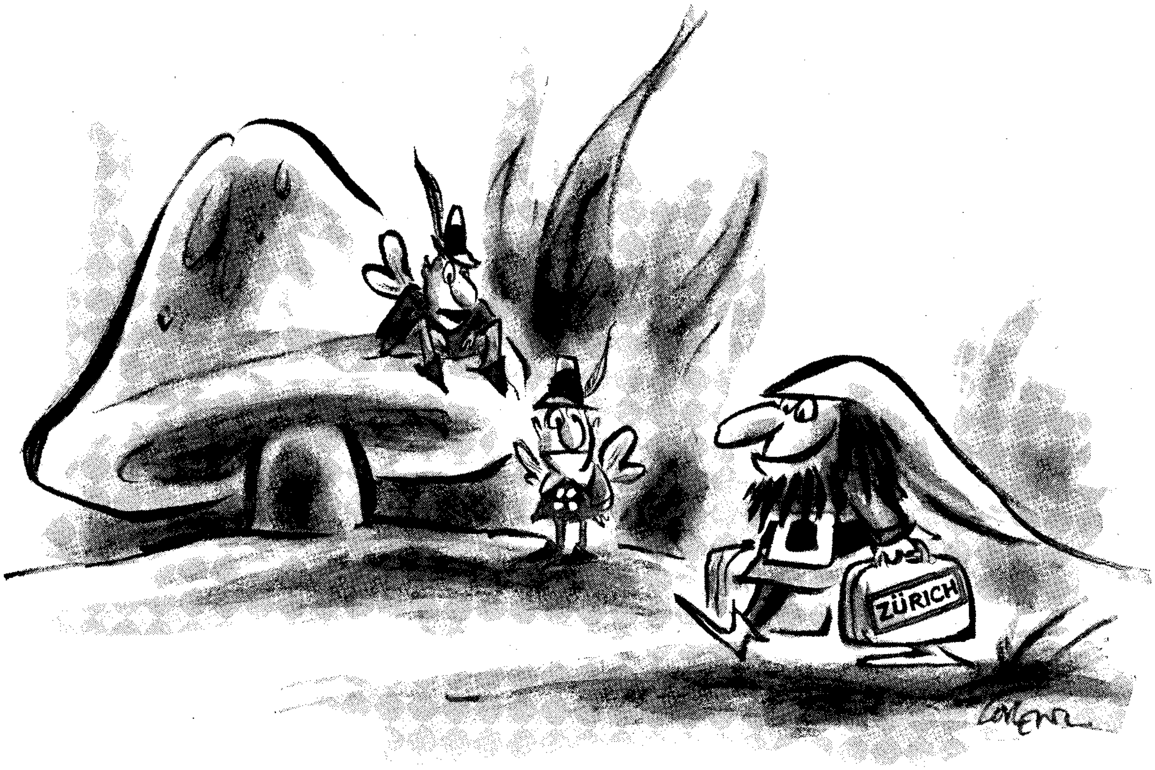
"Then you ask your mother, and if she says yes, and if your father says yes, you ask your brother Butch, too, because he's also a member of the team, and I don't want either of you to do something you'll regret later on. Never live with regrets, Arthur."

"Yes'm."

Butch and I discussed it with our parents. My father said, "She'll make you earn your minimum wage." But my mother was worried that the work might be too tiring for Butch, who was six. After we finally agreed to accept the offer, she took me into the kitchen and said in a low voice that I'd have to use my judgment in deciding which work was suitable for a younger boy. She meant, of course, that although we'd both get a dollar twenty-five an hour, I'd do twice as much as Butch, who would sweep and hose the sidewalk. I was about to suggest that we ought to be paid according to how long we worked and what we did when my mother said that if she found I was working harder than my brother she'd reward me, in private.

"I don't want Butch to grow up in your shadow, Mr. Highpockets," she said.

ON a Saturday in April we went across the street. My mother had dressed Butch for an expedition; he



"All I know is that he just blew in and seems to represent powerful financial interests."

wore a sun visor, a jaunty scarf tied like an ascot, knee-high fireman's boots with his pants tucked into them, and a windbreaker—an exact imitation of what my father wore to play golf.

Mr. Poteet laughed when he saw him. "And what's this?" he said, shading his eyes like a scout scanning the horizon. "Who's this gentleman farmer?"

"My mother fixed him up like that," I explained.

"Why, Bartholomew, if I didn't know you spent most of your time at school, I'd say you tended the family estates."

"These are *feermanz* boots," said Butch, pointing to his feet.

"What's that? '*Feermanz* boots.' Why so they are! So they are!"

Mrs. Poteet said, "Well, Monsieur Feerman, now we'll see if you can handle a hoe as well as you can tie an immaculate knot."

So our apprenticeship began. First we learned that a lawn is like a soft skin, as tender as the underbelly of a swan, and that you must tread lightly on it and never dig your heels or toes into the soil. "A break in the ground is an *epidermal* break," Mrs. Poteet said. "And though a lawn can't cry with pain as we do, it suffers in its own special way." This was a hard rule for Butch to keep, because his boots were so heavy, but he made an effort, and Mr. Poteet said he walked as lightly as a seraph.

Mrs. Poteet also taught us never to let our tools use *us* but to use *them*. "A tool is like a colt," she said. "It's asking to be tamed, but at the same time it would love to run free, and it's up to you to know when to draw the line." Then, very delicately, she trimmed the edge of the lawn, not squeezing the shears but holding them lightly, and effortlessly turning her wrist. "If you ever have the opportunity," she said, "take a long, long look at a barber, for in many ways we're giving our lawn a *tonsure*. You'll see that a barber never grabs or chops hair but respects it and cuts with the grain." And she did just that—the shears never clashed and the grass never sounded as if it were being ripped out of its bed. Instead, you heard a quiet clicking, and if you strained your hearing and used your imagination, you could hear the cut grass land softly on the pavement.

She taught us a dozen other things: how to gently kick the spreader so that seed flowed evenly, how to mow in circles, how to dig a hole the size of a half dollar when planting bulbs. It was a tiring morning, but when we finished Mr. Poteet toasted us and forecast a good summer.

We worked with Mrs. Poteet through that summer. As it turned out, the work wasn't hard and I could have done it all myself. On Saturday mornings after breakfast, we took the tools out of the garage and brought them around front, where we stacked them by the steps. I began mowing while Butch walked behind me with a rake, gathering cut grass into small piles, and Mrs. Poteet trimmed the front and sides of the lawn. The mowing should have taken an hour, but often I mowed for a time only to find that Butch was far behind me, fiddling with the rake or gathering all the grass into one pile with fanatical care; then I had to steer him in the right direction, coaxing him in a gentle voice so that Mrs. Poteet wouldn't say, "Arthur, remember seven years is seven summers, and that's twenty-one months of experience in your account, while Butch has none. So when you're reckoning blame please subtract his credit."

After mowing, I went over the grass Butch had gathered and raked it into two big piles while Butch and Mrs. Poteet swept the sidewalk and patio. Then we all went round back to get trash cans to put the cut grass into. I took one can, and Mrs. Poteet and Butch took the other. They each held a handle and Butch led the way, encouraged by Mrs. Poteet's "Bartholomew, don't forget you have a *matron* on your team."

When we'd put away the cut grass and again cleared the sidewalk and patio, we pruned the hedges and bushes in the garden. Mrs. Poteet and I did this alone. She lent me her right-hand work glove, which protected me from thorns and bristles, and then pruned with her left hand, adding strength to her grip by squeezing her thumb and fingers with her bare right hand. The garden was L-shaped; we started at opposite ends of the L and worked toward the juncture, but if I saw that I was going to reach it ahead of her, I took my time and let her get there first. Waiting for me, she'd stretch herself to get rid of the kinks that came from so much bending; then, as I approached, she would call, "*That*, Arthur Eggleston, is a morning's work!"

In the afternoons, we worked in the garden, cultivating the soil between the plants, then roamed the lawn looking for crabgrass. Butch pointed out the rare patches of weed, and Mrs. Poteet and I dug them up with aluminum trowels. By three-thirty, we were ready to sweep for the last time, and hose the sidewalk and patio. Because Butch wore boots, he wasn't afraid to stand on the edge of the soaked slope or in a stream in the gutter. From these vantage points he aimed his hose. He became adept at adjusting the nozzle; with a flick of his wrist he changed a fine spray on the flower bed to a heavier pressure on the lawn surface. He loved hosing.

September came before we knew it, and Mr. Poteet's forecast seemed true—our summer *was* good. We'd made money, and knew how to do the jobs a lawn demanded.

"Now I suppose you fellows'll want to take on other customers," Mr. Poteet said one day in early September.

"It's only natural," said Mrs. Poteet.

"No," I said. "We're too lazy."

"*Lazy*?" Mr. Poteet said. "Did my audio pick that up correctly?"

"What you mean," said Mrs. Poteet, "is that the work is *exhausting*. Only you're too well-mannered to say as much."

"What they *really* mean is they're faithful."

"We like it here," Butch said.

"Well I hope you *do* like it here, Bartholomew," Mrs. Poteet said. "Because this lawn is part yours now, and will be for a long time to come, God willing."

But though we helped put down the canvas sheets and cover the shrubs with burlap bags, and inspected the lawn throughout the winter and worked on it again the next summer, we knew something was wrong. At times, Mr. Poteet appeared tired and older. And Mrs. Poteet seemed more determined than enthusiastic. Often that second summer she'd suddenly stop pruning and say to me, "Arthur, you finish, please. I simply must rest." And she had a distracted air, as though something were competing with the lawn for her attention.

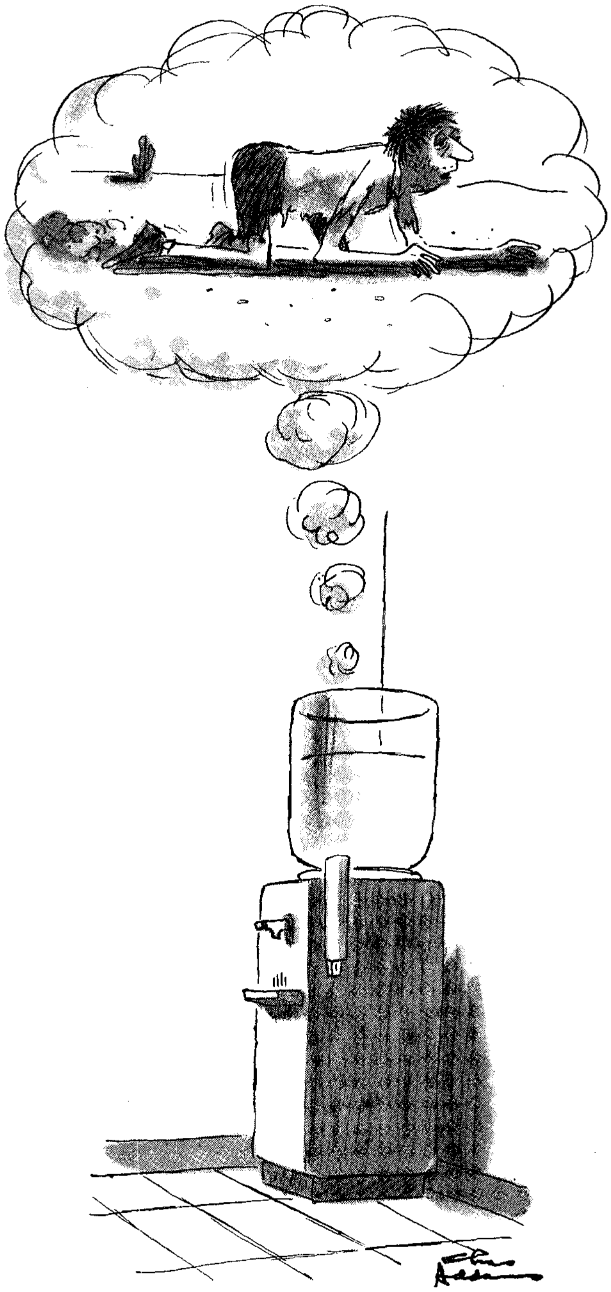
Finally, Mr. Poteet told us they'd decided to move to the Midwest to be near their son.

"I'm too old for business," he said. "Every day I dread the alarm in the morning. And Helen is no longer a girl."

"You're both very energetic," I said.

"That's kind of you, Art. But my personal barometer says otherwise."

"One feels quite fine," Mrs. Poteet said. "Or believes oneself to feel that way, and then all of a sudden one sees one's whole life as if it were over, and a terrible, terrible weight falls on the shoulders."



"So what do you do?" Mr. Poteet said. "If you're lucky, you take a long—a *permanent*—vacation. *Les grandes vacances*."

There was a silence, during which Mrs. Poteet screwed on a new sprinkler attachment.

"When are you thinking of moving?" I asked.

"We hope to have sold the house by next spring, Arthur," Mrs. Poteet said. "We've already begun to advertise, and soon the hordes will come." She hesitated. "Of course, we'll always remember you both, and I don't imagine I'll ever again look for lawn partners, if they even *have* lawns there."

"It's a university town," Mr. Poteet explained. "Our John's been good enough to open his doors to us."

"Someday you'll do as much for your parents," Mrs. Poteet said.

SOON people came, very early in the morning, before Mr. Poteet had left for the agency, or at noon, in which case Mrs. Poteet dealt with them alone, or after dinner. The procedure never varied; a car drove up and the house curtains ruffled slightly. When the visitors reached the front steps, the door opened. If Mr. Poteet was home, he put his arm around the husband and welcomed him; then Mrs. Poteet presided over a viewing of the lawn and garden. She moved stiffly, and when she described the lawn she became so involved in her subject that she seemed to forget the visitors.

From autumn into winter, the people came, though the Poteets never put up a FOR SALE sign. "We depend one hundred per cent on the reputation of our agent," Mr. Poteet said, and Mrs. Poteet felt there was no call to damage the lawn by driving a stake into it. We continued to stop by on Saturdays to rake leaves, sift the flower-bed soil, and plant bulbs for spring. Often we met the people who came; many were young couples, and Mrs. Poteet told the wives about nearby markets and the security of the streets. "John grew up in this little house," she said. "And all that time I never lost a minute's peace worrying whether he was safe out-of-doors." She was brave about the sale and had to be, because more was demanded of her than of Mr. Poteet. He had his travel books and long-distance phone calls to the Islands and Europe, but she had only the lawn and, once a year, a visit from John. It put a strain on her; I noticed that as she talked to people interested in the house she would glance over her shoulder at the lawn, as if to assure herself it was still there. In fact, the lawn was the decisive factor in her consideration of a prospective buyer; they turned down people whom Mrs. Poteet felt wouldn't take care of it. She made this judgment in a shrewd but roundabout way: First, of course, she appraised them by their appearance, and her judgments ranged from "decent" and "sober" to "slick" and "affected." Then while she interviewed them, and they her, she slipped into the conversation casual questions about their fondness for the outdoors. Once, she turned down a man because he said he spent every Saturday watching the football games on TV.

"Who's going to mind the lawn?" she asked Mr. Poteet.

"Well, maybe he'll hire someone—someone qualified."

"Pshaw! That's like raising your child with a governess. No, sir."

All told, they spent five months choosing a suitable buyer. In late January, after a bitter snowstorm that kept us from school for three days, Mrs. Poteet told me they'd sold the house to insurance people, who promised to take care of the lawn and continue to employ Butch and me, if we agreed. I remember that conversation well. The two of us were standing on the lawn, wrapped in coats, scarves, and mufflers, and had to shout above the wind.

"We wish we could work for *you!*" I said.

"You wish . . ."

"We could work for you and Mr. Poteet!"

"Ah, *for us*!"

"Butch wishes it, too!"

"What we wish, Arthur, is often not what we get!"

"Just the same, it makes us sad."

With that she kept silent for a moment. Then she rubbed my cheeks with her mittens.

"You'll still be thawing out in summer if you stand here like this!" she said, and waited for me to trudge through the drifts to our house.

The insurance people spent a winter evening with the Poteets and returned for one day in spring, shortly before the Poteets moved. They were friendly people, with no children as yet. They said again they would respect the work the former owners had put into the lawn, and the husband assured me they would "abide by the contract."

FORCING THE LIGHT BACK OUT

I gathered shells by the sea, oyster shells
tub-shaped and knotty, each heavily filling my palm.
Baroque with wear, a wear that made their dwellers' death
only a beginning, they seemed the more substantial
for all the gouges, pits, and woven engravings of worms.
Desecration that made of armor a screen
intrigued and held my eyes for longer than the skyline.

I recall now rotting logs in forests I have known,
hairy, bulbous, tufted with richly dyed fungi,
awake with ants and grubs, ghostly at night with bluish glow.
The logs, it seemed, were slowly paying out
force and memories from their spooled-up living years
in a dream, a dream whose very muddling was a vision.

As a child, after playing for hours in the sun,
I'd rub and rub my eyes hard, forcing the light back out
in blooming whorls and eddies of lovely stains,
evanescent, a tease of glinting ghost-forms. Then
clear black shone. Cleansed of old sight, I again began
seeing brightly, as though I'd died and were reborn.

—DOUGLAS MOREA

• •

Before she moved, Mrs. Poteet asked me to write to her about how the lawn work was going and whether the garden had kept its beauty.

"Just a card to reassure me," she said, "and don't be afraid to be blunt."

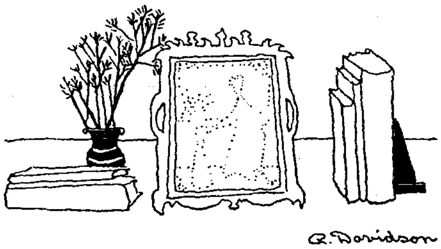
I promised to send photographs, detailed descriptions, and drawings scaled to size.

"Oh heavens, that won't be necessary," she said. "I should say not. Once or twice a year will be fine—in summer, of course. I'd just like what you might call a 'note on progress.' "

"I'll do it," I said. "And Butch will write, too."

"Oh, Butch. That Butch is another story in himself. Why, when we see him next he'll have a Ph.D. in agronomy!"

MOVING day was frantic. Mrs. Poteet ran from room to room and out to the van and in again, examining furniture and making certain the moving men were clean. Mr. Poteet stood by the rear of the van with a list of his own and checked off each item as it went in.



"One Confucian bust—right!"

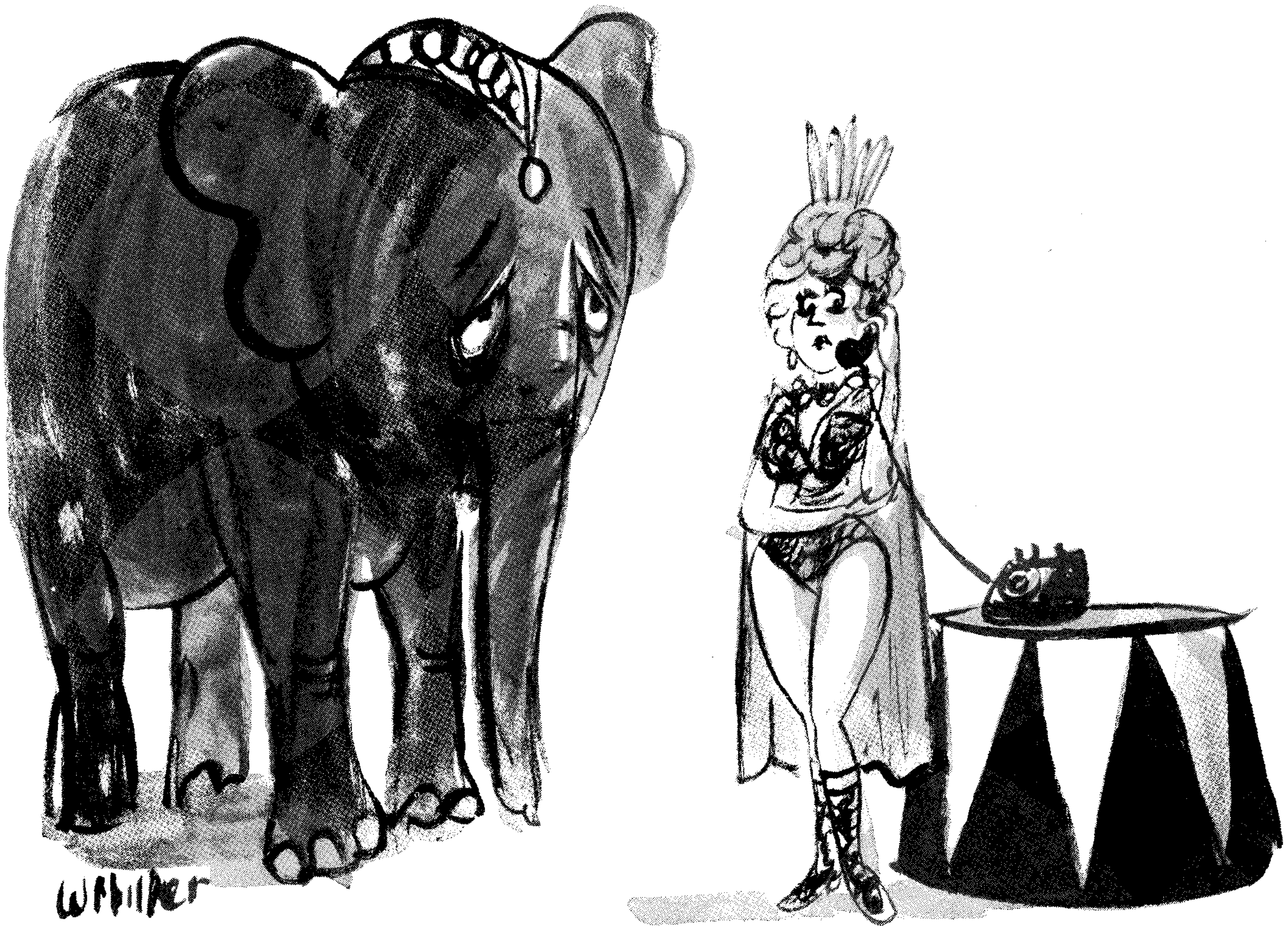
"One Formica-top kitchen table—keerect!"

"One carton European biography—*bien sûr!*"

Butch and I sat on our front steps and watched. Most of the items were too heavy for us to carry, and anyway Mr. Poteet told us that the moving men were professionals trained for this business—former athletes and body cultists gone on the skids. I remember little of the actual moving: just big men in T-shirts, grunting every time they hoisted something onto the truck, and Mr. Poteet shifting his cigar after registering each item, and Mrs. Poteet darting among them all, an orange batik bandanna around her head.

Our goodbye was tearful. Butch chased the van down the street, then ran for two blocks behind the Poteets' car. I had a chill.

But I remembered what Mrs. Poteet had asked, and guiltily, because I never mentioned her request to my parents or the new owners, I wrote describing what I thought she would like to hear about the condition of the lawn. "Today a canvas sheet blew off," I wrote in December, "and, through inertia and ennui, fifteen square feet of lawn were left uncovered for two days. The result was havoc." In March, I wrote, "The canvas and burlap have been removed, to both my delight and chagrin. It is wonderful to see the lawn again, but will we ever get it in shape after the rigors of winter?" Another time, I



"*Give him two bottles of aspirin and call me in the morning.*"

• •

was cheerful and reassuring: "The lawn is superb, although not at the apex it attained when you were here." In the summer, I described our new boss with a gentle but unsparing eye: "He's plainly never worked with lawns before, but he's not ashamed to learn and not above criticism."

After that first year, my letters were less frequent. I was preparing for college, and felt that the preoccupation with the lawn belonged to a part of my life that had passed. Strangely, Mrs. Poteet now began to write more often—not just twice a year but at Christmas, Easter, and several times during the summer. She wrote short letters, asking about the family, noting that I stood at the threshold of a career, and finally, and without fail, asking in a cautious but urgent tone about the lawn. I answered as best I could. She wrote back for more information, observing that a lawn, too, must change with the times. Once, she enclosed a photograph of her granddaughter, a pretty girl who, she said, would rather suffer exile than be caught peeping under a burlap bag. Our correspondence continued even when I went away to college and had nothing more to do with the lawn. Butch had severed his relations, too, and spent all his time building gadgets: a miniature pinball machine and a ham set that picked up Radio Free Europe. "We enjoy your letters so," Mrs. Poteet wrote. "And are keeping them in our upstairs bureau. One day we will give them back to you. Perhaps your alma mater will want to have them." And Mr. Poteet added in the margin: "Full steam ahead on the course of life—Lawrence 'Larry' Poteet."

Then one Christmas they came back. Mrs. Poteet phoned from their motel to say they planned to see the neighborhood again and wanted especially to see their house. They'd come around noon; would we escort them?

"For an hour," Butch whispered. "And *you* do the talking."

"Yes," I told her. "We'd love to."

They were old. They looked as if they'd spent the last few years acquiring new lines in their faces and fold upon fold of flesh under their chins. Mr. Poteet said he now stayed indoors and had given up cigars. Mrs. Poteet had lost the ability to speak rapidly and distinctly, though, as if to compensate for this, she talked more with her hands, which fluttered like skittish birds.

She wasn't pleased with the lawn.

"A disappointment," she called it. "Not at all as we'd envisaged it."

"They're good people," she said of the owners. "But not lawn lovers."

Steadying herself on my arm, she bent down and felt the cold ground under the canvas.

"Uneven," she said. "Bare patches. We did wonders with this lawn, when you consider."

They politely refused my invitation to lunch. They were anxious to get back to the motel and phone John.

Before she left, Mrs. Poteet told me she hoped neither Butch nor I felt we were to blame for the condition of the lawn; she hadn't meant that at all, she said, nor had she meant that the owners were to blame.

She smiled. "Winter is not the best time to view a lawn," she said.

—Robert D. Gorchov

•

Everybody knows that tea drinking is one of the necessities in our daily life and the Chinese are more so.—*Brochure in a package of tea.*

When?

HER SON

ONE day when I had been in New York only a short time, a poet invited me out to Sholum's Café for lunch. He had a reputation among the Yiddish writers as a dandy, a cynic, a womanizer. He had a wife so fat that she could hardly get through a door—or so someone had told me. She ate out of anguish over her husband's love affairs. Although he was close to seventy, his hair was still a golden blond. He had blue eyes, a high forehead, and a nose and chin that gave the impression of being worldly-wise. He wore an English suit and smoked a Havana cigar. His shirt was striped red and gray, his tie embroidered with gold. He had a diamond ring and monogrammed links in his cuffs. It struck me that he resembled Oscar Wilde. He wrote like Wilde, too—with paradoxes and aphorisms. I was twenty-nine, newly arrived from Warsaw, and he spoke to me like an older writer to a beginner, offering advice. He said, "You look like a yeshiva boy, but I can tell from your writing that you know about women."

The door of the café opened to admit a man in a crushed hat. His face was pale, unshaven, his eyes looked bloodshot, sleepy, and full of the gloom of the depressed. He came directly to our table. Without a word, my host—I'll call him Max Blender—reached into his pocket, took out a check, and handed it over. "Well, Bill, are you seeing your way clear yet?" he asked.

"Things just keep getting worse," the man grumbled.

"The loan didn't help?"

"Nothing will help me anymore." He spoke Yiddish with an American accent. Although his voice was low, it had the quality of a muffled shriek. Bitterness hovered about his lips. One shoulder was higher than the other. The cheap tie he was wearing had twisted to the side. A button was missing from his coat. From a distance, he had appeared to be in his fifties, but up close I saw that he was much younger. "Well, I'll be going," he said.

"Maybe you'll have a glass of coffee with us? This young man is—"

"I have to go!"

"Where?"

"To kiss somebody's behind so I can borrow a hundred dollars to pay on the mortgage. If I can't get it, I'll lose the house and end up in the street with my family."

Max Blender bit down on his lower lip. "Wait. I'll give you the hundred dollars, and you won't have to kiss anyone's behind."

"It's all the same to me."

Max Blender opened his wallet and counted out a hundred dollars. He shook his head and winked to me. Bill scooped up the money, mumbled something that might have been "Goodbye," and left. He didn't glance at me.

"A relative, eh?" I said.

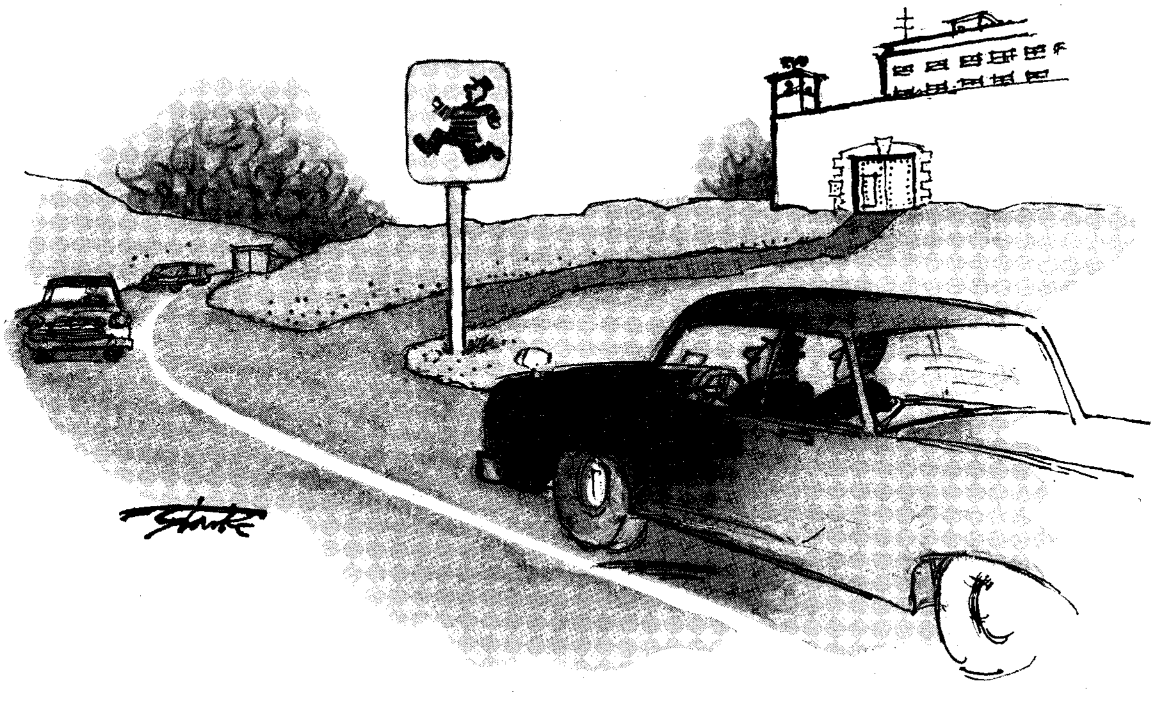
Max Blender smiled, showing a mouthful of false teeth. "A son, though not mine. He adopted me for a father, and he had the right to do it. But how did he know that he had this right? I'll tell you the story, if you like. I swear on Asmodeus's beard that I've never told it before. I wanted to write about it myself, but I'm a poet, not a prose writer. Wait—I'll order another plate of blintzes. Let's spend the day together."

"My pleasure."

"Just let me light up." He took out a cigar and rolled it between his fingers.

"I'll make it as brief as I can," he said. "I had a mistress forty years ago who was the greatest love of my life. She has been dead for thirty-seven years, but a day doesn't go by that I don't think about her. You might say not an hour. I've had other big affairs. Even at my age I'm into this foolishness right up to here"—he held his finger to his throat—"but no one compares to what she was to me and no one ever will. She had a husband—what else? And not only a husband but a husband who loved her with a savage passion. And she hated him as intensely as he loved her. Her name was Sonia—the most common name a girl from Russia can have. And there was nothing extraordinary about her appearance—the usual dark eyes, the black braids, the whole claptrap that's described in Yiddish novels. But when I met her at the Szydlaw Society—my mother's people came from Szydlaw—and talked with her a few minutes, I fell desperately in love and, believe me, in this case 'desperately' isn't an exaggeration. I felt a burning in all my limbs, and, what's more, I realized that she was going through the very same thing. We grew deathly afraid of each other and of what we were starting. Her husband was sitting up there on the dais—he was president of the Society—pounding the gavel to keep the crowd quiet. I forgot to tell you the main thing—she was twelve years older than I, and had four children. All girls. They lived on Avenue C, downtown, and he was—thank God for that—a travelling salesman. He sold textiles, and he often went to Fall River, Massachusetts, which is the Lodz of America. Chaskell Wallach was his name.

"Sonia was something of an intellectual. She had read Artsybashev's 'Sanin' and could recite several pages out of 'Eugene Onegin.'



"I'm sorry, Elwood. Was that a throwaway line or was I supposed to field it?"

She had tried to write poems in Yiddish. She attended the opera when her husband was on the road. She read Socialist pamphlets. Chaskell Wallach both hated and admired her gentility. He had a nose like a ram's, the bulging eyes of a golem, and the voice of an ox. He couldn't speak—only shout. Sonia told me that even when he was in bed with her he shouted. He had had the silly ambition to be head of the Szydlaw Society. At the Society's meetings, they talked about only one thing—the cemetery. He attended the funeral of every member who died. To this boor, death had been the means for becoming president, for gorging himself on knishes and drinking liquor at the Society's expense.

"He knew as much about sex and love as a eunuch. In time, Sonia told me that during all the years they had been together he had never satisfied her. In a sense, she had remained a virgin. She began to dream about a lover right after their wedding, but she was essentially a small-town, modest woman, although in moments of passion she could utter words that might surprise the Marquis de Sade.

"Our affair began at our very first meeting. Sonia said that she felt warm, and I took her to Houston Street for ice cream. Going down the stairs, we began to kiss and bite each other like two lunatics, and by the time we reached the ice-cream parlor we had made plans to run away together to California or to Europe.

"There are fires that start spontaneously. Maybe you've heard of the Triangle Building fire? In a few minutes, tens or maybe hundreds of factory girls were burned to death there. A fatality doesn't need any kindling.

"I'm not a scientist, but I've read some science. I know the theories and all the babble about evolution. It's a big lie. The universe happened in one second. God alone, if He exists, simply became. There was nothing. Suddenly it was all there—God, the world, life, love, death. Oh, here are our blintzes."

"The blintzes didn't become all of a sudden," I remarked.

"Eh? Not at Sholum's Café. If this cook were God, we would still be in Genesis."

WE ate the blintzes, and Max Blender went on. "All the talk about running away came to nothing. A mother of four doesn't run away. The old game of deception began. When Chaskell was on the road, there was nothing to stop us. She met me at a hotel or at a furnished room that I rented. I was married by then, but my wife and I had no children. When he stayed in town, that's when the trouble began. He didn't leave her side for a moment. He couldn't write or figure, and she served as his secretary. Besides, he insisted that she prepare his favorite dishes—stuffed derma, fat soups, and the devil knows what. She would sneak out for an hour and we would fall on each other with a terrible hunger. She told baffling stories. She had the most fantastic dreams and visions—or how should I call them—while awake. As for me, near her I became a veritable giant. The usual love affair cools off in time, but ours grew stronger with the years, and such affairs have no good end.

"My wife found out that I loved somebody else—she had learned to accept my minor affairs—and she used every means that a wife can employ to get me away from Sonia. She took her sister's daughter into our house—a young girl of nineteen—and tried to seduce her in my behalf. If I hadn't experienced such a thing, I wouldn't believe the lengths a jealous woman will go to. She threatened to be unfaithful to me, but those who betray don't threaten. She was one of those women who can have only one man. Whether this is biological or a kind of self-hypnosis, I don't know. Hypnosis is itself biological. The whole human history is a history of hypnosis.

"Why drag it on? Sonia's husband found out about us. When I learned that he knew, I was scared to death. He could kill me with one blow. He had a pair of paws like a coachman's. I'm no hero, and it never was my ideal to die for romance. I was so scared I left town for a while.

"Sonia called to tell me what grief he was causing her. He broke all the dishes in the house. He beat her. He terrorized the children. He told the members of the Society about us. But for some reason that I still don't understand, he never tried to take revenge against me. He didn't even telephone my wife, which is the least you'd expect. Perhaps he considered all writers charlatans, beneath him to bother with. Anyway, you can't tell what goes on in someone else's brain. A person who has gone through as much as I have knows that psychology is not a science and never will be.

"He used another method—he made Sonia pregnant, so that she wouldn't have time for an affair. After the birth of their fourth daughter, they had exercised a kind of birth control. But now he insisted that she have another child. Sonia was in her forties and didn't believe that she could still get pregnant, but she did, and she gave birth to that fellow you just saw here. He's her son. I know what you're thinking. No, he isn't mine. He looks like his father, although his father was a bruiser and this one is a weakling. As a matter of fact, I suspect that I'm sterile. Anyway, Sonia became pregnant, and it was the hardest pregnancy I have ever seen. When she was in her fifth month, she looked like a woman in her ninth. She became yellow, as if she had jaundice. He had raped her physically and spiritually. We were both sure that she would die in labor. The few times that we managed to meet, she spoke only about death. She made me promise that when my time came I be buried beside her. Unfortunately, there's no way I can manage this. Chaskell is already lying there, next to her. The cemetery is so full of the *landsleit* from Szydlaw that I'll have to be buried somewhere else entirely.

"No, she didn't die in labor. She lived nearly two years more, but it was a slow death. Her husband got her pregnant again, and this time she miscarried. I won't go into details. From the day I learned that she was pregnant, all physical relations between us ceased. We had neither the desire nor the opportunity. I had brought about her death, and the sense of guilt was so strong that it left no room for any other feelings. I also began to fear that my own end was close. I went to visit Sonia at her home when she was on her deathbed and she said to me, 'Don't forget Velvel.' Velvel is what his father had named the boy. Later, Velvel became Bill.

"I never liked this child. First, he had killed Sonia, although it hadn't been his fault. Second, he had something of his father's character, albeit none of his strength. A year following Sonia's death, Chaskell remarried and moved to Brooklyn. After the years of the bitterest guilt had passed, the old fire came back—I could only be with other women if I imagined, or forced myself to imagine, that they were she. In moments of intimacy I called them Sonia. For years I suffered from hallucinations. I saw Sonia walking on the street, riding the subway. Once, I saw her in Central Park. I had forgotten that she was dead and I began to talk to her, but she disappeared before my very eyes. Sonia had willed me a whole packet of her poems that were written to me. I needn't tell you that they weren't poetry in the usual sense of the word, but they were full of sincerity, and therefore had genuine power. Total sincerity is bound to all the forces of nature.

"I read these poems to this day. I know them by heart. A number are about this Velvel that she called Benjamin and Benoni, after Mother Rachel's son. Sonia loved the Scriptures. She had a translation of the Bible in Yiddish that was published by the Christian missionaries. In her poems, she calls him 'your son,' because I was the reason for his coming into the world. It's a kind of spiritual fatherhood.

CRYSTAL

A man wets his forefinger with his tongue and holds
up a perfect water glass, empty and glistening.
He is sitting at a table in a large
hall with other men in identical blue

blazers with eagle medallions over their breast pockets.
Now the first man fingers the glass
rim, tentatively, as if it were jagged-edged.
And now he strokes it clockwise, slowly, stopping

to wet his finger again and again, like an old
man paging through a book—until the glass comes
to life with a thin, high whine like nothing
he has ever heard, and the others look up in amazement, catching

on, holding up their glasses, too, wetting and stroking
them clockwise like ice skaters in unison.
All the glasses are coming to life now; their throats are
slowly catching fire, glistening with a thinner,

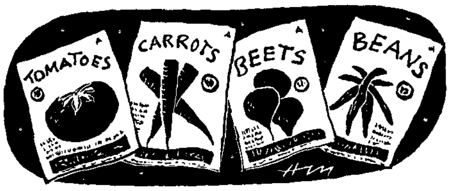
higher whine than any bird. It is like a pitch
pipe with wings. It is something like the music each
man heard when he stepped outside at night
for the first time alone as a boy. Then

there was nothing in the sky but stars and music.
And the sky was like glass.

—JAMES REISS

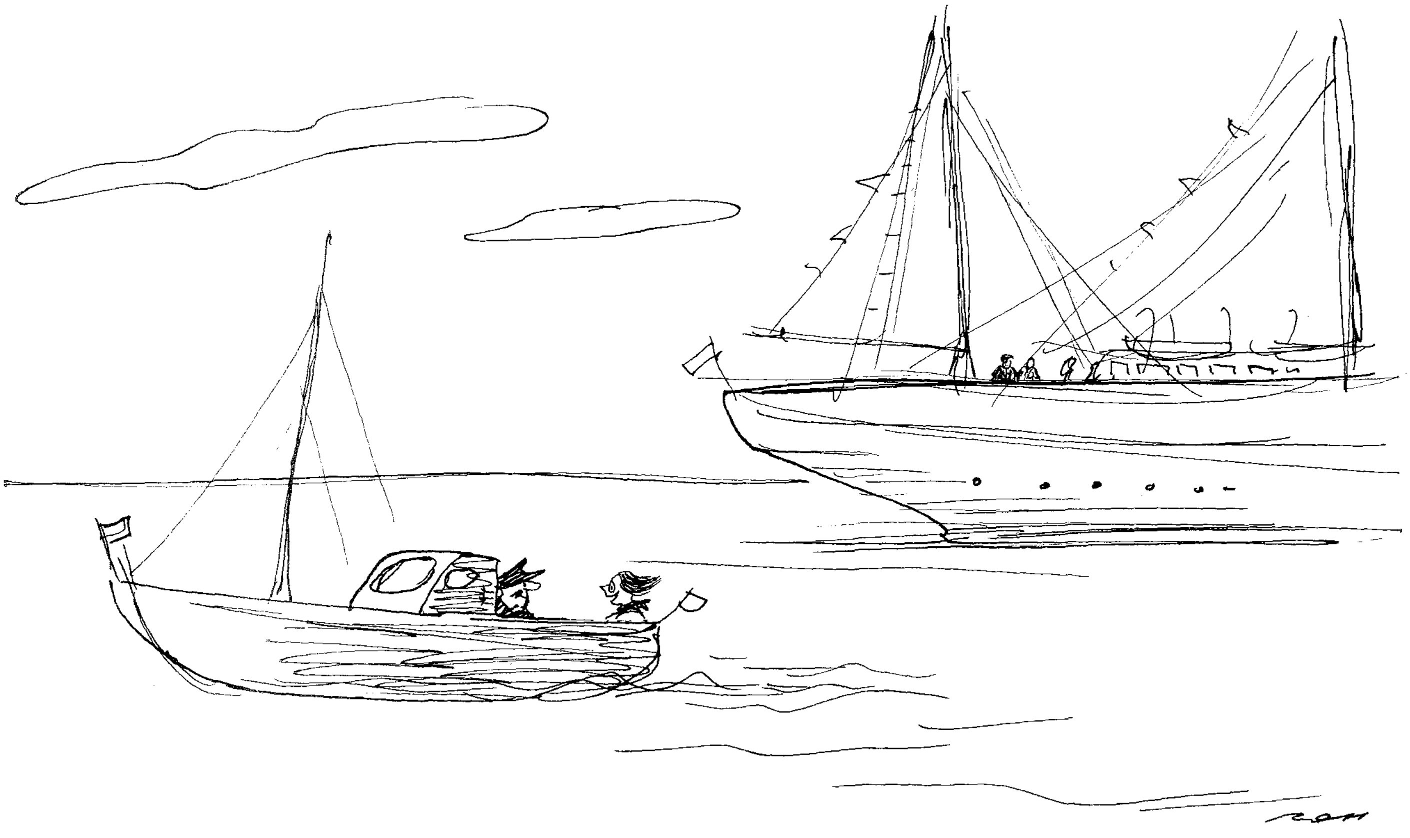
• •

"YEARS went by, and I never got in touch with Sonia's children. When she was alive, she told me that the girls—at least the two oldest—cursed my name. Chaskell had confided in his children and had planted a hatred toward me in them. It was because of me that they had a stepmother. Those romantic loves that the poets laud with such lofty phrases actually ruin lives. Our pious grandparents considered what we call love a crime, and that's what it is. If this kind of love were truly virtue, modern man wouldn't deify it so. It is the very opposite of free will—the most extreme form of hypnosis and fatalism. Our God-fearing mothers and fathers lived a decent life without this slavery, and, believe me, they were more ready to do things for each other than the people who are involved in love affairs, and this includes myself. Much of the love of our time is sheer betrayal. It is often hatred, too.



"Yes, the years went by and I knew nothing of Chaskell. He was some twenty years older than I. Then I learned that he had died—most probably from overeating. One day the phone rang. It was his son. He said, 'My name is Bill—Velvel. I'm Sonia's son.'

"I didn't care for his voice. Even then I could hear a reproach in it. Nevertheless, I arranged to meet him. He told me that three of his sisters were married. The youngest had gone to England. After Chaskell's death, the family had drifted apart, as families will. Bill recited to me a whole parcel of woes. His father had persecuted him. His sisters both pampered and hated him. He hadn't finished high school. He had had many jobs, but he had



"Wasn't it nice of them to yell 'Ahoy' back when we yelled 'Ahoy'?"

• •

been swindled out of each one. He needed money. He looked at me as a son looks at a father who has grown estranged from him. He didn't ask but demanded. Everything about him irked me and I wanted to tell him, 'I don't owe you a thing—get going!' Instead, I gave him everything I had. He took it and didn't even thank me. After he left, I swore not to see that miserable creature again. But I knew that I was helpless against him. I owed him a debt that I could never repay."

Max Blender stopped a moment to order more coffee. "I've seen lots of good-for-nothings in my life," he continued, "but there isn't another schlemiel like this Bill in the world. He did everything upside down. He wouldn't study, he wouldn't train for a profession, he wasn't suited for any business. He failed at whatever he tried. How does the saying go? 'If he was dealing in shrouds, no one would die.' Sometimes a man like that makes a good marriage and gets an energetic wife who helps him. But he married a lazy girl—some lump—and she started right off to spray with children. Five girls. Children get sick and grownups do, too, but his house was like a hospital. Half the income he had went for doctors and medicines. He had other misfortunes, too. Once, there was a fire. Another time, a leak in the plumbing and a ceiling collapsed. With every disaster, he came running to me in a sweat, and I did as much as I could.

"You may not know this, but for years I had a printing shop—my own books earned me next to nothing. I never figured up how much this Bill cost me, but it came to thousands of dollars. I helped him buy that house we spoke about just now. Naturally, he knew he had to make the mortgage payments, but each time one was due he came running to me—always on the last day. One thing I do regret—that I didn't write down all these mishaps of his and catastrophes. A book might have been put together out of them that would have been both tragic and funny.

"There were times when I wanted to rebel. After all, he wasn't my flesh and blood. If I could be sure that there is a hereafter and that Sonia—wherever she is—knows what I'm doing for her darling, then I would move heaven and earth to take care of him. But if there is nothing on high and Sonia is only a heap of dust, for whom am I sacrificing? It has never even occurred to him to bring me some trifle for Chanukkah or for a birthday. When my books came out, my colleagues occasionally honored me with a banquet. I always asked that an invitation be sent him. He never showed up. You saw how he grabbed what I gave him without so much as a thank you. That's how he has been for years.

"This pipsqueak is my enemy because he somehow knows—call it subconsciousness or simply instinct—that I'm responsible for his being in this world. He carries a grudge against me. He seems to believe that his failures are also somehow connected to me. A cabalist told me that when a man rapes a woman or gives her a child against her will, he drags down from the Throne of Glory a soul that shouldn't be on earth and such a soul strays about as if in the World of Chaos. In the few conversations that I have had with this Bill, he has always said the same thing: that he wouldn't live for long. But this didn't stop him from hinting that I should remember him in my will. He is made up of contradictions. It may be that the whole universe is one big contradiction. God contradicted Himself, and from this the world evolved. How does that philosophy strike you?

"Now listen to this. I told you Bill has five girls—each one brighter than the next. With children, of all things, he did succeed. He didn't have the money to send them to school, but three of them worked their way through college. They got scholarships, too. I was interested in his daughters. I often asked him to let me meet them, but he kept me at a distance. You wouldn't believe this, but I was never invited to this house that I helped him buy. I assumed that he would name one of the girls after his mother, but he gave them all Gentile names: Jean and Beatrice and Nancy and the like. He doesn't want to know any Jewishness. He buys a tree on Christmas. That's actually what caused the fire at his house.

"I've made peace with the fact that as long as I live I'll owe him a debt, but I won't leave him a penny. Besides, I have little to leave. I liquidated my print shop years ago.

"Now comes the real stuff. A couple of months ago, my book 'The Amber Idol' came out. Don't look so surprised. I like unusual names. Somewhere inside me I'm a Dadaist, a futurist—give it what name you like. Since there were idols of gold, silver, and stone, why couldn't there have been one of amber? And even if there weren't one in reality, why shouldn't there be one in poetry? You know better than I do that the cabala is based on combinations of letters. When you combine two things that never existed together before, they begin a new existence and perhaps the spheres become enriched from this.

"In brief, my good colleagues arranged an evening for me. They asked whom to invite, and I gave them the list of names and addresses my wife uses to send out New Year's greetings and such. We all ate dinner and we maligned other writers, the way these things go. As I sat there struggling with a quarter of a tough rooster, *Sonia* came to the table. Yes, Bill's daughter. Her name was Nancy, but it was Sonia as she might have looked at eighteen. I sat there speechless. She said to me, 'You don't know me, but I know you. On account of you I studied Yiddish, so that I could read your poems. I'm Sonia's granddaughter!' And she smiled as if the whole thing were a joke.

"I could hardly keep from crying. I said, 'You look exactly like your grandmother.' Just as if she were afraid to shatter my illusions, she told me right then and there that she was going out with a young man and that they were ready to marry. He was a student at Princeton University, and he came from somewhere in Arizona or thereabouts. She told me more: that her future husband—and probably her current lover—had taken an interest in my work, too, and wanted to learn Yiddish. He was studying literature.

"I barely heard what she was saying. The pious speak of resurrection, and here was resurrection in front of me. Well, but Sonia was Sonia and this was Nancy. She lacked her grandmother's intensity. I asked her to sit down next to me. Little time remained before the speeches would begin. I heard her say, 'Why don't you ever come to visit us? We all consider you our grandfather. Now that we have a house in the country, you could rest up there or write. We have a guest room.'

" 'A house in the country?' I asked, and she said, 'My father didn't tell you? Imagine it. He can hardly pay off the mortgage on the old house, and here he buys a new house with new debts. My father has to have things to worry about and to rack his brain over. The old house is almost paid for, and we girls are already earning money. We could soon be independent. So he buys a summer house and now there'll be new crises. That's my daddy.'

"The whole thing upset me so that I didn't hear the speeches, and when it came my turn to respond I didn't know what I was saying. I'm considered a good speaker. On that evening I ruined my reputation.

"That night, I didn't sleep a wink. I swore the most solemn oath that when Bill showed up the next time I'd grab him by the collar and say, 'Get to hell out of here.' I called myself 'ox,' 'horse,' 'dumbhead.' A week didn't go by and there he stood before me again, with the twisted buttons, the ragged clothes, the pale face, the gloom in his eyes—an image of despair. He looked at me as the victim looks at the murderer and said, 'Only one way out for me—to hang myself.'

"I wanted to shout, 'Sell your summer house, you faker! You parasite! You lousy schnorrer!' But at the same time I thought, Why shouldn't he be allowed to have a summer house? Why shouldn't he have a place where he can go and rest up? And what if he kept his word and really hanged himself? I had seen idiots jump out of windows during the Wall Street crash of 1929 when their stocks fell. The rest you know already. I pay like a father. You were just a witness. What do you say to all this?"

"Spinoza maintains that everything can become a passion. 'Everything' includes all possible emotions," I said.

"Pity, too?"

"Pity, too."

"What about love?" he asked.

"Spinoza compares those in love to the insane," I said.

"Really? Well, he's absolutely right. But after all these years it's too late for me to become sane."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

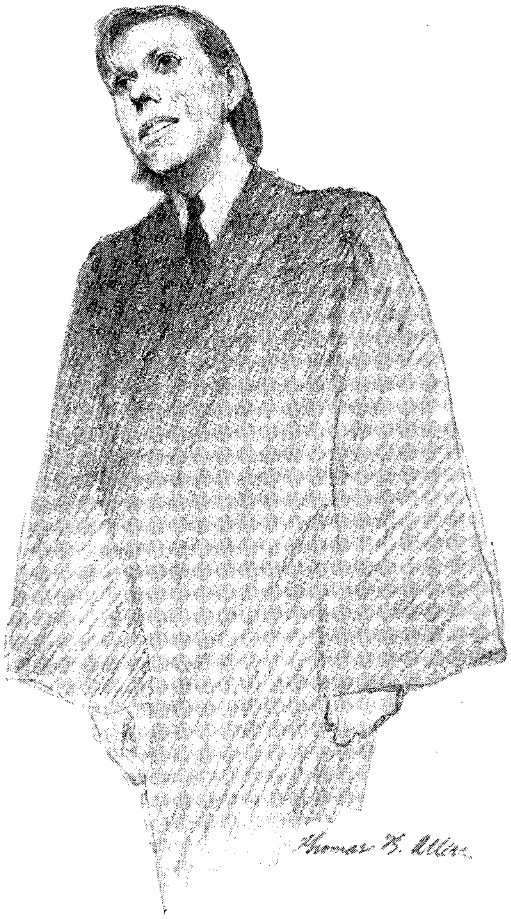
Wm Hamilton

"You have no idea how refreshing it is to meet someone raffish in West Hartford."

PROFILES

THE GOOD NEWS

For the law of the Spirit of life
in Christ Jesus has set me free.
—*Romans 8:2.*



The Reverend Edward Thomas Hougen

IT is a warm Sunday morning in spring, and I am in Orange (pop. 6,188), an old mill town in northwestern Massachusetts, sitting alone in a golden-oak pew in the Central Congregational Church, with the sun burning blue and green and yellow through a wall of memorial stained-glass windows. The service has progressed from organ prelude to hymn to invocation to offertory to prayer to Scripture lesson (". . . and let us consider how to stir up one another to love and good works"), and now the minister is standing high in the tower of his golden-oak pulpit. He is the Reverend Edward Thomas Hougen, a slight young man in a billowing black robe, with long blond hair falling almost to his shoulders, and he looks down in silence for a moment at his congregation of some sixty worshippers. I had just met Hougen. I had come up to Orange to see him only yesterday, and had dined last night with him and his wife at the parsonage, and now, as he began to speak, I heard him with surprise. His voice from the pulpit was not a pulpit voice. It was his natural voice—easy, halting, conversational. He spoke as he had spoken at dinner.

". . . sticks and stones," he was saying. "And there are many other familiar phrases that also bring to mind a negative and destructive picture. One of these is 'stirring people up.' We think of a lynch mob, a crowd of demonstrators—any angry group—as stirred up. And we avoid stirring people up. We're afraid, because we know that just below the surface, waiting to be released, are a lot of hostile emotions. It's easy to arouse our negative feelings. Some politicians make a specialty of it. And because we know about these feelings and how easy it is to arouse them, we work very hard to avoid or bank down our emotions. Especially in church. In our work in church. We don't like discord, we dread disharmony, and so we try to avoid any emotionally charged issues. Controversy upsets us. So we table divisive problems. But that doesn't deal with them; they don't go away. And not only that. The effort it takes to avoid them drains us of energy to deal with anything else. We all know how exhausting it is to entertain difficult relatives or people we don't much like. And for lots of us our involvement in the church is too much like that kind of entertaining. It's a duty we go through. Then we're glad to go home and take off our Sunday clothes and put on our real selves. We're so afraid of our negative feelings that we let them block our positive, constructive emotions. And instead of our church life being an intense, passionate, involving experience, it becomes a bland and empty exercise. But it is clear from Scripture that as Christians we are called upon to *get* involved, to stir up one another, to express our real emotions. We don't have to be afraid of dissension. Things aren't going to fall apart. God is *not* going to abandon us—whatever we do. We are His; we are His instrument. It is right for us to stir each other up. Let's face hostility. Let's confront it. To express it is to dissipate it. Stirring up can be constructive—it *is* constructive. The sticks and stones that can break our bones, the sticks and stones that can be used as weapons, are the same sticks and stones that we build with."

The rising roar of the organ filled the sanctuary. It rumbled into the opening bars of "Lord of All Hopefulness," and the congregation stood and sang. Hougen pronounced the benediction. There was a pause. Then he moved quickly across the chancel and down the steps, and walked smiling up the aisle.

WE came out of the grim red brick block of Athol Memorial Hospital, a community hospital that serves the Orange area, and headed back across the parking lot to Hougen's little blue Simca. It was late Monday afternoon, and hot. Hougen had his hair pushed back behind his ears, and his jacket—a green-and-yellow madras jacket—was slung over his arm. "I think these hospital visits are important," he said. "I think they do some good. I hope so, anyway, because they're just about the hardest thing I do. I know sick people want to talk about their sickness, but the questions I have to ask still seem like nosy questions to me. Especially in a ward, where there are other patients listening. Like just now. But, of course, the worst is when the person is a little deaf. Shouting out a prayer in that setting—it's embarrassing. I don't mind the hospital part. I mean hospitals per se don't bother me. My father was a doctor. He was a general practitioner in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. That's where I was born and raised. There was a time when I thought seriously of being a doctor myself."

"What happened?" I said.

Hougen laughed. He tossed his jacket into the back of the car and slid behind the wheel. "I also thought of being a drama critic," he said. "Or maybe a director—a movie director. I'm still almost fanatically interested in movies. That's the worst thing about living here in Orange. No movies. But I can hardly remember a time when I wasn't in some way involved with religion. We had a minister in our Congregational church at home—Wilford

"Ignore anything addressed to Congressperson."

• •

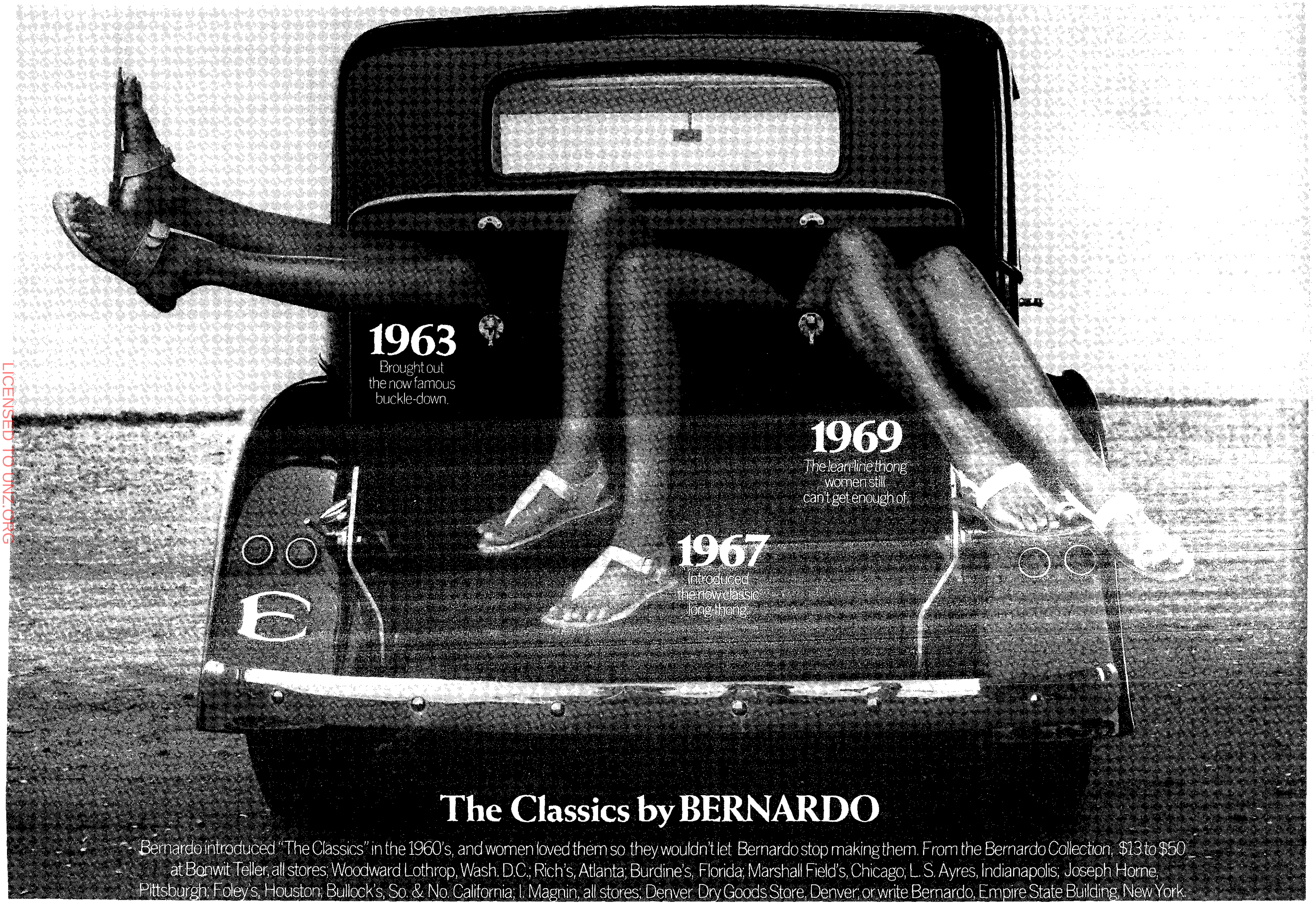
Evans, a really great man. I always found the church more intellectually stimulating than school. He was really exciting. He was very honest. He gave straight answers to everything. No party line. And he had an almost cosmic grasp of things. He raised questions about things like the nature of God and forgiveness and faith—all that. I assaulted him with ideas all through high school, and he would refine them and clarify them, and then raise other questions. He was different. I had a friend at school, a boy who was a Lutheran. We used to discuss things, and one day we came up with the question 'Is it a sin to swear?' " Hougen looked amazed. "That was only fifteen years ago—did we actually talk like that? It sounds like another century. But, anyway, we decided to ask our ministers about it. I went to Mr. Evans, and he just shrugged and said it was hardly a serious sin—maybe venial, at most. What it really was, he said, was just bad taste. So I went back to my friend and told him, and he told me what *his* minister had said. *His* minister told *him* not to see me anymore. If I had been brought up in that kind of church or by that kind of minister, I probably wouldn't be a minister today."

We drove through the red brick town of Athol and turned off on the road to Orange. It was a single-lane highway lined with filling stations and drive-ins and boarded-up roadhouses with deep, dark woods behind. "I was quite skeptical about religion," Hougen said. "What interested me were the intellectual questions. My commitment to the answers—to the Christian faith—wasn't very strong. But I was going to church camps all through those high-school summers. I liked the experience of community and the atmosphere of closeness. It was all very upbeat. And then, at a conference the summer before I went off to Harvard, I met a woman missionary from India—Lillian Picken. She was really responsible for my being a minister. When she spoke, she had the audience entranced. She was a truly charismatic kind of woman. She had an aura of openness and aliveness—a joyfulness. I talked with her, and I asked her what was her secret—what made her so different? She said it was Jesus Christ. She said that God can take your life and remake it and make it exciting and alive. She said that you can come to know God and Jesus as a person. Well, I sure wanted what she had. I had many doubts, and I knew that this was the simple, basic evangelical appeal—nothing to do with the metaphysical. But I believed her. And later that week I asked God to take my life as He had taken hers. I had never wanted anything more. Then I went to sleep, and the next morning— This sounds like a fairy tale, but the next morning I felt different. I felt different about who I was. And God and Jesus were both real to me. It was no philosophical thing—it was a real force. I looked at the Bible and for the first time really understood it. It was a classic conversion experience. It was the most profound and vivid and real experience of my entire life. It turned me on to the Christian faith. I knew I wanted to spend my life in the faith—in the ministry. It was just like the words in the hymn: 'I leapt alive.' "

We came into Orange, and the highway became East Main Street. We passed the shops and foundries of the Rodney Hunt Company, manufacturers of industrial machinery; the battlements of the National Guard Armory; the blazoned windows of the Piggly Wiggly. We turned left at the traffic light onto South Main Street (North Main Street was to the right and West Main Street was straight ahead) and into the twilight of an avenue of great, arching maples. We passed the Central Congregational Church. We passed the Witty Funeral Home. The parsonage, where I had left my car, was a block or two farther on—a big white clapboard house on a corner, with a veranda across the front and a bow window on the side. Hougen parked in the driveway in back. We went up to the kitchen door, and Mrs. Hougen, slim and blond and smiling, unlatched the screen and let us in. The latch was near the top of the door, out of reach of the Hougens' daughter, a three-year-old named Sarah. Their second child, a boy named Edward, Jr., was only a few months old at the time of my visit.

"I want you to see him," Mrs. Hougen said to me. "He's a beautiful boy." She looked at Hougen and laughed. "All the time I was pregnant, Edward went around telling people, 'We're hoping for either a boy or a girl, but we'll be happy with whatever we get.' "

"That's right," Hougen said. "And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now *we'll* be happy with a couple of beers."

WHEN I left the parsonage, I drove on out South Main Street for a couple of blocks, and pulled into a Mobil station. The attendant came out and unlimbered the pump.

"Been up seeing the Reverend, eh?"

"The news travels fast," I said.

"Well," he said, "I guess I know most of the cars in town."

IT was a gray shingle house set close to the street, with a patch of grassless yard and a couple of steps leading up to a narrow porch. We climbed the steps and Hougen knocked, and a dark-haired woman opened the door a crack.

"We're looking for Mrs. Russell," he said. "Mrs. Sarah Russell."

"Around back," the woman said, and closed the door.

We went around back and knocked on another door. It was opened by a short, stout woman with thin white hair and thick eyeglasses. Beyond her I could see a crowded living room—overstuffed chairs, a sofa upholstered in plum-colored plush, cabinets full of glassware and china, tables with vases of artificial flowers, many family photographs, a television set.

"Mrs. Russell?" Hougen said. "I'm the Reverend Edward Hougen. I called you yesterday and—"

"Oh, yes. Of course. Come in, come in. I do so wish I could come to church more often. Why don't you take that big chair, Reverend? It isn't just a matter of transportation. My son is very good about taking me out for a drive in his automobile. But I just can't hurry enough to get ready for church in time. I had that bad operation, you know, and that cataract trouble, but I think I do pretty well for ninety-one years old. I have seven living children. This house belongs to one of my sons. He and his wife have the front, and I have my own place here in back. I'm close but not in with them. I like company, but I like to be able to shut the door. My daughter-in-law is very good about bringing me a nice hot dinner when I feel like something hot. I have seven living children and thirty grandchildren and seventy-three great-grandchildren and thirty great-great-grandchildren."

"Well," Hougen said, "I must say—"

"One of my sons is beginning to get cataract trouble," Mrs. Russell said. "It seems as if it's the fair-haired ones that have that trouble. I was a blonde. That's a picture up there of me and my husband. That was taken fifty years ago, and you can see that I was quite blond. When I was little, I was a little snow-head. I've got my Social Security, and I've always been what they call careful. I've had this furniture since 1943. I was never one to let things go to ruin. I got quite a bargain on this rug—and there isn't a bare spot on it yet. I had my winter coat for seventeen years. Now that we've got that raise in Social Security, I may be able to make a little contribution to the church. I do wish I could come to church more often. I don't miss the television as much as I thought I would. There's such a sameness in the programs. I only wish— I wonder if you could come sometime and give me Communion, Reverend?"

"I'd be very happy to," Hougen said. "Perhaps I could come some day next—"

"Yes," Mrs. Russell said. "I do so wish I could come to church more often."

"I DON'T mean economically," Hougen said. We were sitting in a booth at the Koffee Hut. We had left Mrs. Russell a few minutes earlier and had stopped for a cup of coffee. "Although there's that, too," he said. "I mean emotionally depressed. I haven't been in Orange very long, but I get the feeling that the people here have such a *negative self-image*. They seem to feel that they're going no place. In some way that they don't quite understand, they're thwarted. Maybe it's the same everywhere. It may have been the same at my first church—down in South Hadley. But I was only the associate there. Anyway, the problem is one that is certainly within the scope of the church. It's the function of the church to help people understand who they are, to raise their concept of self. I wouldn't be in the ministry if I didn't feel that. Christianity is involved with the real world. I went to Harvard in a very mystical state of mind. My conversion experience was so new. I didn't want to risk it. I was afraid of any conflict with the rational. I rejected all of my intellectuality. The first guys I got to know were spiritualistic, evangelistic, semi-fundamentalist. One of them was a guy called Buster. We were talking in his room one day, and he told me about an experience he'd had. He'd been walking along the river, and God *appeared and said, 'I love you, Buster.'* I began to feel uncomfortable. And then Buster opened a drawer and got out a box of Chunky candy bars and gave me one. That made me feel even more uncomfortable. I felt he was involving me in a symbolic act of some

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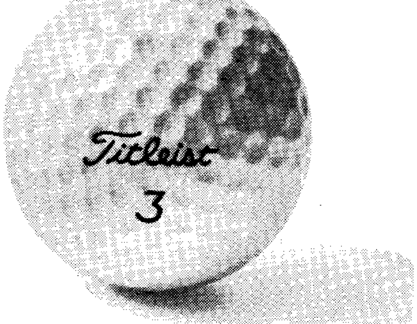

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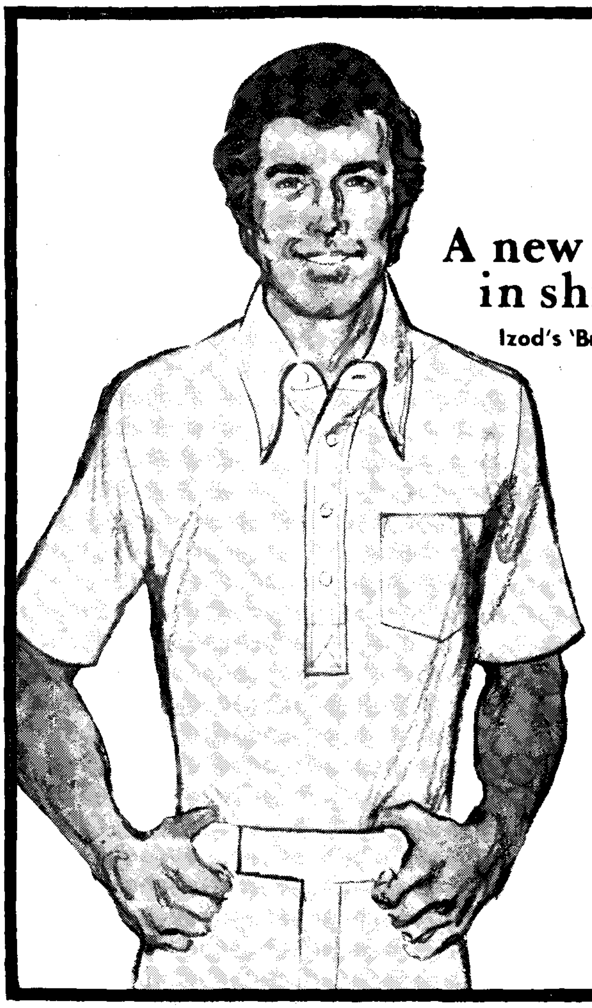
kind. I resented it. And I never liked Chunky bars anyway.

"But that started a change. I got onto Kierkegaard, and he gave me some good philosophical support. I decided that God had given me my good mind to use. He expected me to use it. If God was real—and I knew He was—I needn't be afraid to venture out beyond my conversion experience. It would be a lack of faith to hold back. Christianity isn't intended to force us into a mold or pattern—into an image of a faithful person. It's just the opposite. It isn't rigidity. It isn't not drinking or not smoking or not sleeping with girl friends. It isn't a bloodless fellowship. Christian faith is freeing. It's freedom from the fear of death, from the fear of self-knowledge, from the inadequacies of self, from the pressure and need to win the love and approval of others. The Christian experience is to realize that God loves you because you are you—because you are His. The unbeliever is always striving. Am I loved? Am I lovable? Am I of value? Because we all know that love is freeing. All love is freeing, but divine love is completely freeing. That sounds a little like a Coke ad. But it's true. I know that the traditional ways of understanding God have lost their meaning for a lot of people. They're uncomfortable with the concept of God as Father. The Christian gospel seems to embarrass them, and to justify it they try to find faith in abstract terms. The 'God is dead' notion was going strong when I was at seminary. That notion came out of the academic setting; it's an intellectual sophistication. Or was—there isn't much left of it now. I heard Paul Tillich speak once while I was at Harvard. One of the students asked him, 'Do you believe in God?' His answer was typical. He said, 'What do you mean by God?' But what have you gained by substituting for 'God' a phrase like 'Ground of Being' or 'Being Itself'? Christian faith isn't a problem in semantics. That isn't much help to real people working in a real world. Crises of faith aren't crises of language. God as Father has real meaning. We all know what a father—a real father—should be."

Hougen finished his coffee and pushed the cup away. "I met a man at a party here," he said. "We got to talking, and I asked him what he did. He said he taught philosophy. Then, later on, it turned out that he was a part-time instructor at some community college—he taught one course. What he really was, was a minister. He was a Lutheran minister in one of



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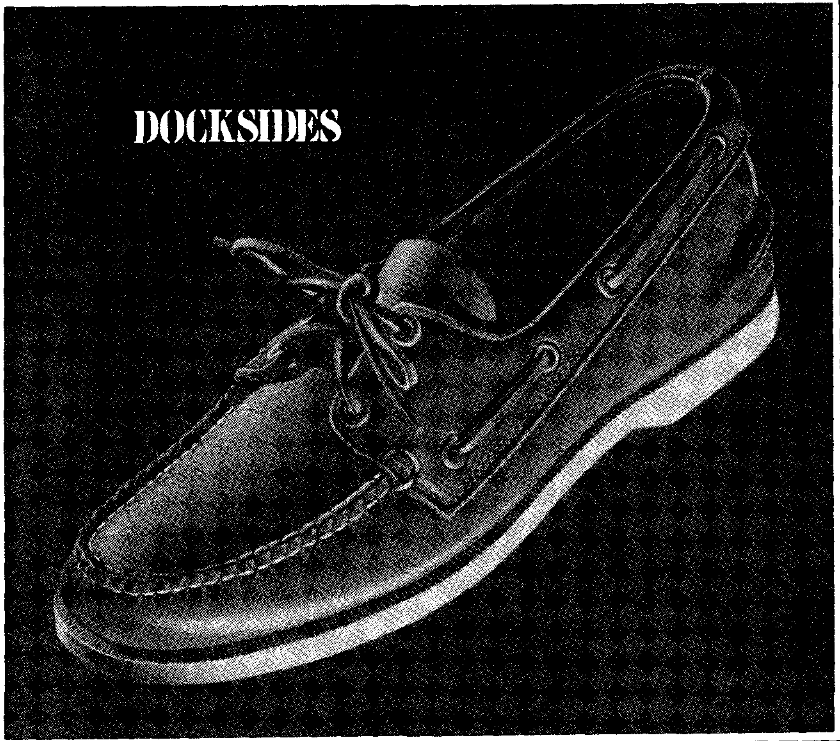

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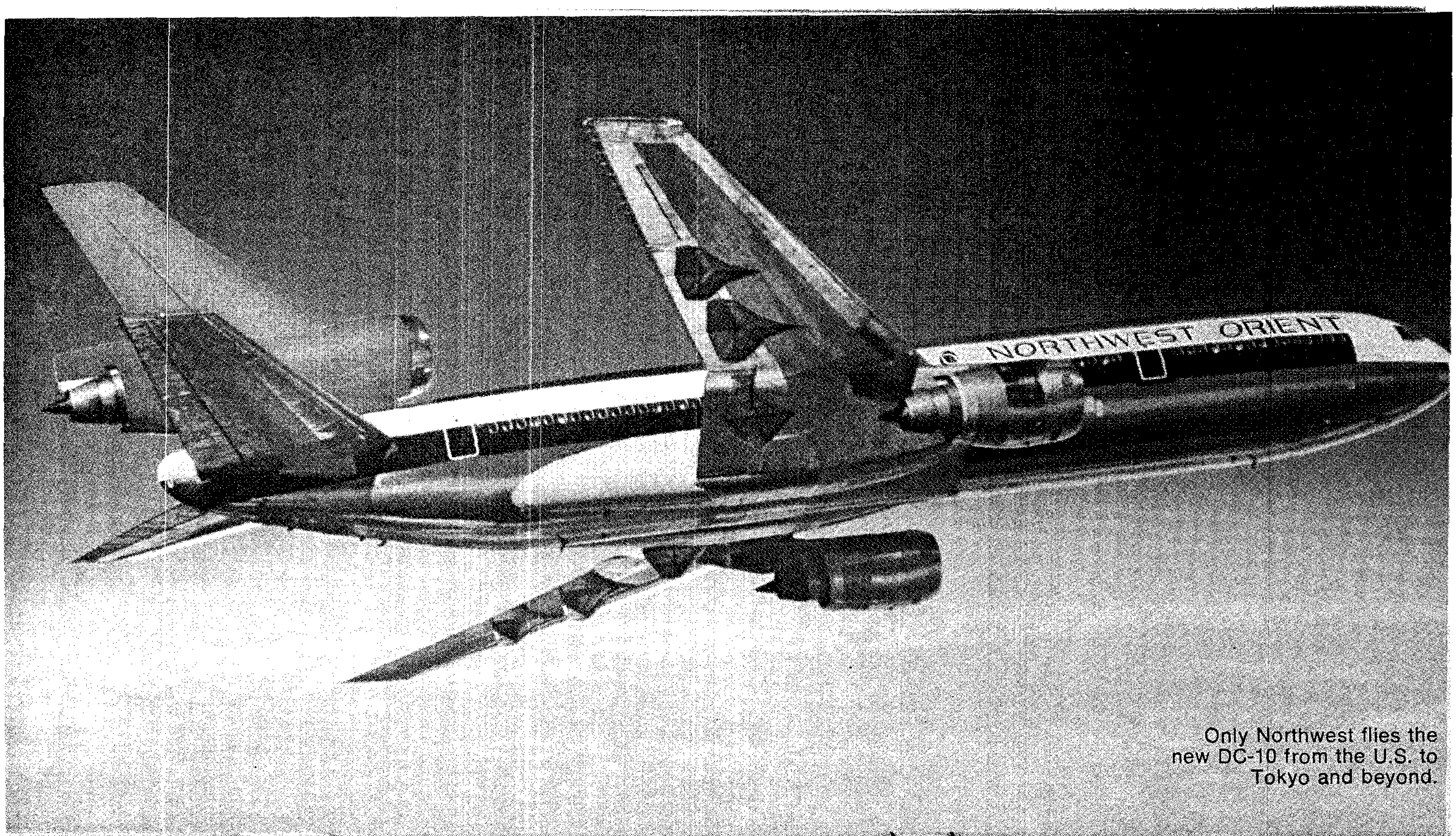
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the neighboring towns. I was appalled. I wondered what kind of a minister he could be if he felt that way about it. It made me feel sick."

MRS. MURCHIE was an elderly woman with dark-brown hair, and she was wearing a lavender housedress. "Lillian!" she called. "We've got company. Here's Mr. Hougen and a friend." Beaming, she led us across the hall to the living room. It was a small room crowded with heavy furniture and piles of magazines everywhere (*Family Circle*, *Woman's Day*, *McCall's*, *TV Guide*) and a big television set in a corner. A younger woman, of about fifty, was reclining on a sofa. She wore a green housedress and heavy black stockings, and her hair was almost white. She put out her hand and smiled.

"Well, Miss Murchie," Hougen said. "How have you been?"

"I'm better," she said. "I still black out, but I'm really much better."

"I know one thing," Mrs. Murchie said. "She always looks on the sunny side."

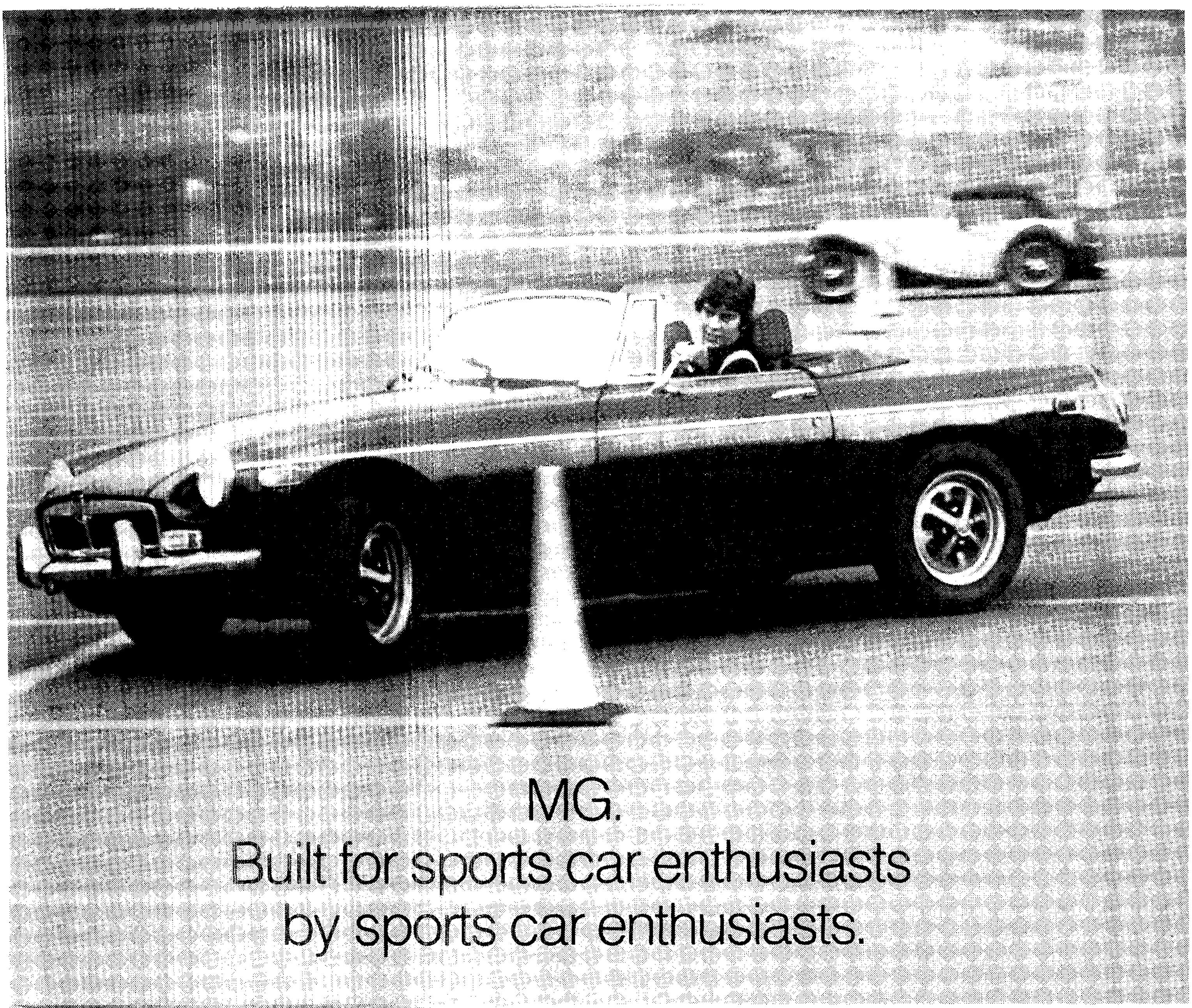
"Do you know how I sleep?" Miss Murchie said. "I have this circulatory problem, you know, and I'm always cold. I sleep in a long woollen nightgown and I wear gloves and I have pillows at my feet. I look laid out. I tell Mother to put a bouquet of flowers in my hands, and then if I don't wake up I'll be all ready for Brud Witty."

"Lillian," Mrs. Murchie said. "Don't talk like that. I can't stand those jokes. Do you know, when she has a spell I have to pound her on the back until my hand hurts."

"It hurts me, too," Miss Murchie said. "But you know what they say—you can't kill an old maid."

"It's your faith, Lillian," Mrs. Murchie said.

HOUGEN hung up the phone and sat back and ran his fingers through his hair. We were sitting in his big, bare, golden-oak study at the church. "They'll be here in about fifteen minutes," he said. "I think maybe I'd better see them alone. But it won't take too long. Then we'll go down and see what's happening in The Place. That's the youth club the kids have fixed up in the basement here. The couple that's coming in this evening, they aren't much more than kids themselves. I sometimes think I'd rather perform a funeral service than a marriage. I feel it's probably a more useful service. I don't know about premarital counselling. I like to think it does some



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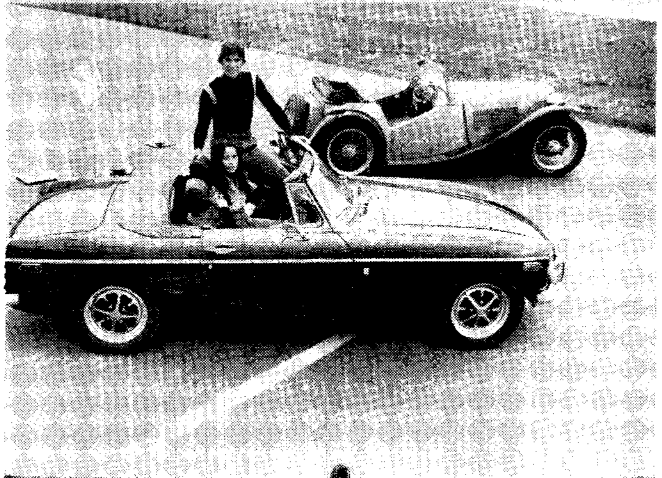

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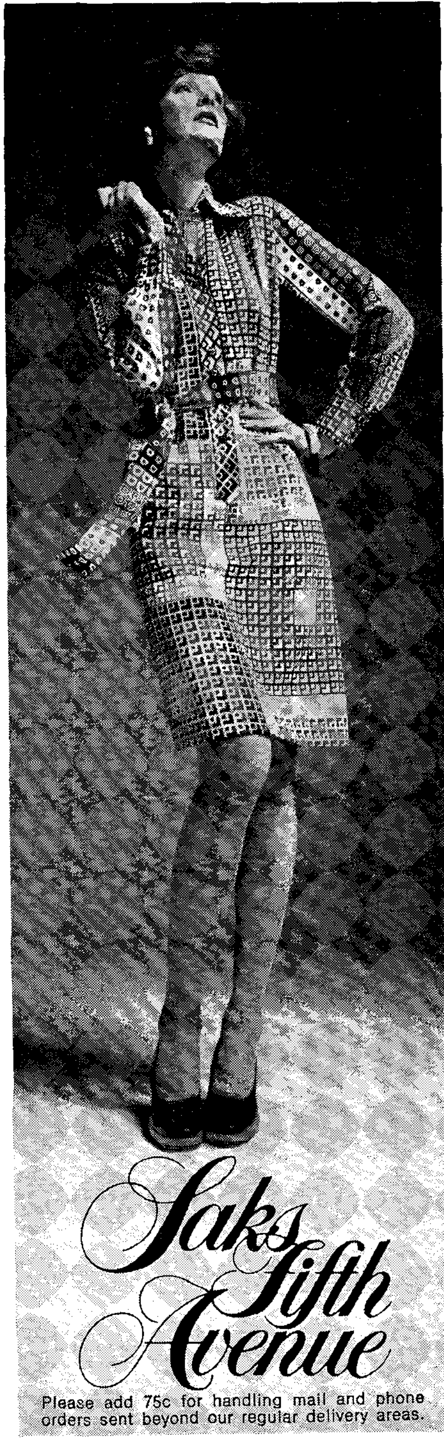

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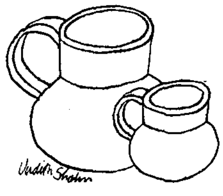
good. I try to bring them down to reality. I don't know much about this couple. So I'll start by asking them about themselves. When they met. What made them decide to get married. Then I'll say— I'll tell them that current statistics show that forty-five per cent of all new marriages end in divorce. And of those that don't, about half are more or less unhappy. I want them to realize that the odds are against a happy marriage. I want them to understand that marriage is a tough business. It's hard work. I tell them about the problems that can cause the most trouble. Money is probably No. 1. Then sex. Then communication. If they can't really communicate with each other, they don't have much chance of solving any of their problems. But if they're serious about it, and willing and able to work at it, marriage is the most exciting experience in life. The trouble is that most of them aren't serious. I had a couple in here about a year ago. He was eighteen and she was seventeen. I asked the girl the usual questions about why. Oh, well, she said, you know, she wanted to get away from home. There were too many people there, she said, and also when they were married she'd have a car to drive and more money to spend—all that. The boy had some kind of a part-time job. And he was going into the service in the fall. I did my best to get them to put it off, but . . ."



COLLEN—Robert Collen, the vice-president in charge of personnel at Rodney Hunt—sat down at his desk and lighted his pipe. The rest of us dropped into a scatter of Danish teak chairs. We were David Brown, vice-president in charge of engineering, and Hougen and I. Collen was a big man of forty-four with light wavy hair. Brown was big and dark and in his late thirties. They had given Hougen and me a two-hour tour of the plant. They had led us (equipped with safety glasses) through half a mile of shops, mills, and foundries, and now we were back in the carpeted quiet and the white walls—hung with posters by Ben Shahn and Bernard Buffet—of the administrative wing.

"Well, I enjoyed it, too," Collen said. "I seem to spend most of my time up at this end of the plant. But I wanted you to see our operation, Ed. I want us to know each other. We're the oldest industry in town, you know, and except for the paper mill I guess we're the biggest. And except for Dave we're all of us Congregationalists. Nominally, anyway."

"I know," Hougen said. "And I'm sorry about that. Everybody tells me how active you used to be."

"The only active religion around here these days is astrology," Brown said.

"I haven't turned away from religion," Collen said. "Only from the church. What I want is what everybody wants—something to help me integrate illness and death and all our other troubles with a view of life. With my life. Something that can relate my day-to-day concerns to some transcendental meaning. But I can't find it in the church."

"Why not?" Hougen said. "What turns you off? Is it the people? Or the boring sermons?"

"I've *never heard* you preach, Ed," Brown said. "I don't know anything about your sermons. But I do know there's something wrong when a minister begins to sound like Huntley and Brinkley or like William Buckley. There's a difference between affirming values and determining means to achieve social or political or economic ends."

"I think about theology a bit," Collen said. "But I find I don't think about the church anymore. I don't seem to need it. I can think without it and I can pray without it."

"I think the question is this," Brown said. "Do you want to be the most acceptable social club in town? Or do you want to be a link between a body of theology and the active intellectual potential of the community? Is it club or gospel?"

"Where does the church put its energy, Ed?" Collen said.

"The Sunday-morning service," Hougen said. "The Sunday-morning service has always been its focus."

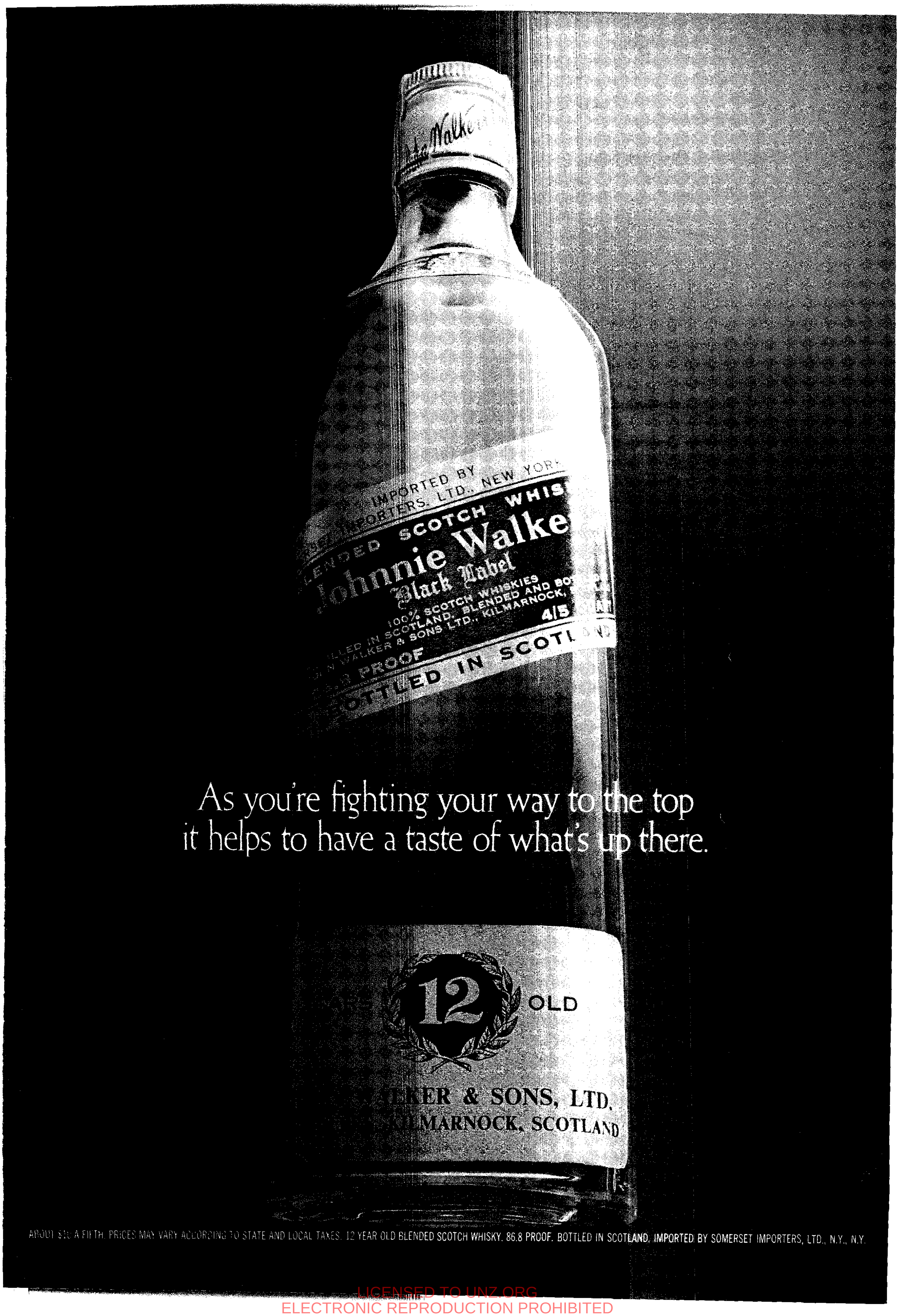
"I agree," Collen said. "The fundamental mandate of the church is carrying the Good News."

"But doesn't that have any meaning for you anymore?" Hougen said. "Well, what needs of yours *could* the church meet?"

"I accept your question," Brown said. "But I can't answer it."

"I won't answer it," Collen said. "It's an uncongenial question."

"WELL, there you are," Hougen said. He shrugged and looked glum. We were back in his little Simca. "You can see we've got our problems. And they're problems that every minister has to try to work out for himself. The answers aren't supplied at semi-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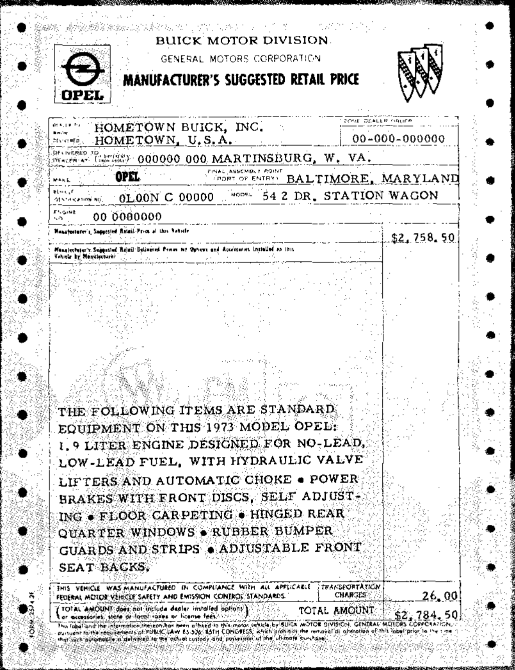

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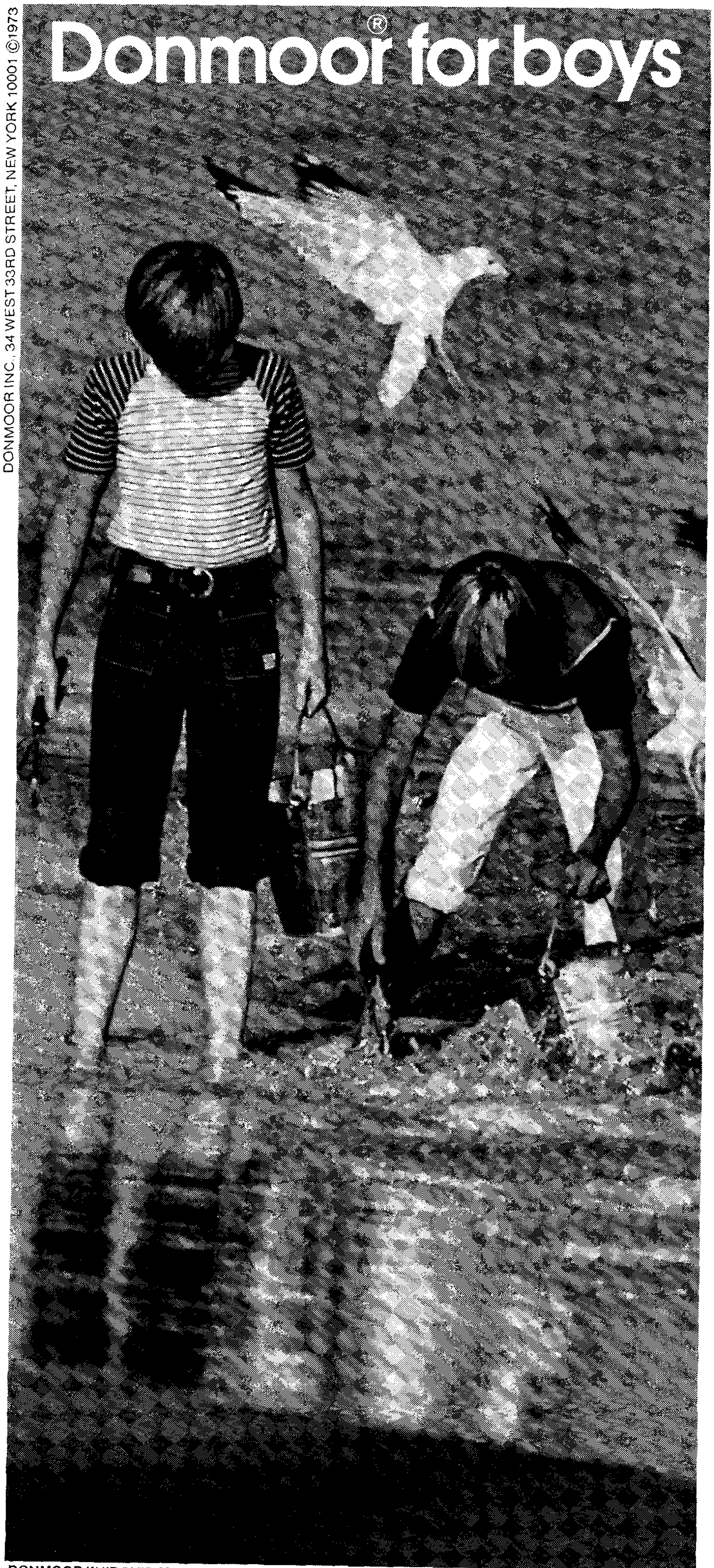
nary. Not at Union Theological Seminary, where I went, anyway. About all I got out of Union Seminary was a wife. That's where Margaret and I met. But I have to agree with Bob Collen about carrying the Good News. Secular activities aren't all there is to Christianity. But that's where the kids are. And social events are where the adults are. Those are the things that really draw people to church. We can't just say, 'Come to us and be welcome.' We have to find out their interests and relate them to our program. One thing we're working on now is a tutoring project for the retarded at Belchertown State School. A lot of the teen-agers are interested in helping handicapped people, and I think our approach is working. I remember a girl in my first parish—an agnostic girl. She was interested only in social problems. That's what brought her to us. But then the church began to interest her. She got to reading about religion—all religion. Then she went off to college, and the last I heard she had had a conversion experience. That was great. I was very happy to hear it. But that isn't what I'm working for—or even hoping for. A conversion experience isn't the only way to faith. Belief is enough. Margaret is a believing Christian. Her faith is every bit as strong as mine, but she's never had a conversion experience. And it isn't that important. I think the church has a social responsibility to the community. It has to be part of the life of its time and place. Its basic responsibility, though, has never really changed. It's still leading people to the basic security and freedom of the Christian faith."

HOUGEN had two parish calls on his calendar for that night, and we met at the parsonage at seven o'clock. He was wearing his madras jacket and an orange turtleneck jersey. We drove down through the darkening tunnel of maples to the traffic signal and turned up West Main Street. There was the usual nightly gathering of sullen boys and girls sitting and squatting and roaming around the intersection. We climbed a hilly side street and stopped at a small white house with a towering television antenna. This was the home of a mill hand at the Erving Paper Mill named Claude Stack. A dark-haired young woman in cut-off blue jeans came to the door.

"Oh," she said. "Hi. Come in." We followed her into the living room. "Hey, Mom. Dad. It's Reverend Hougen."

Stack, a small, red-faced man of about fifty, was sitting on a sofa with a cigarette in his mouth and an ashtray



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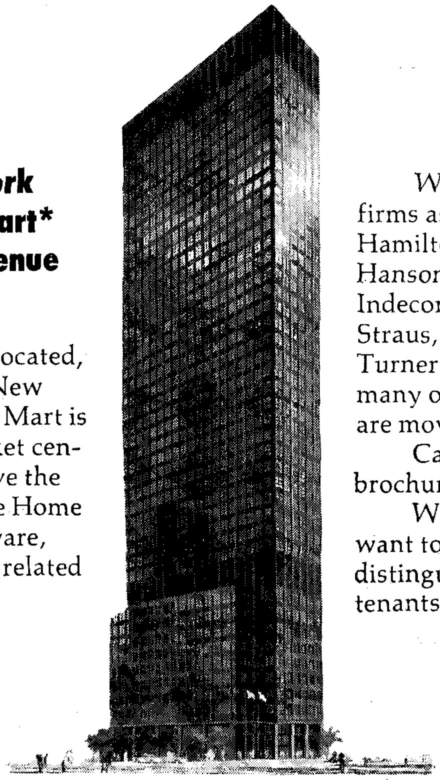

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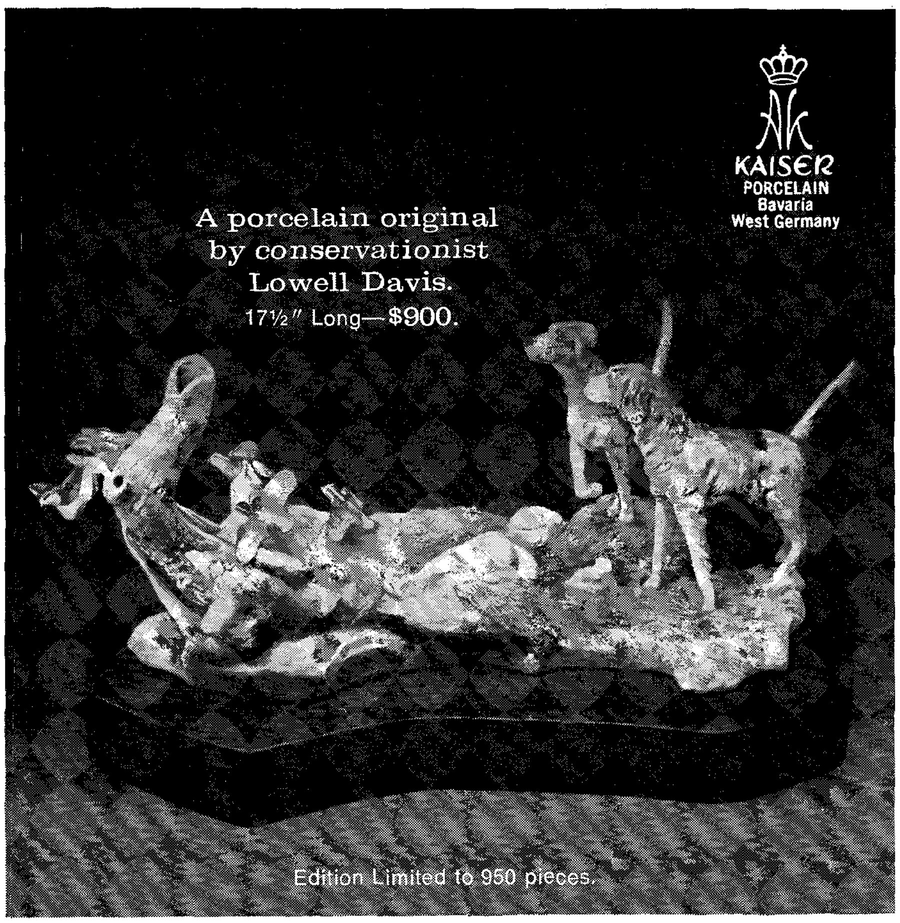

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full of butts at his elbow. Mrs. Stack sat huddled in a chair with a blanket over her knees and her right arm resting on a pillow on her lap. She was thin and gray and drawn.

"You'll have to excuse me, Reverend," she said. "I can't offer you my hand. I'm in therapy now, but my arm's still paralyzed, you know."

"I guess you know Mom had a fall," the young woman said.

Stack nodded a confirmation. He put out his cigarette and lighted another. "She fell out of bed," he said. "Three months ago."

"It was my second fall," Mrs. Stack said. "The first time was a concussion. But I took a ride this afternoon. Judy took me out for a drive. It was so good to get out again. I miss being able to jump in the car and go downstreet."

"I know," Hougen said. "And I'm glad to know you're feeling better. How have you been, Judy?"

"Well," she said, "did you see the paper today, Reverend? They printed my divorce. Thank God that's over. You know what the grounds were—gross and constant intoxication. He was drunk every day of our life together."

"It's a sickness," Mrs. Stack said.

"Sickness," Stack said. "Thank the good Lord for Blue Cross."

"Poor Dad," Mrs. Stack said. "It isn't only Judy and me. But Dad had his vacation last week, and that was the week the television broke down."

MRS. ISTEL came out on the terrace with a tray of bottled beer and glasses. She was a tall, poised, attractive woman of around forty. Hougen and I helped ourselves to a glass and a bottle each, and Mrs. Istel sat down with her glass on a little settee. It was just dusk. We looked out in the fading light across a sloping meadow with a pond at one end to the trees and treetops massed below. Orange was somewhere below and beyond the trees.

"Right," Hougen said. "I hate sights—you know, scenery. It really turns me off. But I guess this is a terrific view."

"I've lived here since 1959," Mrs. Istel said. "Since before and after my divorce. But I've just found out why they call this Walnut Hill. Because all these trees are walnut trees."

"I don't know one tree from another," Hougen said.

"I suppose I'd been too busy to learn about things like that," she said. "I went on the Town Planning Board right after my divorce. And then they put me on the School Board. And, of course, I was teaching Sunday school. It all helped me to adjust to the di-

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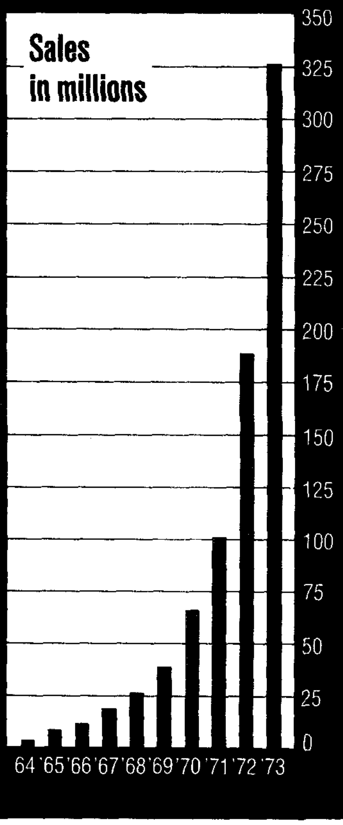

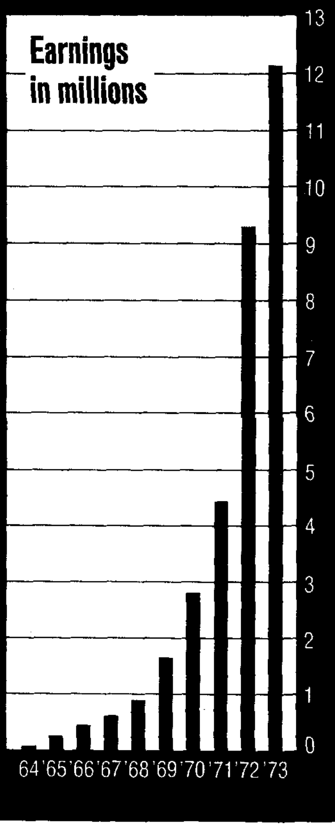

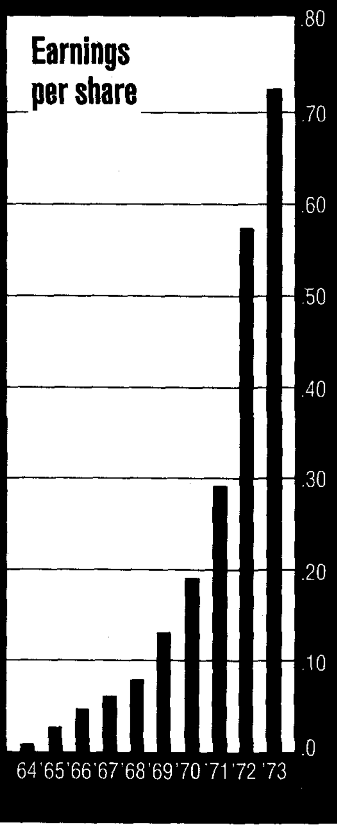

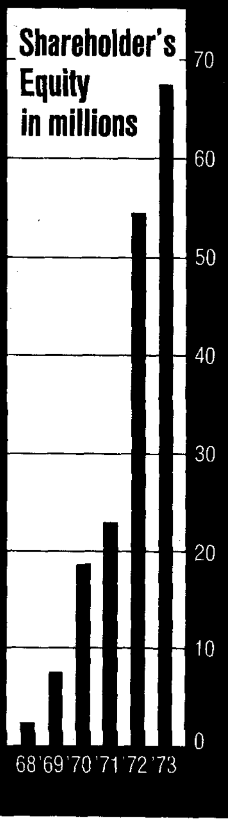

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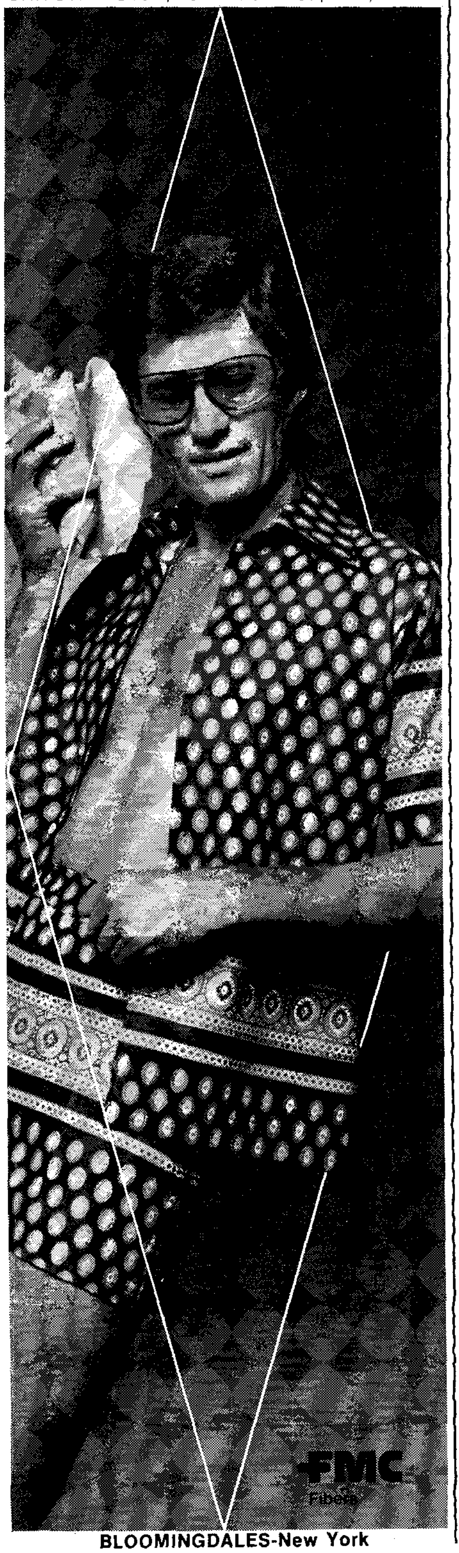

BLOOMINGDALES-New York

vorce. But I've always been interested and involved in the church."

"Yes," Hougen said. "I know."

"I'll bet you don't," she said. "Not really. You knew that my brother is a Congregational minister? All right. But I'm not only the sister of a Congregational minister. I'm also the daughter of one, and a cousin of one, and a niece of one. All of them down in Connecticut."

"Wow," Hougen said.

"When I was growing up," she said, "I thought everybody's family was like that."

"I guess I really came to the right place," Hougen said. "Maybe you've got some thoughts about the church. Maybe you've got some ideas about what ought to be happening there."

"Well, there's certainly one thing," she said. "I like the way the church has moved in recent years. It's so much less stodgy. I like the social work it's doing. Community work, I mean. I've never cared for group social activities—the fun things. That's never been my kind of thing. I feel a little guilty about feeling that way. I suppose that's why I feel the way I do about women's lib. I'm content within my own skin. I think men and women are both playing roles that belittle them—that are forced upon them. Besides, equal pay and day-care centers are hardly something new. But no matter. My daughter Claudia loved the dances and dropping in at The Place and all that. I like very much what you're doing."

Hougen smiled a happy smile. He took a swallow of beer. "You know," he said, "there's a rumor all over town that you're going to have Margaret and me up here to dinner very soon."

"Oh," Mrs. Istel said. "You heard that, did you? I hoped you would."

WE could hear the music a block away from the Armory. There were four of us—a couple named Bittenbender, Hougen, and I. Bittenbender, a young man with a black beard, was pastor of the Bethany Lutheran Church in Orange. We parked the car and crossed the street through the creeping traffic and climbed the Armory steps and into the shriek of rock. The music was that of a band called Spirit in Flesh, from the Brotherhood of the Spirit Commune, in Warwick, about ten miles north of town, and the concert was a benefit sponsored by the United Youth Ministry of Orange. The Bittenbenders were here as chaperones, but Hougen was merely making an expected appearance. There were several older couples gathered on

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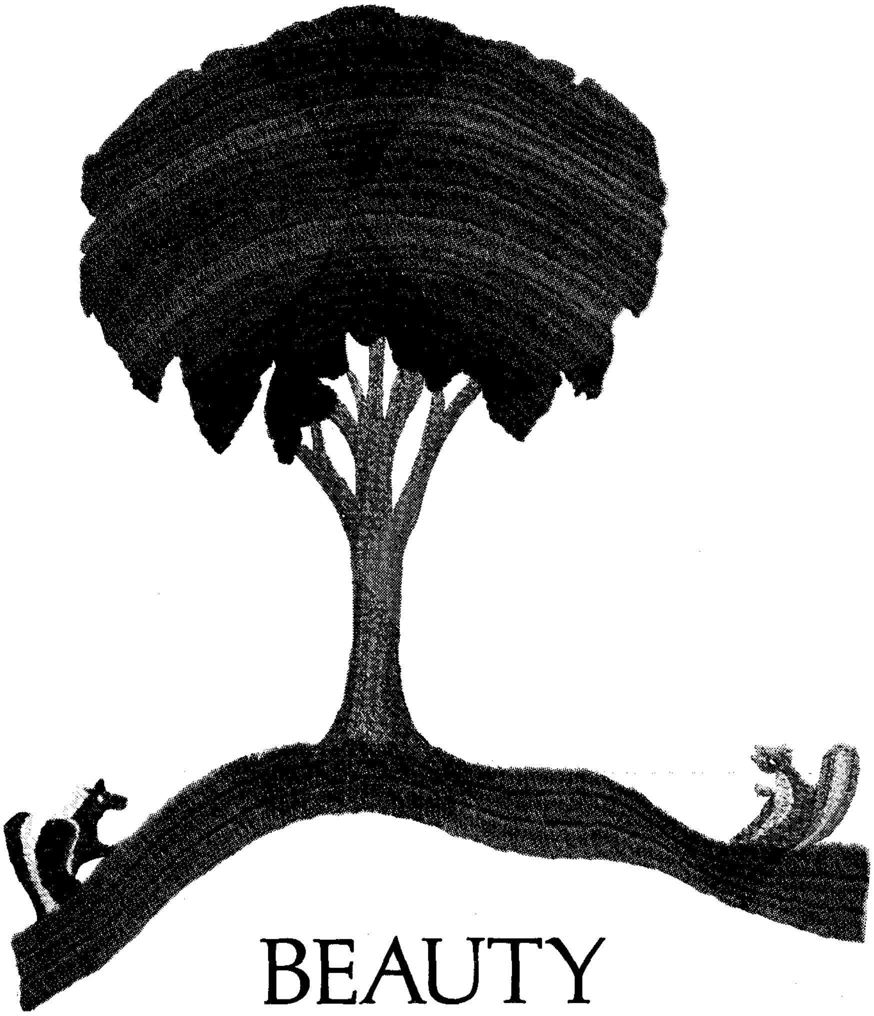
the stoop outside the door. They were also chaperones, and they nodded to us and grimaced and held their ears.

The Bittenbenders stopped on the stoop, but Hougen and I went on through the doors and through the foyer (where a young man selling tickets at a table waved to Hougen and mouthed some affirmative message) and into the scream and blast of the drill hall and a transfixed crowd of three or four hundred teen-agers. We stopped at the edge of the crowd, and got a good look at Spirit in Flesh spread out across the stage: a drummer, an organist, three guitarists, and a singer in a dirty white tank top writhing on the floor. It was relentless hard rock, and I stood for a while and endured it. And then it was too much. It began to hurt. I looked for Hougen, but he was gone. I went back to the foyer and found him talking to a pretty girl in glasses and a short, flowered dress. He beckoned me over. He leaned close to the girl and said something in a shout. Then he turned to me and put his mouth at my ear: "Let's go—let's get out of here."

WE sat in a booth in the House of Pizza ("Positively No Bare Feet"), a hole in the wall on East Main Street. We had left the Armory twenty minutes or more before, but my ears were still humming. Hougen made a doodle of moisture rings on the tabletop with his Coke. "Oh, we'll make some money," he said. "It looked like a pretty good crowd. Although, of course, they weren't all paying customers. A lot of them—the older ones—were from the commune, and they all got in free. That girl I was talking to—she's a commune girl. She was interesting. She told me she was a graduate nurse. She said she made two day-long visits to the commune about a year ago, and was so impressed she moved in. She was impressed by the spirit of love and openness and community. She said it answered something in her and she wanted to become a part of it. It's a good commune, I understand. It's been going for about four years, and they've got some strict rules. No drugs. No sexual promiscuity. None of that kind of fun. So it isn't pleasure that attracts them. It's something more satisfying, something much more fundamental. It's tied up to the lack of continuity in life today—people on the move, everything breaking up. That puts too much pressure on the family to supply the community needs for belonging, for love and affection. The family can't supply it all. It never could and never



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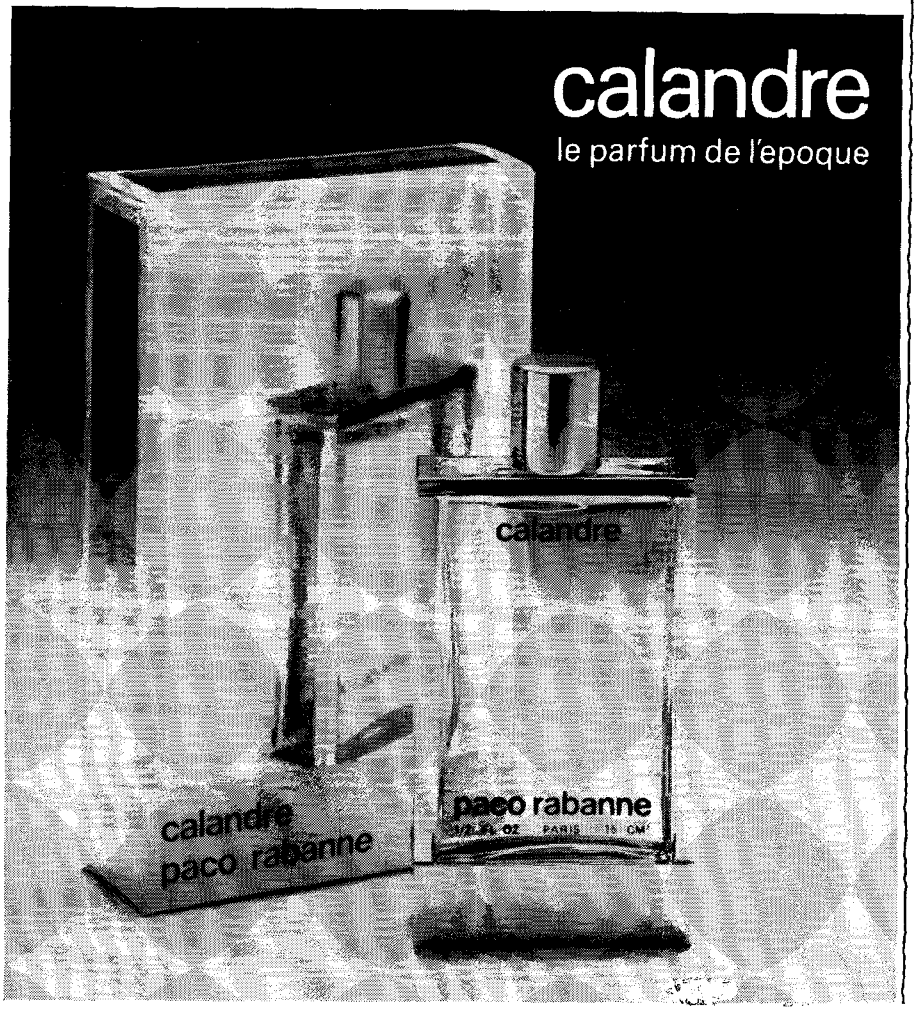

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le parfum de l'epoque

will. But what bothers me is this: The need for belonging to a community of people who care—people should find all that in the church. That's what the church *is*. It *is* a community of people who care. But the trouble is, we've got away from that. We offer the trappings of community without providing the real thing, the real openness. We don't really invite people to be themselves, and accept them for what they are. Over the generations, the church has become the most shockable community in the world—and it should be the least shockable. It should lay the least obligation on people to conform. But it has hardened into a kind of institution."

Hougen looked down at his glass. It was empty, and he pushed it away. "That's what we want to change," he said. "And we can. We have every opportunity. The individual minister in our church is really very free. He can move in any direction. He can define his job as he sees it. And I see mine—I see it pretty clearly. I see the church as a missionary force—to liberate and bring joy, to tell the Good News. And I see it as a sustaining force to renew and refresh the missionary. Christian faith is Christian action. I think faith exists only in action. There can't be a passive awareness of God. I believe that Christian life is a positive experience. And I believe the same of death."

"You believe in a life after death?" I said.

"Well, of course," he said. "That's fundamental to the Christian faith. If you eliminate that, there's nothing left of Christian theology but words. There's no community, no freedom, no love. I believe that something personal survives the phenomenon of death. Some essence of oneself. I believe that the 'I' that I am is preserved. And I'm not talking about atoms or recycling. I'll put it in old-fashioned language. I believe that everybody is going to Heaven." He smiled. "Ultimately, anyway."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

> For his part, Mr. Butz said, "All the hassle because there's political hay in controls and rollbacks.... It's because the body politic somehow feels that you can issue a decree and take 20 cents a pound off sirloin steak. I don't believe the average member of Congress is so stupid as to believe the average member of Congress is so stupid as to believe that ... well, most of them aren't."
>
> —*The Times.*

Neatly done, Butz.

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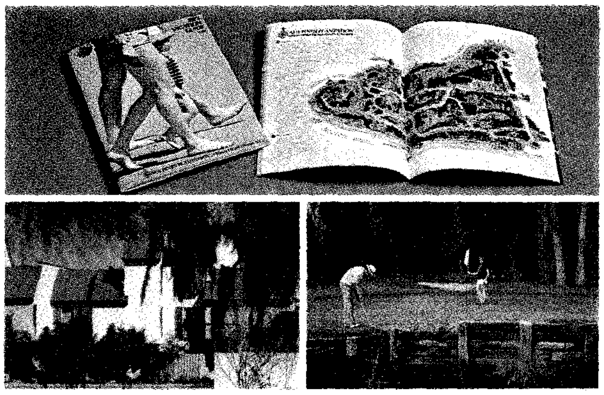

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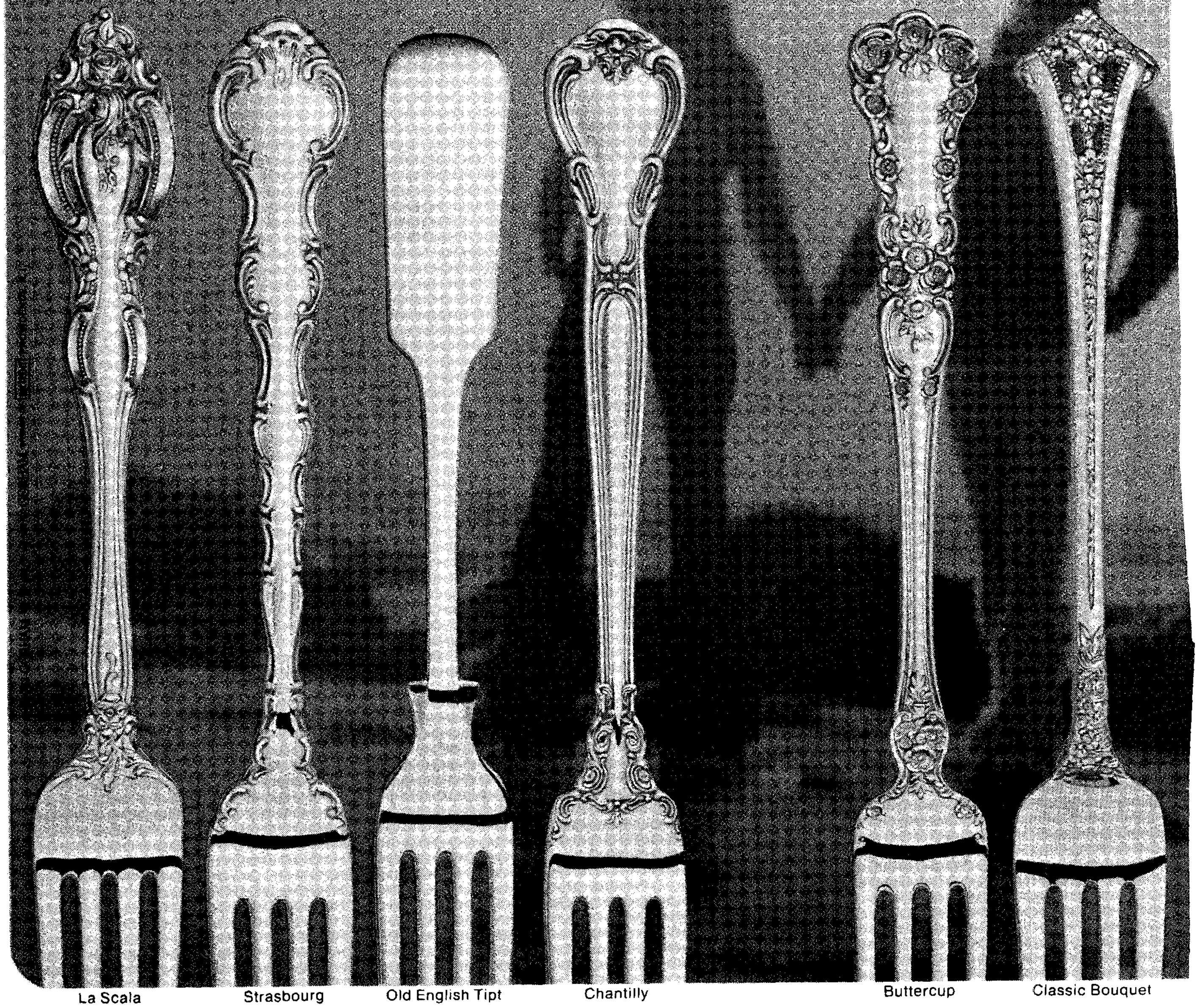

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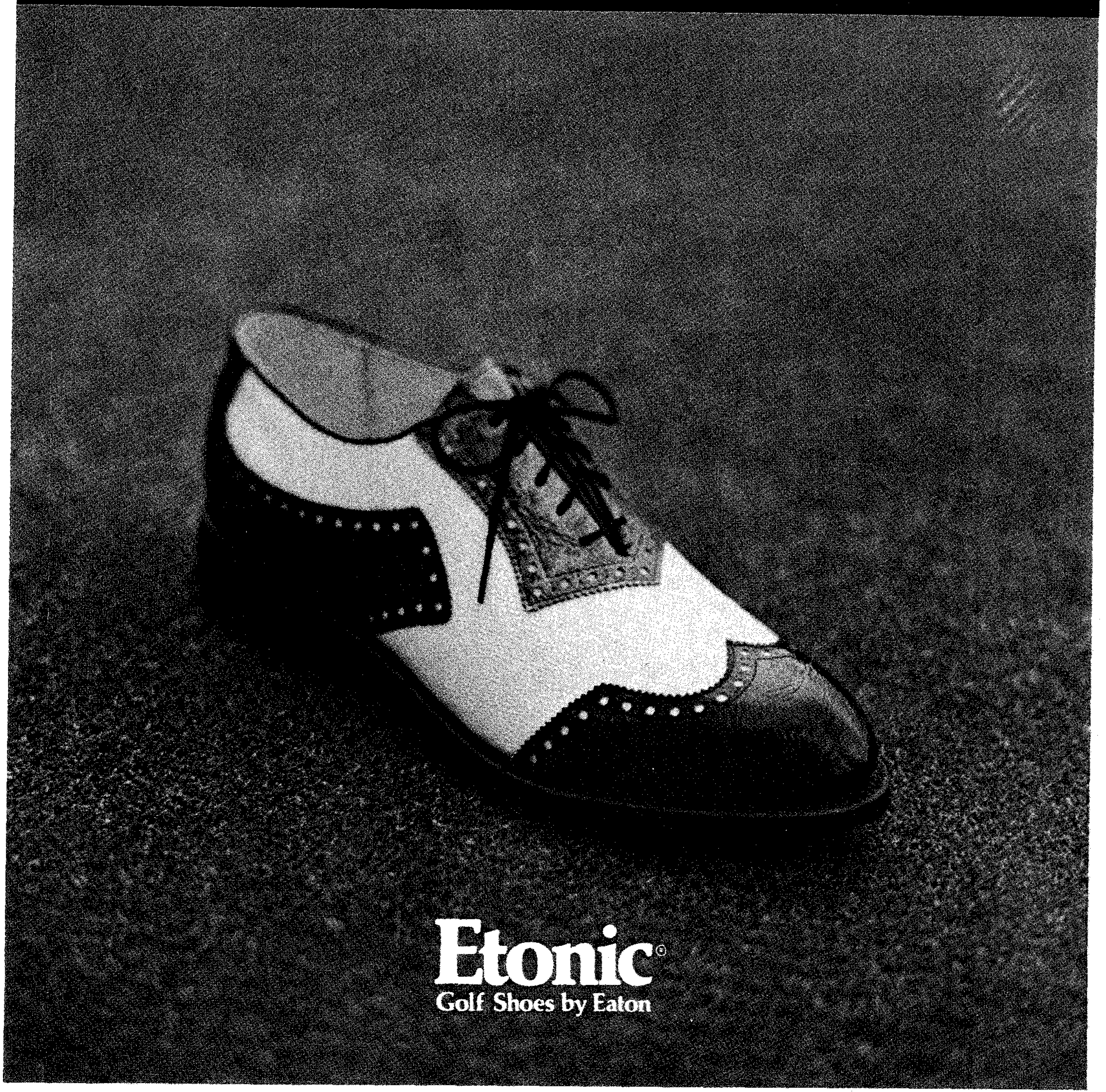

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THE THEATRE

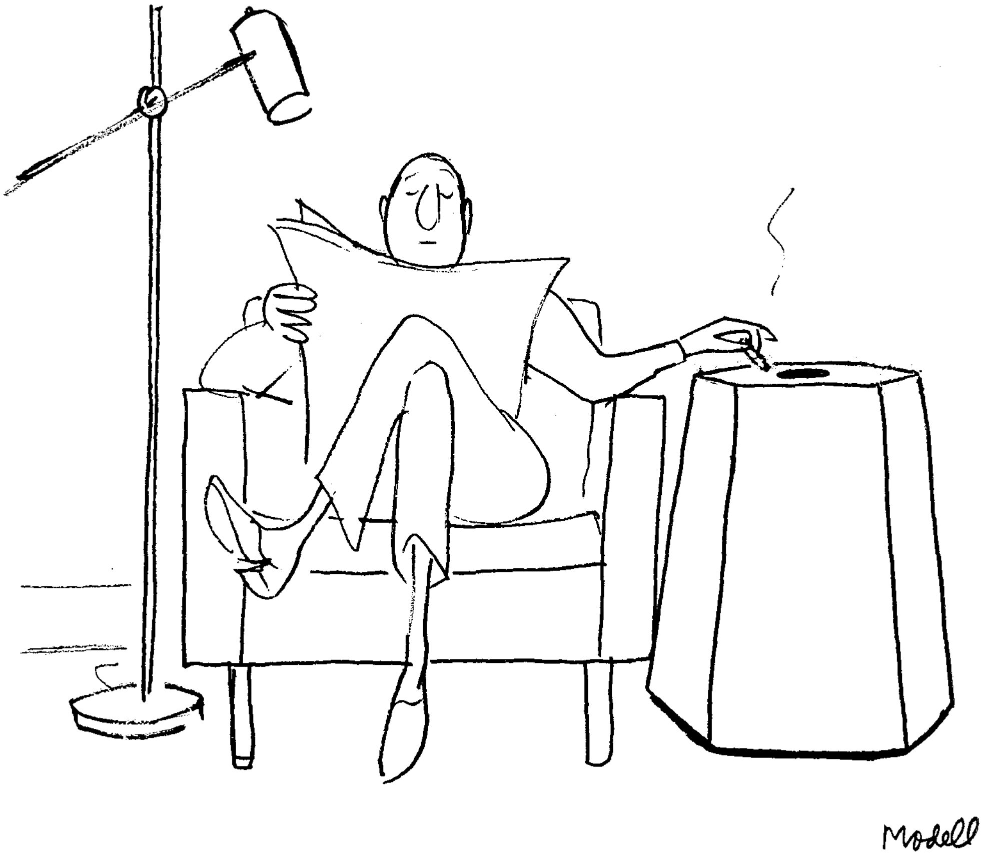
OFF BROADWAY

AT the beginning of "Whiskey," a comedy by Terrence McNally that opened at St. Clement's on April 29th and closed on May 6th, we are at the Astrodome in Houston, watching the Lush Thrushes, a highly rated television act, making a disastrous personal appearance before the President of the United States and an assortment of astronauts. The Lush Thrushes consist of five singers, each known by a brand name (I.W. Harper, Jack Daniels, Johnny Walker, Tia Maria, and Southern Comfort), who support a nasty-tempered horse called Whiskey. The act is so terrible and the Thrushes are so panicky and boozy that the President walks out, and the prologue ends in chaos. Except for an epilogue back at the Astrodome, the rest of the action takes place in a bedroom at a just completed local motel, where doorknobs drop off doors and room service never answers the phone, and where the Thrushes deal with their chagrin and anger by getting drunker and drunker. As the action proceeds, we discover that they are a kind of family, with I. W. and his chubby wife, Tia Maria, functioning as the parents, and the others as their children. There is no plot to speak of, nor is one needed—just a series of loosely strung episodes and monologues that reveal the characters, and much else besides, and that ridicule any number of current attitudes and phenomena.

Whether Mr. McNally's social comment is particularly penetrating or firsthand is open to question; he is more a ribber than a satirist. But his theatrical ideas are invariably original and funny, redeeming even the weakest of his plays—the soliloquy of that garrulous window-cleaner in "Witness," for example—and he can write splendid parts. "Whiskey" is one of the strongest of his plays, and a very inventive and touching one, although it runs, I'd say, about a third too long. Even so, it makes a lively show. *Made* a lively show at St. Clement's, an Off Off Broadway house, where, under Kevin O'Connor's shrewd, imaginative direction, a company of five distinguished actors played it to perfection, for peanuts and love. Beeson Carroll (recently of "The Unseen Hand") was Johnny Walker, a gun-toting cowboy dressed all in black and much concerned with squaring his sexual image with certain tricky facts, such as his appointments at the hairdresser and his pancake makeup. Michael Sacks (recently of the movie "Slaughterhouse-Five") was Jack Daniels, an innocent young rube with a relentless tendency to sing "The Streets of Laredo" to his own guitar accompaniment. Tom Rosqui (recently of "Sticks and Bones") and Charlotte Rae (recently of "The Threepenny Opera") were queasy, humiliated, patient I.W. Harper and his cozy, fuzzy, comical Tia Maria. Susan Browning (recently of "Company") was pretty little Southern Comfort, attempting to levitate to fumes of incense, muttering "Hare, hare" a good deal, and embodying in her person and in one long, glorious speech all the hippie nonsense we've been exposed to over the years. These characters are, as I say, boozy or stoned throughout, and one wonders—not for the first time—why it is that drunks, who are so boring in real life, are almost always so entertaining on a stage. The excellent settings were designed by Kert Lundell. The horse is concealed behind a theatre curtain during the prologue and the epilogue, and behind a shower curtain the rest of the time, but his presence is deeply felt.

IN E.A. Whitehead's "Alpha Beta," at the Eastside, we are exposed to three scenes, over a span of around nine years, from the miserable marriage of a working-class couple in Liverpool. The man wants sexual freedom, and the wife wants what she feels entitled to—a faithful, monogamous husband. All the action takes place in their nasty living room, and all the action is their wrangling and telling each other off. "You say Alpha and I say Beta," says the man, as weary of it as we are. Rarely can the words "hypocrisy," "honesty," "trap," "slave," and "slut" have been used more frequently than they are in this piece of mingy, hand-me-down Strindberg, in which even hatred and resentment lack tension or vitality. For all that, the play has a certain unsparing, trustworthy quality, and it is given a straight, literal performance by Laurence Luckinbill and Kathryn Walker, both of them competent American actors with excellent records of past performances but this time trapped in acquired accents.

—EDITH OLIVER



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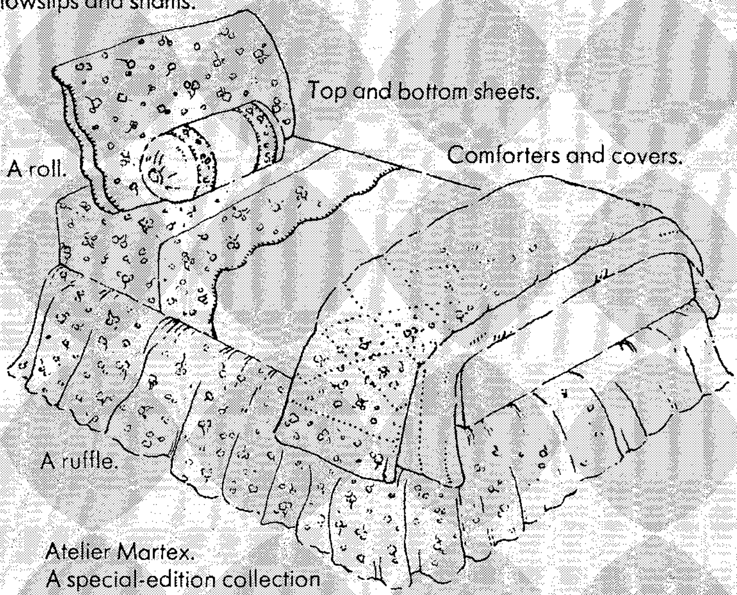
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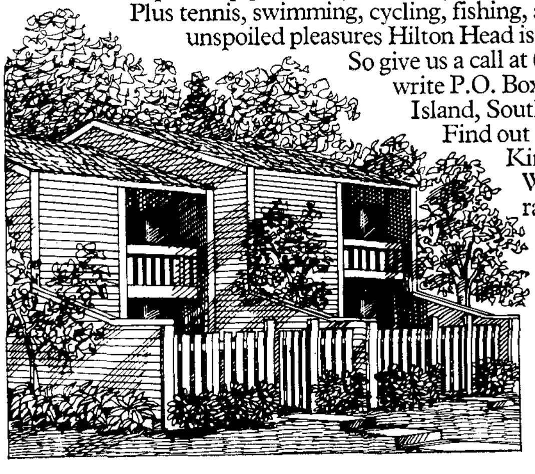

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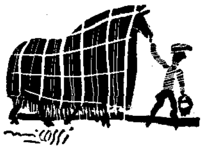
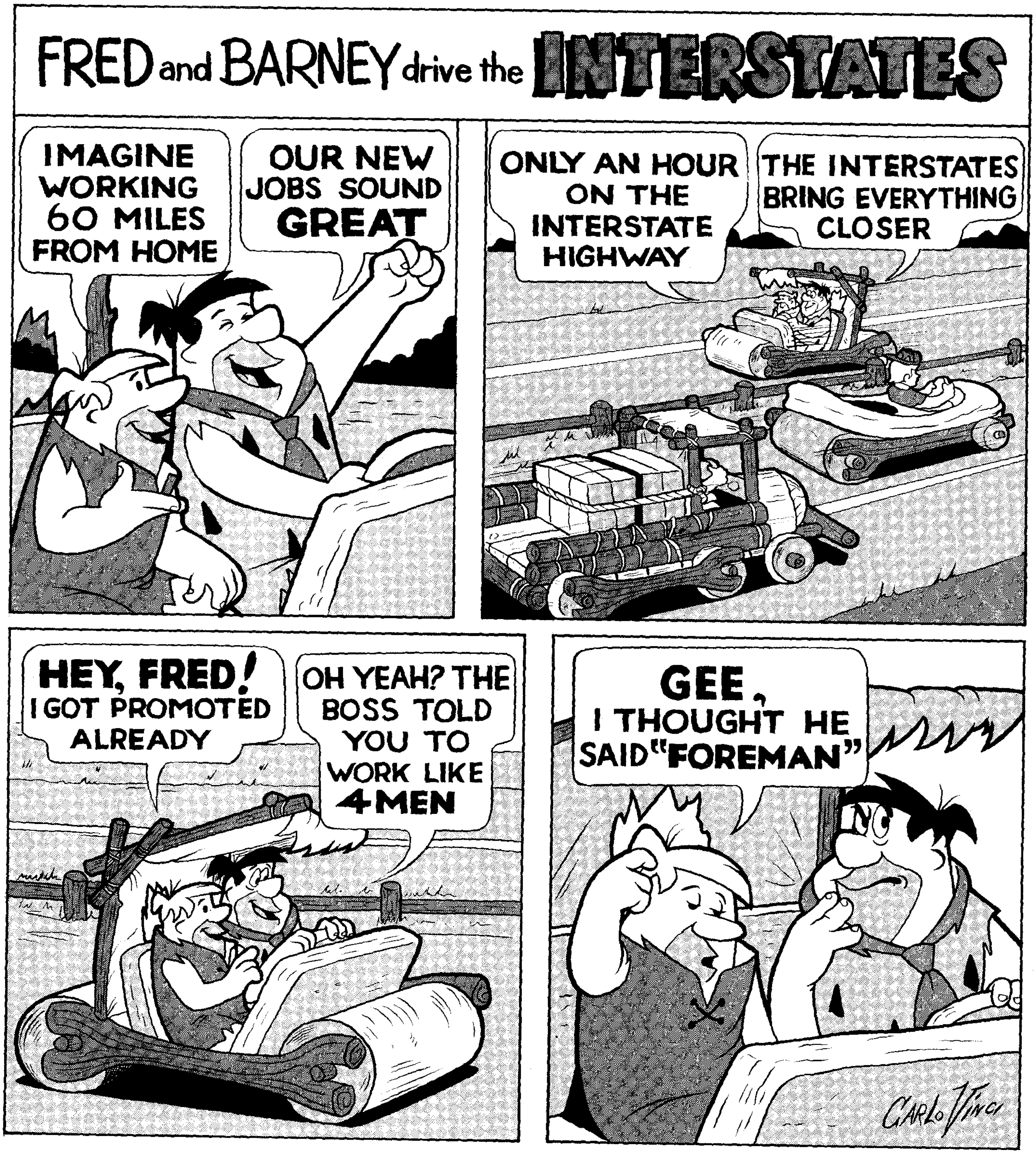
THE RACE TRACK

Secretariat!



IT took the Meadow Stable's Secretariat just one minute fifty-nine and two-fifths seconds at Louisville last Saturday to prove that he was the best colt in the ninety-ninth Kentucky Derby—and the best three-year-old in the country. Thirteenth to leave the stalls, he won at the end of the mile and a quarter by two and a half lengths from Sham, who had been second much of the way; Our Native was third, eight lengths farther back. It was a remarkable performance. Not only was Secretariat's time the fastest ever at Churchill Downs (the old record of two minutes flat had been set by Northern Dancer when he won the Derby in 1964) but he did the final two furlongs in 0:23⅕, and it has long been the dictum of trainers that a horse who can run the last quarter in twenty-four seconds wins all his races. Besides, it was fascinating to follow the smoothness with which he galloped the first six furlongs and the surge of power he exhibited in the last four. As usual, he outlooked everything as the cavalcade filed past the stand on the way to the post.

With only thirteen starters, the running of the Derby was free from incident. There was a mild to-do, though, at the starting gate, where Twice a Prince reared and got his forefeet tangled in the bars of the machine, and Our Native tried to get into the act (the things horses can do!), but assistant starters quickly got them loose. When the gates flew open, Shecky Greene bounced out as though for a sprint, and Gold Bag was closest to him for a while. Presently, Sham moved up, and with three furlongs to go he looked the winner. Then the picture changed. Secretariat stormed up on the outside as they swung into the homestretch, and there was a great roar from the crowd. For about a sixteenth, Secretariat and Sham went together stride for stride, with Pincay, on Sham, riding harder than I've ever seen him ride before. A furlong out, Secretariat began to draw away, to give the Meadow Stable and Lucien Laurin, who trains it, their second Derby in a row (Riva Ridge won last year)—something that hasn't happened since the heyday of Calumet Farm. It was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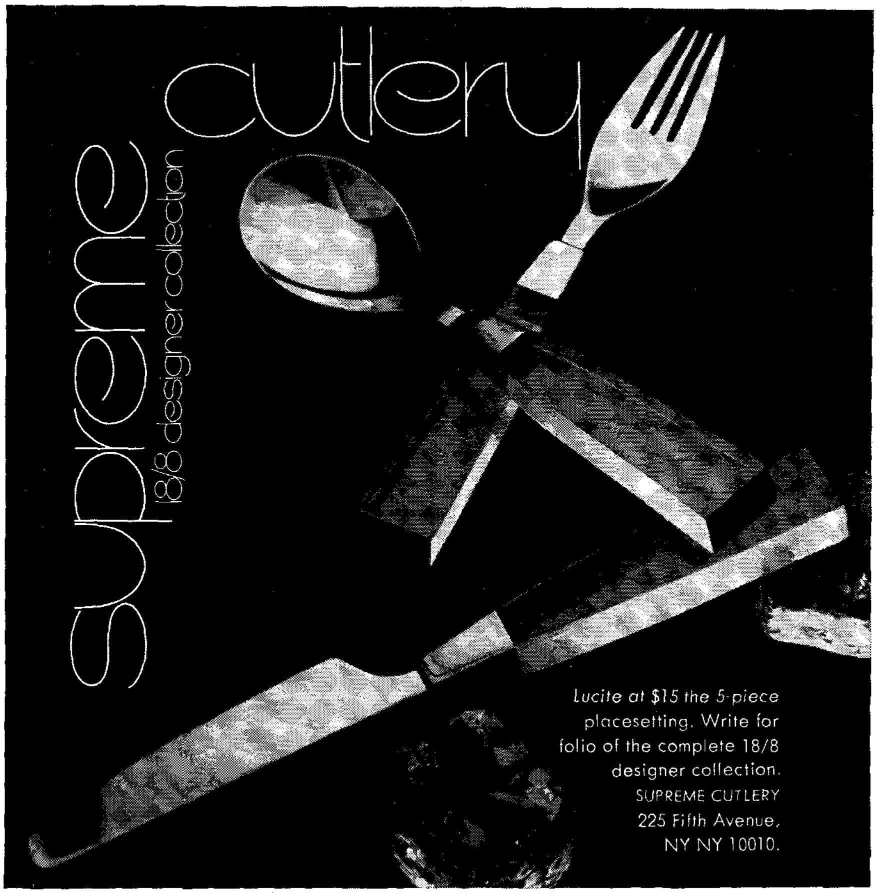

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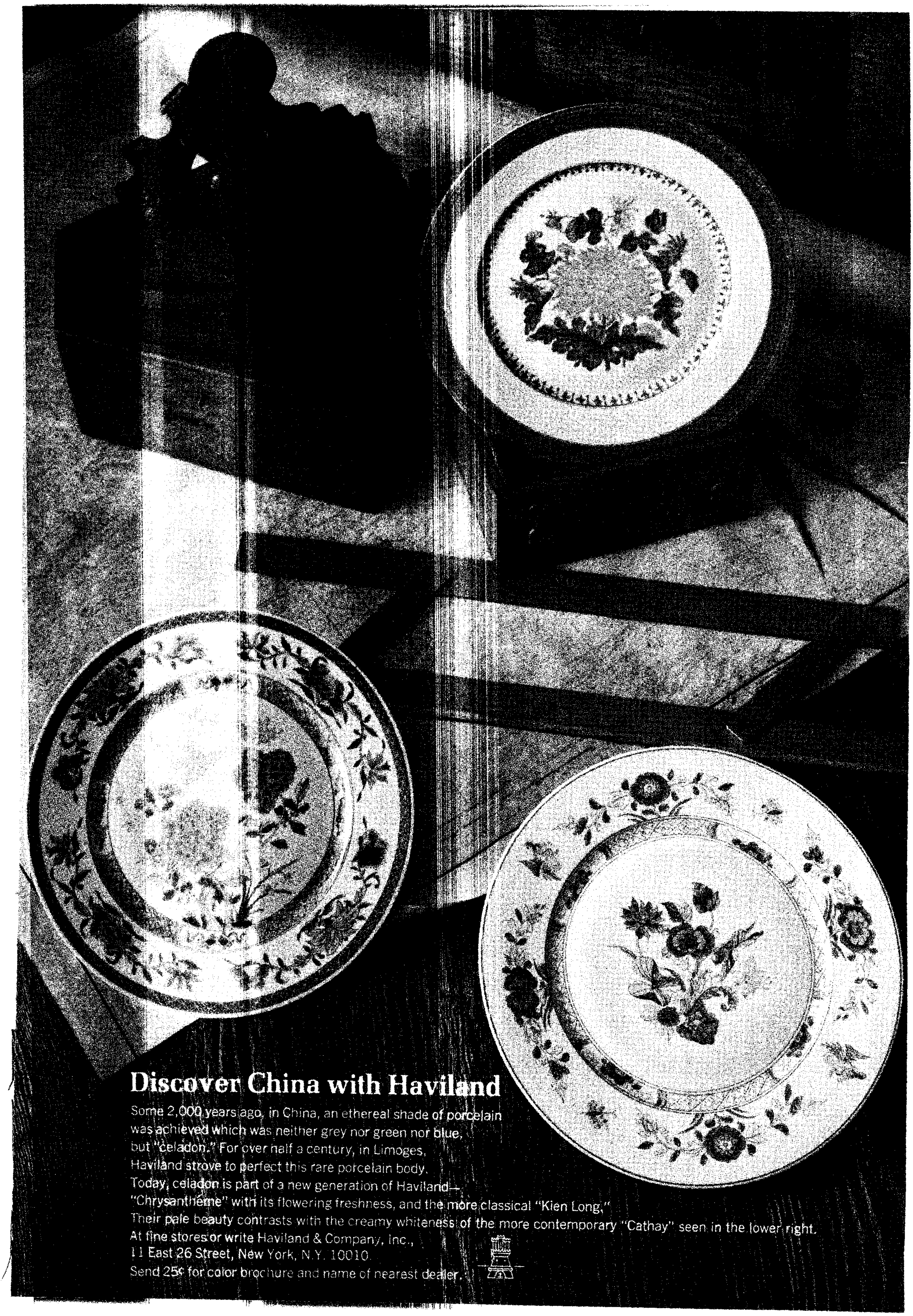
two in a row for Turcotte, too, who I thought rode with confidence and judgment, allowing his mount to go as he pleased until it was time to begin his run. After the finish, Turcotte was nearly unseated, for Secretariat behaved like a rodeo bronco when the Derby roses were draped over his neck. I thought Sham was second best. You can hear all about the other disappointments in the Crying Room.

After a spate of cloudy and damp or rainy days, the weather turned fine at Louisville for the Derby, and Churchill Downs had a record crowd of 134,476. There's never been a bigger one in the infield. Betting also hit an all-time high, with a handle of $7,627,965, which included money bet on the Derby at the track the day before. In New York, OTB handled $3,050,194 on the race. Incidentally, New York stay-at-homes got a better price on Secretariat than the customers at Louisville did. The payoff at the track was $5 straight, $3.20 to place. With OTB, it was $5.80 straight, $6.20 to place; the reason is that OTB had its own mutuel pool, and a great many people bet on Sham. While we're on the subject, the Meadow Stable didn't do badly; Secretariat picked up $155,050 and a gold trophy. His next stop: the Preakness at Pimlico next Saturday.

FOR several days before the Kentucky Oaks, there were rumors that La Prevoyante might not be at her best. She wasn't. She began to tire on the turn for home, and C. V. Whitney's Bag of Tunes came from far back—there were thirteen runners in this one, too—and won by five lengths. It was Mr. Whitney's third Kentucky Oaks—his Two Bob won in 1936 and his Bug Brush in 1958. No doubt Bag of Tunes, who is by Herbager out of Swoon's Tune, will have a go at the Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies, which is coming up at Aqueduct and Belmont Park. And here's hoping that La Prevoyante is back in form for the Queen's Plate at Toronto's Woodbine next month.

IT wouldn't be the Kentucky Derby without a visit to the bluegrass country around Lexington and to several of the noted farms that send thoroughbreds to the races. At Claiborne, Seth Hancock, the third of his line to run the huge spread, brought out a veritable procession of stallions, among them Pretense, who is the image of his son Sham in color and conformation and in size and sub-



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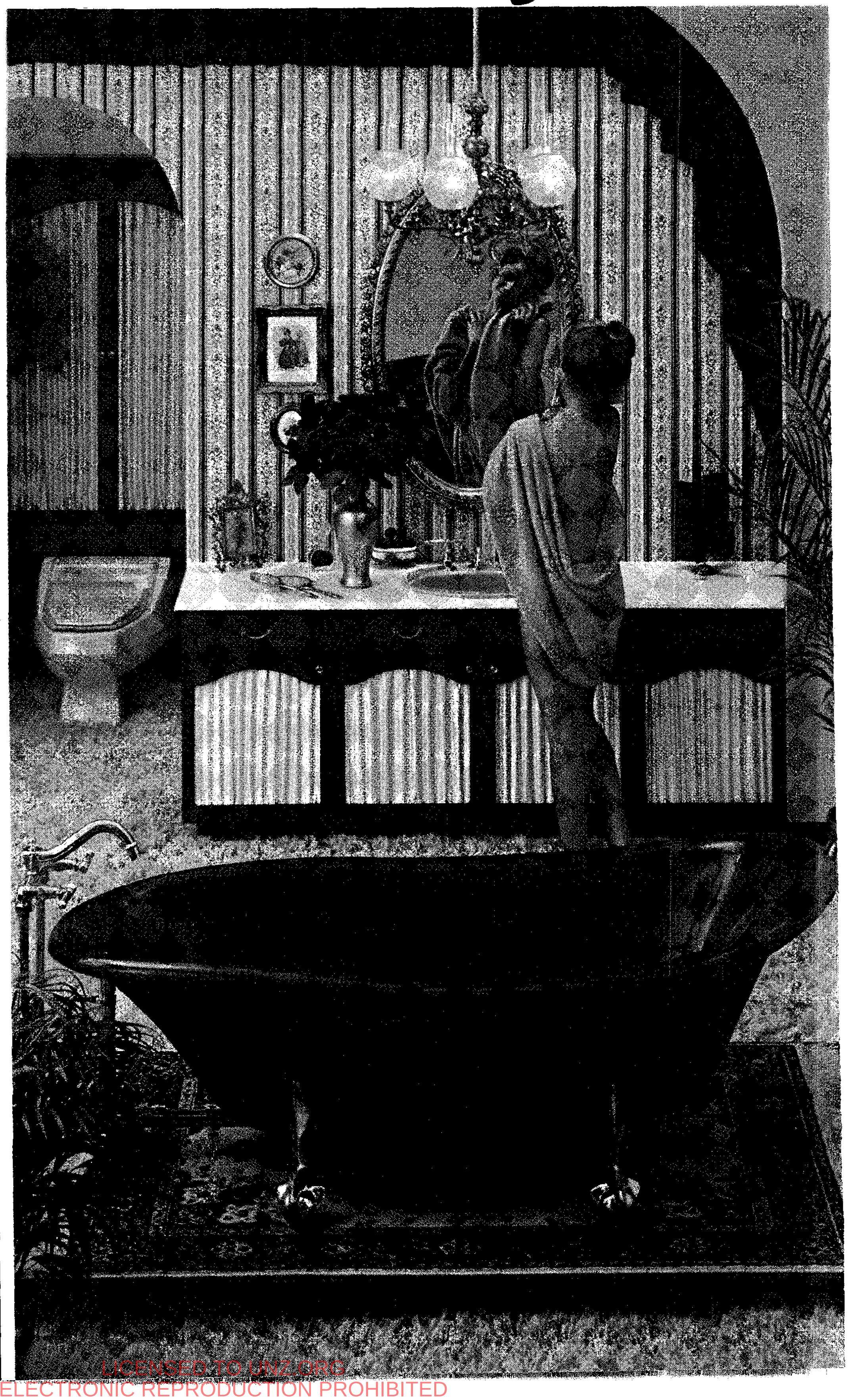

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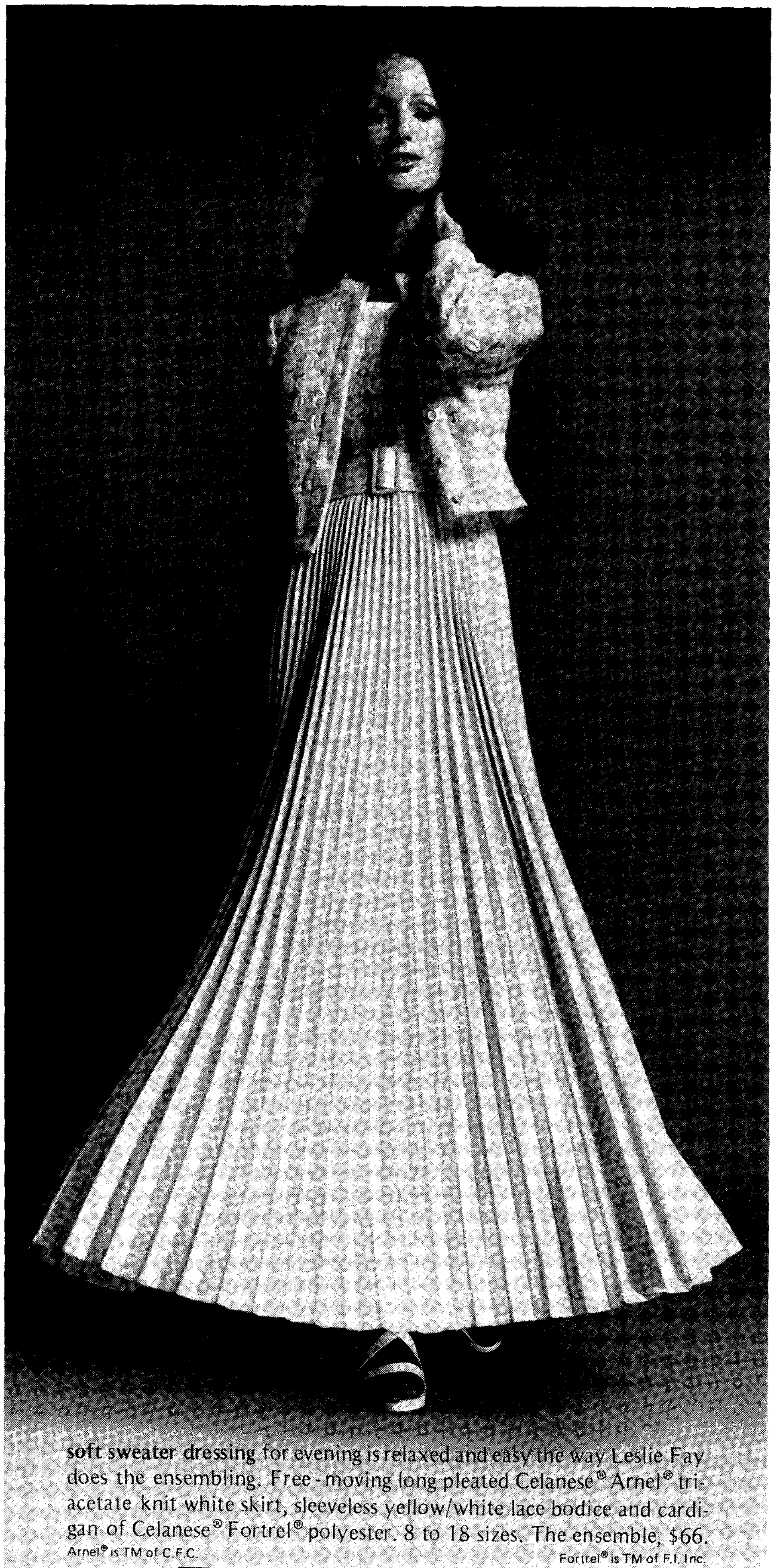
stance; Buckpasser, the sire of La Prevoyante; and Ack Ack, who looked as sharp as he did when he won the Hollywood Gold Cup two years ago—an afternoon I'll always remember. Another stop was at Hamburg Place, built by John E. Madden, who is still remembered as the Wizard of the Turf. And he was. Long a showplace, the farm hasn't changed much since I was there more years ago than I care to think about. Preston Madden, a grandson, who has it now, has kept up the traditions; indeed, the only new thing I noticed was a polo field, with a posh little clubhouse. John E. was a great horseman in the days of Jimmy Rowe, Sam Hildreth, Jack Joyner, and Preston Burch, who are only names to the present generation of exacta players, and his contribution to racing is incalculable. He was one of the top breeders, leading that list for eleven years in succession. And he has never been equalled at selling horses. I think he was proudest of that. It made him a millionaire. There was a bar in the luncheon tent at Hamburg Place, served by a little old man who put in many years galloping horses for the stable, and he and I reminisced about horses and people in the days when going racing was fun and about Chuck Walker, the stable foreman, who knew every horse on the grounds and its pedigree, too. One question I forgot to ask was what John E. would have thought of the polo field. I've a notion he would have said, "Fine, fine. It will bring on the dudes—and buyers."

SEVERAL interesting happenings were overshadowed by the Kentucky Derby last weekend. Not the least of them was the fact that Cougar II, Mrs. Mary Jones' Chilean champion, finally made his million—the eleventh race horse to do so. He did it by winning the $110,250 Century Handicap, over the turf course at Hollywood Park, by lengths from Wing Out, Life Cycle, and Susan's Girl, who made most of the running. First money was $65,250, and it brought Cougar II's earnings to $1,006,641. . . . At Aqueduct, Paul Mellon's Summer Guest, who was just a nod behind Susan's Girl in their race for best three-year-old filly last season, beat the boys—eleven of them—in the Grey Lag Handicap, at a mile and a quarter. According to the chart, she was well placed in the early running, and, catching the leaders in the stretch, won by nearly four lengths from Loud, with Traffic Cop and North Sea heads apart behind. She'll do.

—AUDAX MINOR



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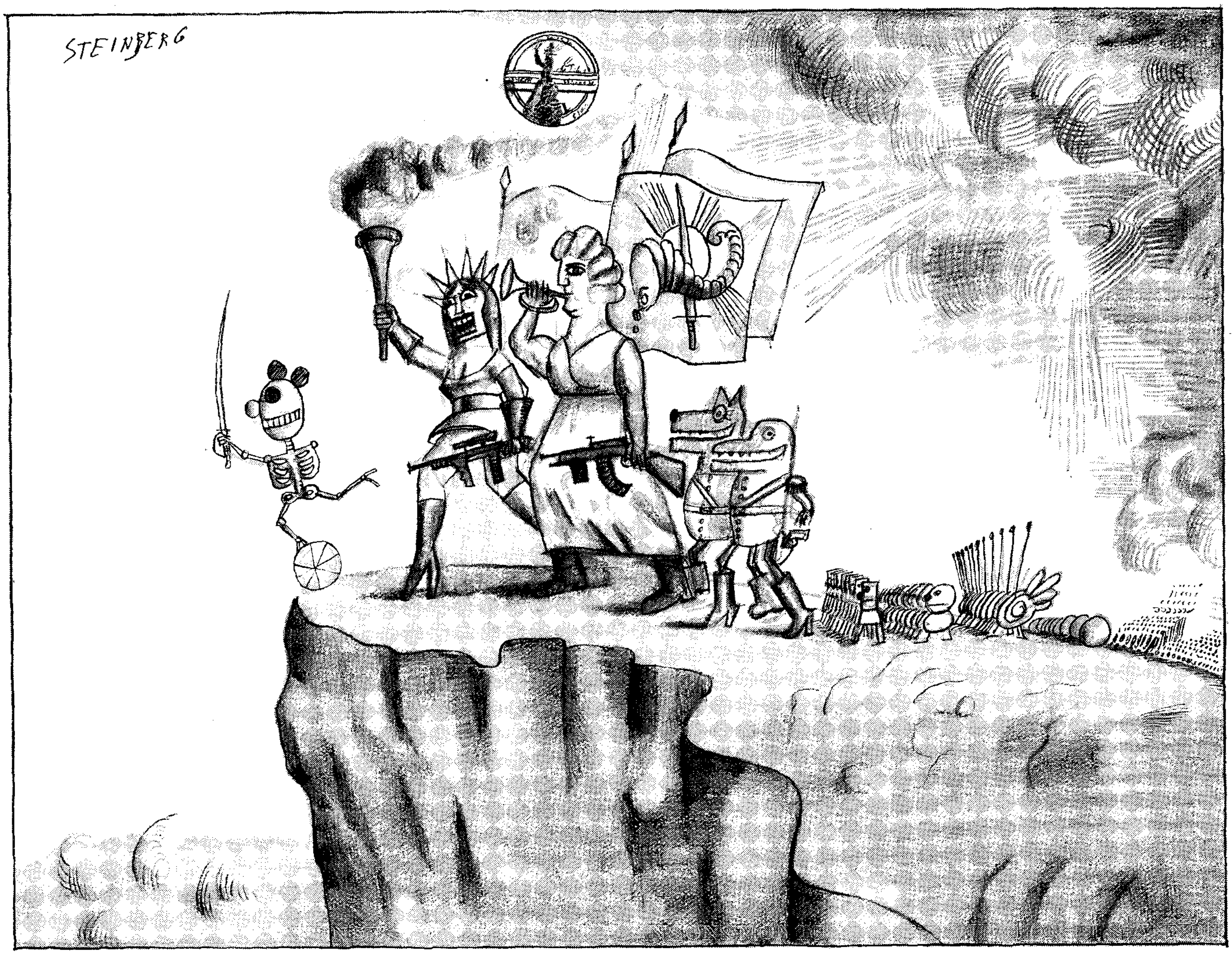
ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

SALT

II—A WEAPON IN SEARCH OF A ROLE



THE strategic-arms-limitation talks, or SALT, had their origins in the mid-nineteen-sixties, when Washington, in some confusion, was trying to reconcile a damage-limiting strategy with the knowledge that it wouldn't work. (Proponents of "damage limitation" would deploy defensive missiles to protect metropolitan areas or deploy other weapons capable of destroying a major portion of an enemy's offensive forces, or both. Proponents of the alternative strategy, "assured destruction," believe that the populations of two adversary countries must each stand exposed to the other's destructive power, so that the fear of retaliation will prevent either from striking first.) The best glimpse of the dilemma is offered by Robert S. McNamara's so-called posture statements of the period. These statements, with which the Secretary of Defense opens the military-appropriations process early each year, are exhaustive congressional presentations of defense needs and purposes. The defense community awaits them the way feeders of the world await the new edition of the *Guide Michelin*. In January, 1964, McNamara put assured destruction and damage limitation on an equal footing, and, in a sense, this was the last hurrah for damage limitation. After 1964, the language of the annual statements became more ambiguous, the assertions gloomily hedged by acknowledged difficulties of appreciably limiting damage to our society. Dr. John S. Foster, Jr., the director of Defense Department Research and Engineering and a tireless pleader for damage limitation, has said that the term "assured destruction" was first used in 1964. Unlike instant "massive retaliation," a fanciful doctrine of the fifties, the option of limiting damage was not headed straight for the discard; it was to remain close to the center of fashion for years, and is alive today, if largely in a rhetorical sense. But the recognition that the United States was in the autumn of its strategic supremacy had set in. A number of things were happening that seemed to empty damage limitation of credibility, if not desirability. Recognition of the changing reality came hard. Our assessments of Soviet strategic capabilities have tended to cover four-year cycles, during which we miscalculated and overcorrected. In the post-Sputnik period, from 1957 to 1961, we exaggerated Soviet performance and were alarmed about a nonexistent missile gap. In the next four years, from 1961 to 1965, we underestimated Moscow's intentions. From 1965 to 1969, we misread the direction of the Soviet strategic program and overreacted to the infant Chinese program. By the mid-nineteen-sixties, Moscow was moving toward invulnerable second-strike forces on the American model. Missile silos were being hardened; a buildup of offensive forces had begun. Curiously, what fluttered Washington most was the lesser event of China's formal entry into the nuclear fold with the

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detonation of a low-yield atomic device in October, 1964. This was followed by a slightly larger detonation in May, 1965; construction of a large ballistic-missile launch facility at Shuang-ch'eng-tzu also began in 1965. These events coincided with ominous roars from China's defense chief, Lin Piao—most notably his famous "Long Live the Victory of People's War!" in September, 1965. McNamara, in his 1965 posture statement, called the long-term prospect of Chinese medium- and long-range ballistic missiles "most disturbing."

The more critical portents lay in the expanding Soviet program; these were fully predictable. A study by the Rand Corporation conducted in 1961-62 looked ahead to a time when damage limitation would have ceased to be feasible. It said that when the Russians inevitably began to build up their own forces we would not be able to rely on our own strategic offense to limit damage. Some mixture of civil defense and ballistic-missile defense would be needed if we were to achieve even a modest damage-limiting capability.

Alain C. Enthoven, head of the Defense Department's Systems Analysis office in the nineteen-sixties, and his deputy, K. Wayne Smith, presumably drawing on the lessons learned by Systems Analysis in the period, say in their book "How Much Is Enough?":

> Despite the inevitability of the day when the Soviets would have a secure retaliatory or "second-strike" force, the United States was proceeding with large and costly programs that could be justified only if we were trying for a first-strike capability—that is, an ability to destroy in a first strike the Soviets' ability to retaliate.... Because of Soviet progress in missile development and deployment, it should have been clear even in 1961 that such a first-strike capability for the middle and late 1960's would be unattainable, regardless of how much we were willing to spend.

Moscow made no effort to hide its intentions. Indeed, after the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962, John J. McCloy, operating on assignment from President Kennedy, found himself entertaining Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister V. V. Kuznetsov at his Connecticut home. Kuznetsov assured McCloy that Moscow would observe the agreement to remove Soviet missiles and bombers from Cuba, but he warned, "We will never be caught like that again."

As Washington began reacting in the period from 1964 to 1966, two contradictory impulses were set against each other. One was to limit strategic arms; the other was to hedge against strategic leaps by Russia and China. The first impulse was expressed in various rather awkward and self-conscious arms-control proposals, along with some useful studies of the problem, the second in decisions to deploy both ABM (for "anti-ballistic missile") and MIRV (for "multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicle") systems. SALT is rooted in the interplay of these contesting impulses.

ARMS control is a rhetorical objective of big governments but rarely an operational one. It becomes a serious matter only when it is directly linked to national security. SALT, for example, could never have been seeded by our Arms Control and Disarmament Agency; this agency's influence within the Washington system is too narrow. It was when the Defense Department was able to show that various strategic goals could be better achieved by limiting some systems and cancelling others that restricting strategic arms became respectable, and even important. McNamara recalls "becoming convinced around the time of the limited-test-ban treaty [1963] that we should accept more of the risks arising from arms limitation." And he made statements warning against the dangers of an uninhibited arms race and stressing the virtues of mutual deterrence.

In 1964, the United States took its first, halting steps toward limiting strategic arms. That January, President Johnson wrote to Khrushchev about liquidating some old bombers. On March 19th, Adrian S. Fisher, the deputy director of the Arms Control agency, formally put forward a "bomber bonfire" scheme at a session of the Seventeen Nation Disarmament Conference, in Geneva, proposing that an equal number of American B-47s and Soviet TU-16s should be removed from the operational inventory, at a rate of twenty per month over a period of two years. Since both aircraft were obsolescent, we were suggesting very little. Moreover, we had already scheduled the elimination of our B-47s, and had even published this as our intention. In short, we offered to take a step jointly that we were going to take on our own anyway. The proposal accomplished nothing other than to give conference wits some fresh material; someone came forward with a variant suggestion that the Americans and the Russians jointly deposit these old bombers, one by one, in Lake Geneva. Of no greater consequence was our famous "freeze" initiative, also taken in Jan-

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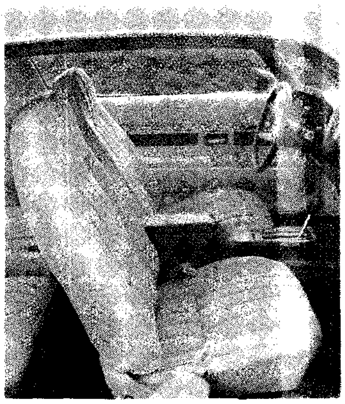

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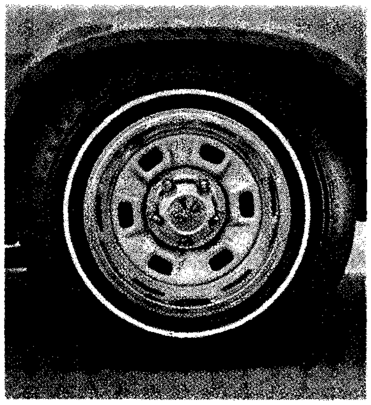

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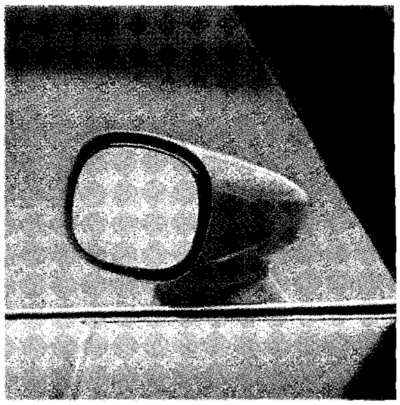

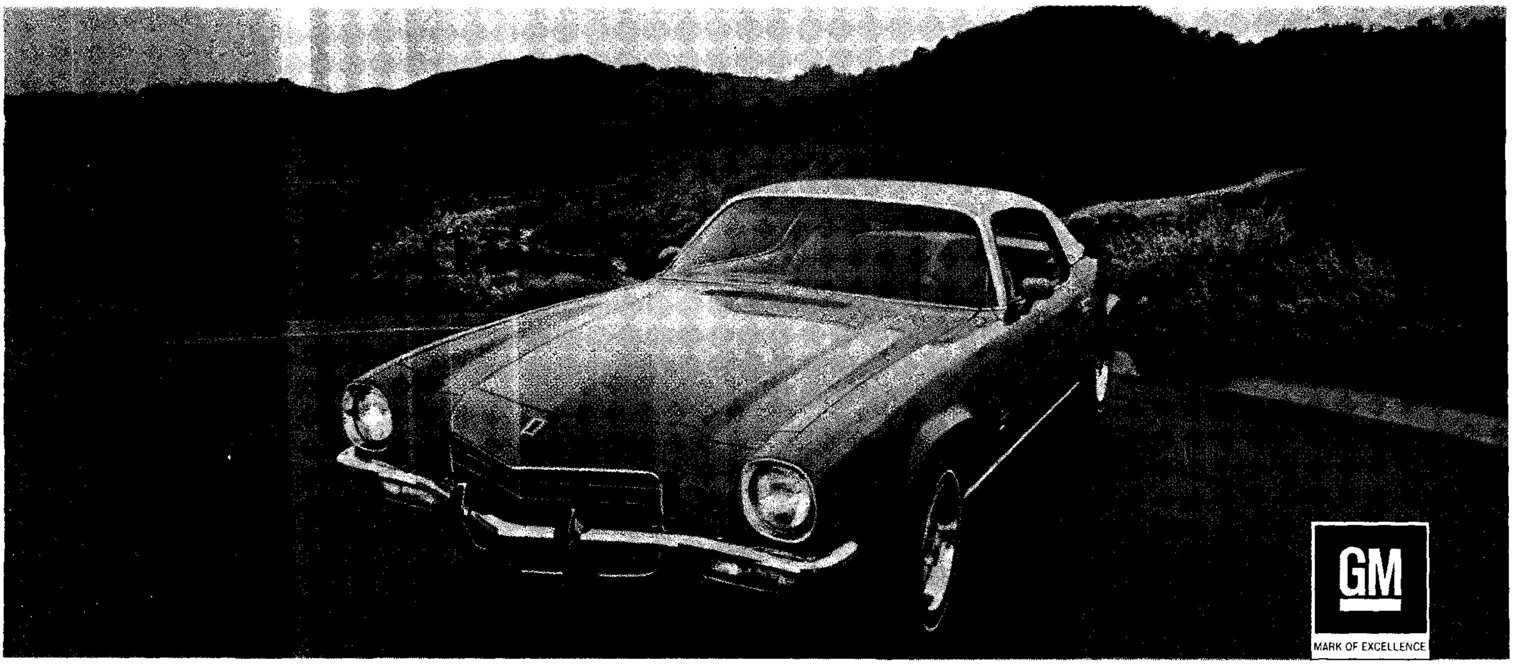

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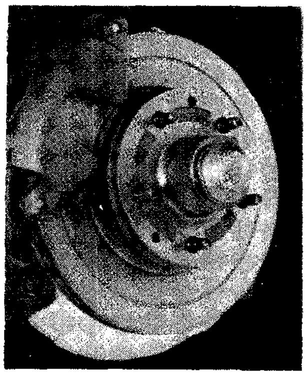
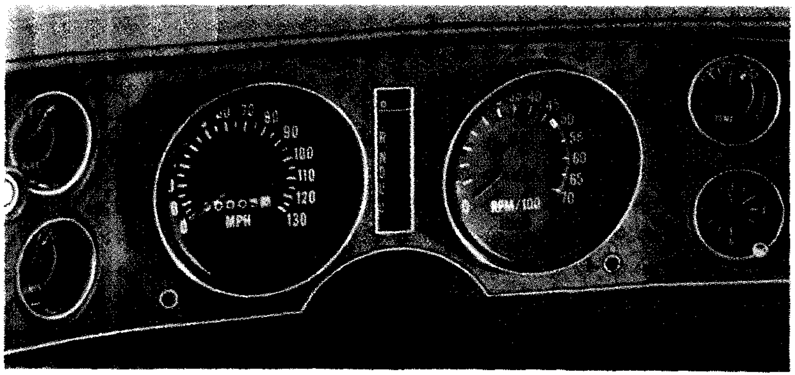


ront disc brakes, finned ear drum brakes.



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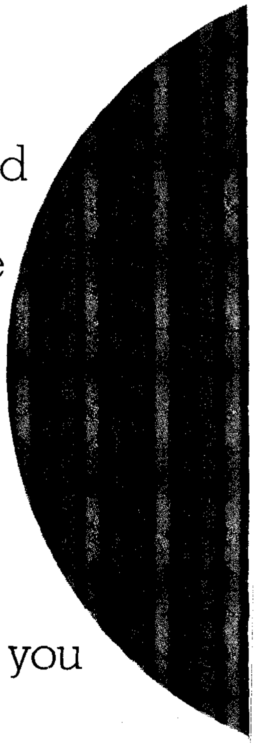

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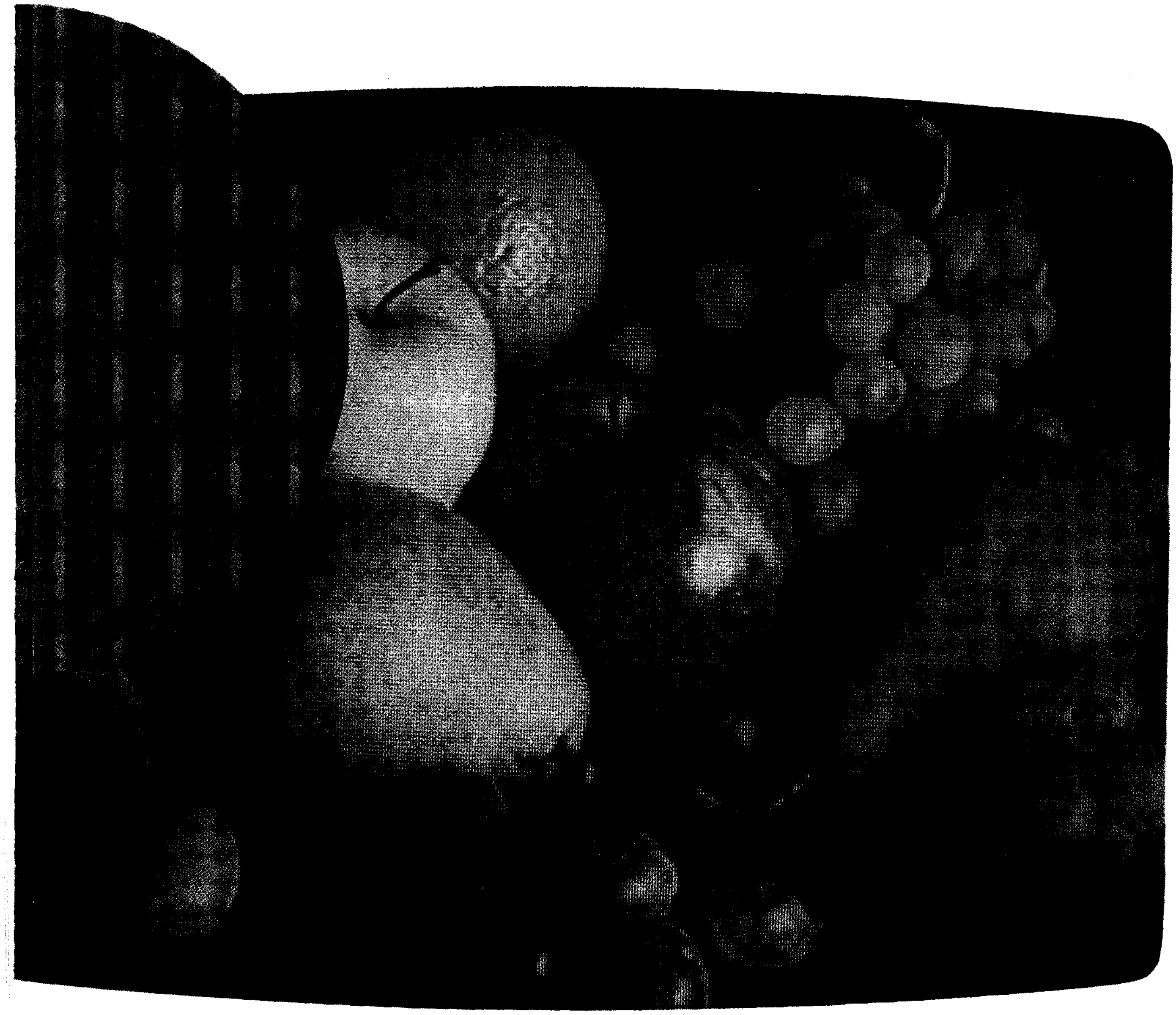

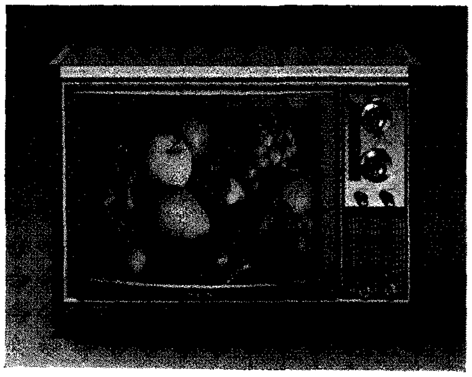

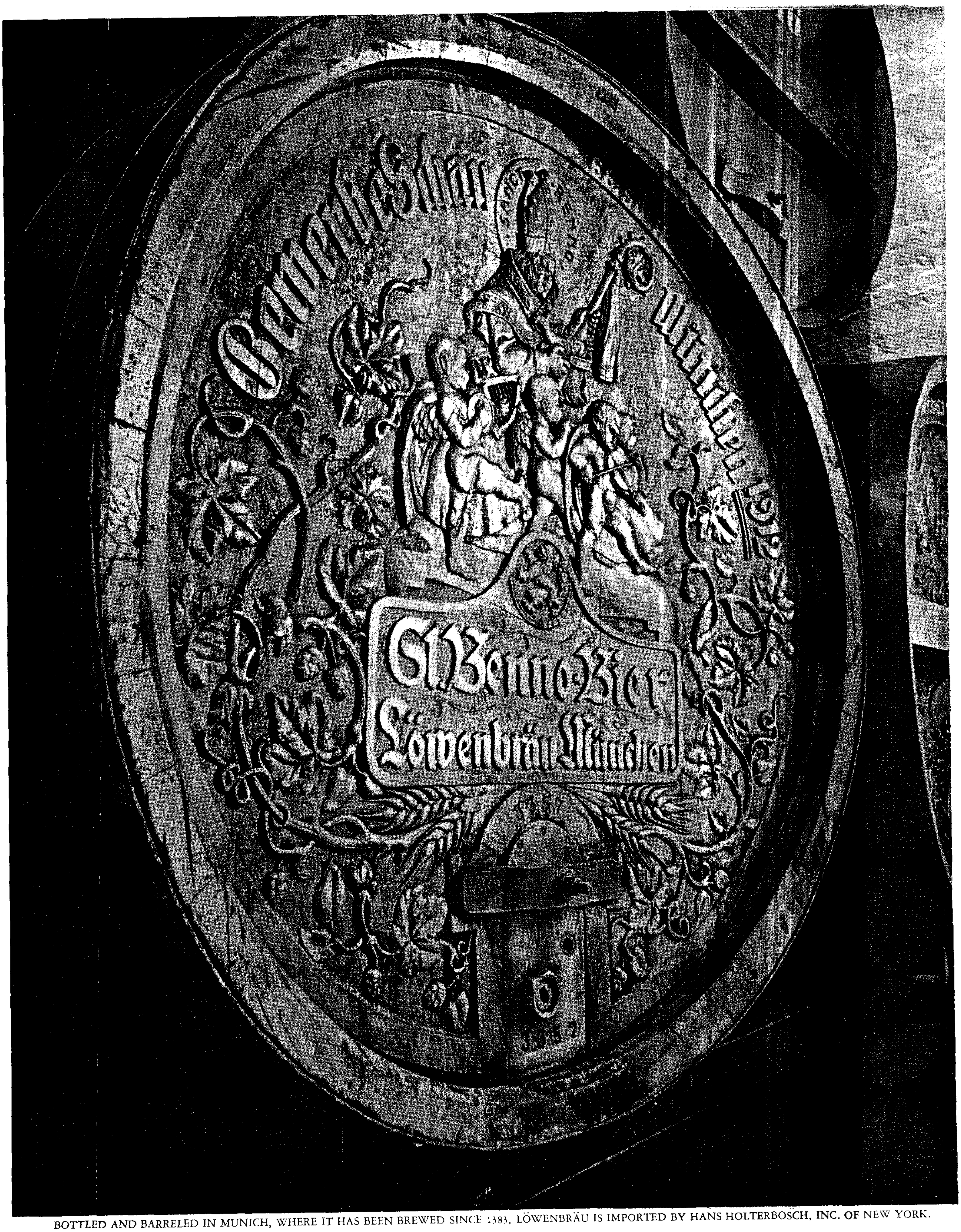
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uary. The United States suggested freezing the number of strategic nuclear offensive and defensive vehicles and banning "novel" systems. Predictably, the proposal foundered on its provisions for on-site inspection (for example, that resident inspectors would be stationed at production sources). Moscow, with its well-known distaste for on-site inspection, called the idea "legalized espionage" and, of course, rejected it. A senior American official closely involved in this affair says that the idea of mutual inventory controls by inspection was really no more acceptable to us than to the Russians. In effect, he says, we sought to satisfy the rhetorical commitment to arms control while using verification as the means of assuring that nothing would happen. The same official says that both we and the Russians had a kind of "Let's get together for lunch" attitude toward the subject at this time; each side knew that the other was not entirely serious about it.

In Washington, serious people, especially in the Arms Control agency and the Central Intelligence Agency, kept busy trying to design effective, if not ideal, agreements. The question was how to inhibit production, since that was presumably the best way both to limit deployment of strategic weapons and to preclude their clandestine deployment. The cheerless experiences of 1964 generated thinking about fresh approaches. Starting in 1965, in-house arms-control experts began to ask themselves a different question. Instead of focussing on how to control production, they wondered what might be done to limit deployment which would avoid the barrier reef of on-site inspection. Why not, they concluded, just limit those things, like big ABM systems and land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs), that could be counted by satellite cameras? Holding verification to such methods (technically termed "national means") might maneuver the issue onto negotiable ground. Cheating, it was agreed, would be possible but probably not worthwhile except on a scale large enough to be observed. Thoughts along these lines were informally recorded on bits of paper. These bits of paper—the proverbial pebbles tossed into a pond—moved the Joint Chiefs to protest that arms-control buffs were ignoring the problems of cloud cover over Russia and of camouflage and other techniques of concealment. Such objections flew in the face of the C.I.A.'s experience in monitoring Soviet missile deployments. Gradually, the attitude of the Chiefs

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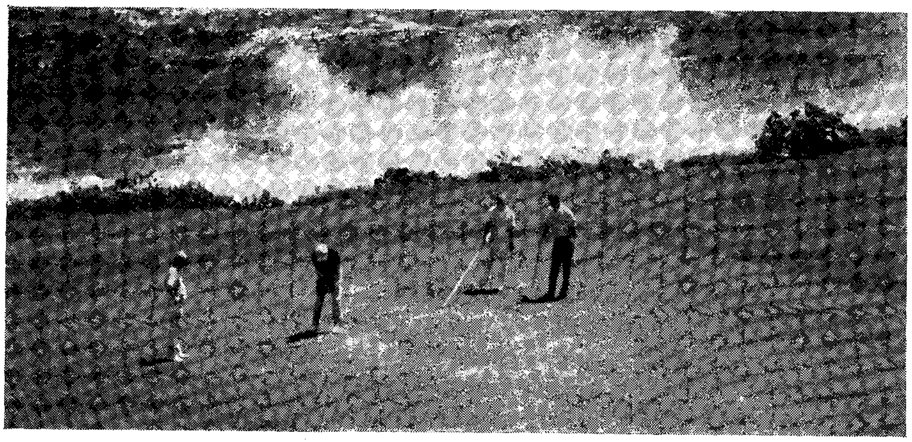

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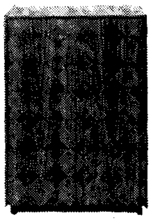
began to change, at least with regard to fixed and unimproved weapons. As the case put forward by the Arms Control agency and the C.I.A. developed coherence, the Chiefs shifted ground, contending that while verifiable limits might be set on fixed, single-warhead ICBMs, no such scheme could be extended to cover upgraded—that is, MIRVed—systems.

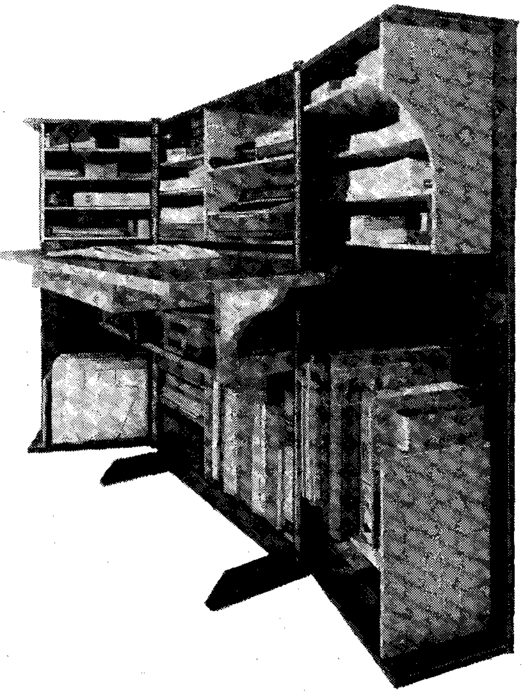
EVEN as McNamara was beginning to urge restraint and managing to hold strategic programs at current levels, the other impulse—to counter whatever Moscow (and Peking) might hatch—was gathering force. What we did partly in response to that impulse—opting for MIRV and ABM systems—doubtless made a certain amount of sense at the time; MIRV, in fact, seems to have gone forward with few demurs, let alone opposition, from any side. But hindsight shows that these deployment decisions were dubious. In the spring of 1967, some sixteen months before the first flight tests of the (submarine-launched) Poseidon and the (land-based) Minuteman III MIRVs, Lyndon Johnson could say, according to Chalmers Roberts' book "The Nuclear Years":

> I wouldn't want to be quoted on this—but we've spent $35 or $40 billion on the space program. And if nothing else had come out of it except the knowledge we've gained from space photography, it would be worth ten times what the whole program has cost. Because, tonight, we know how many missiles the enemy has. And, it turns out, our guesses were way off. We were doing things we didn't need to do. We were building things we didn't need to build. We were harboring fears we didn't need to harbor.

At that moment, both ABMs and MIRVs were years away from deployment. (The ABM-deployment decision had yet to be taken.) These, too, were "things we didn't need to do," based upon "fears we didn't need to harbor." By 1968, according to Enthoven and Smith, we determined that our forces "had an assured capability to destroy nearly 50 percent of the Soviet population and nearly 80 percent of its industrial capacity *in a retaliatory attack*—much higher than the . . . levels . . . used for planning purposes."

A novelty of 1965 was the entry into the strategic lexicon of the "greater-than-expected threat." The term, or concept, signifies an enemy capability that exceeds the "high end" of the range of threat in what are called our National Intelligence Estimates. Acceptance of the concept meant planning how to hedge against it. The question





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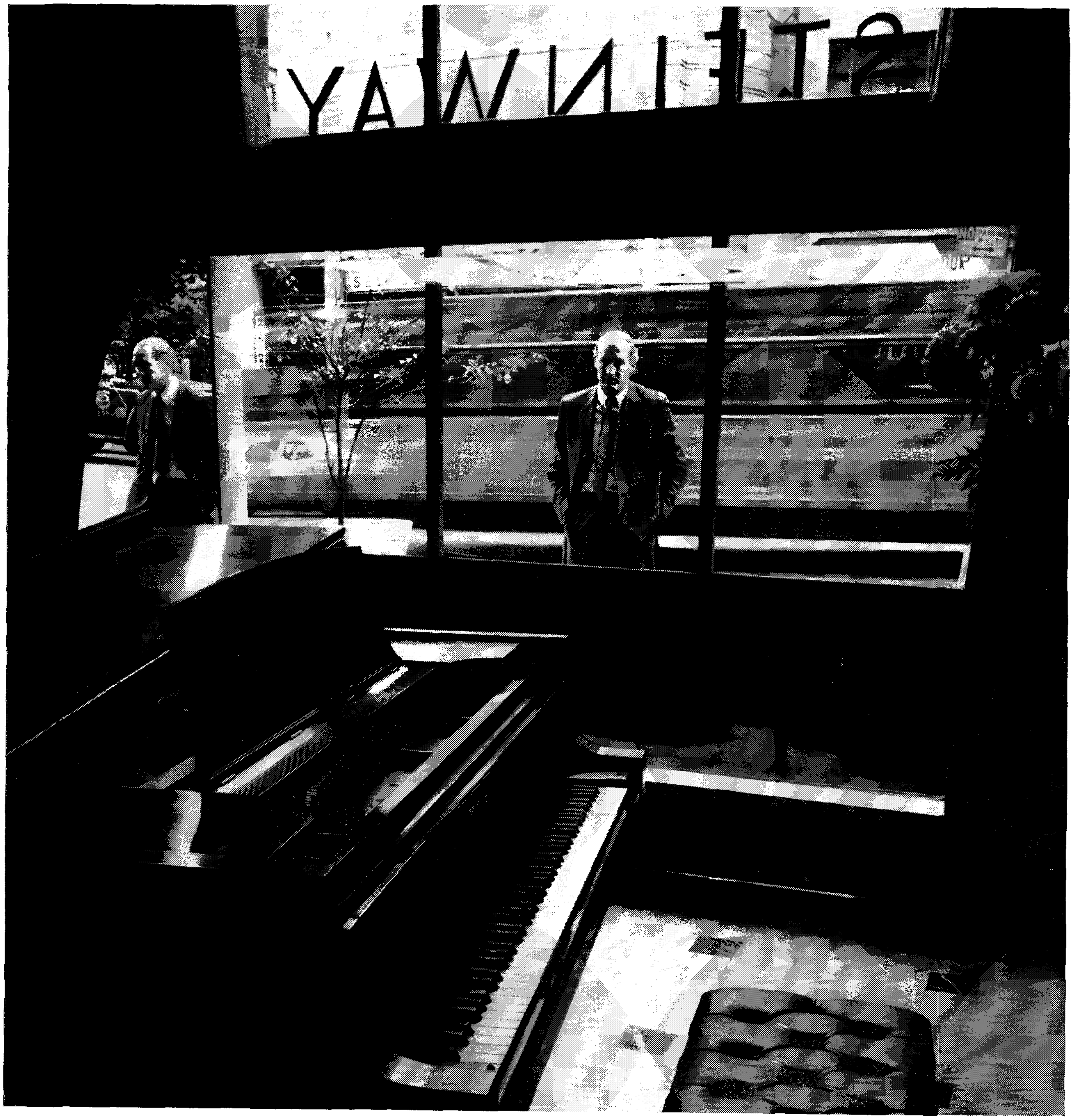

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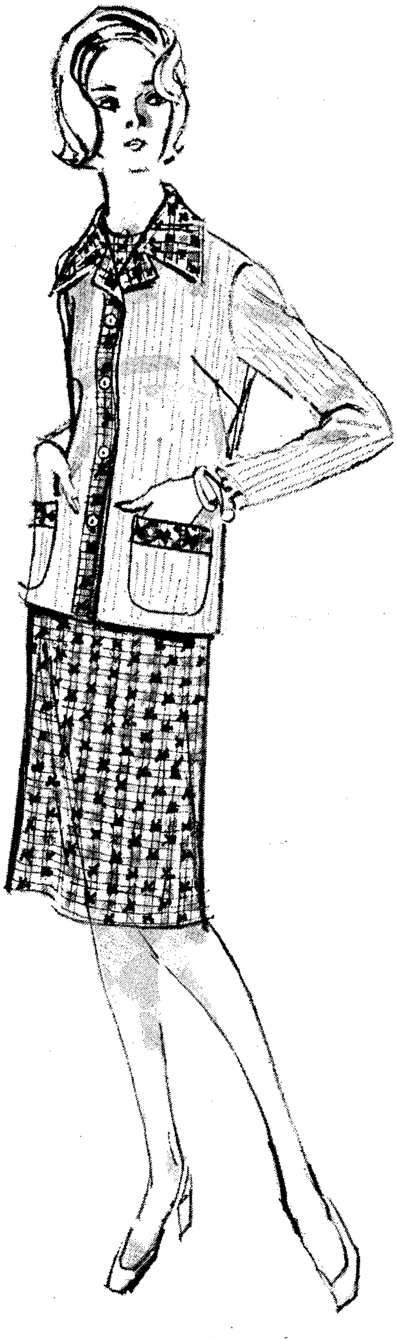

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was how to hedge—whether by deploying new or additional systems or by continuing research and development of new systems but not deploying them unless the improbable threat began to emerge. McNamara said in his 1966 posture statement:

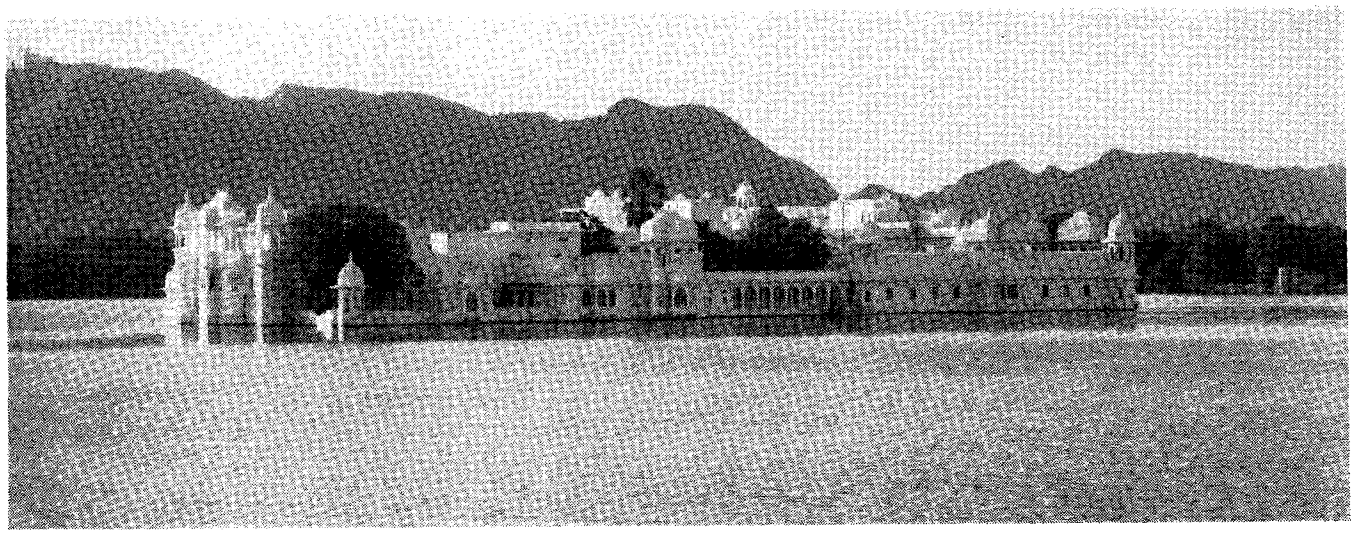
> To hedge against the possibility of . . . a greater-than-expected threat, we now propose to accelerate the development of the Poseidon missile (which was initiated last year) and move forward on the development of new penetration aids [the term covers a variety of devices to overcome ABM defenses]. The timing of a decision to produce and deploy the Poseidon and the new penetration aids would depend upon how this threat actually evolved.

The threat that Poseidon and Minuteman III supposedly were designed to counter failed to evolve. Yet we decided to deploy both. The greater-than-expected threat was supposed to represent both the offensive and the missile-defense potential of the adversary. In fact, it was Soviet ABM activity, real and imagined, that inspired the concept. Precisely which Soviet activity contributed most to our anxieties is not entirely clear. It is a point on which people's memories are not fully reliable, on which judgment tends to be subjective. Some officials were disturbed most by the nascent ABM system around Moscow (named Galosh by the Americans), others by the fear that the Tallinn bomber-defense system (named by the Americans for the city near which the components were first observed) was really designed, or also designed, to knock down attacking ICBMs. On November 7, 1964, the Russians paraded Galosh in Moscow, and at that time the Tallinn system was under construction. Three months later, McNamara, in his 1965 posture statement, revealed our intention of developing "a new, larger submarine-launched missile designated the Poseidon." Understandably, he said nothing about independently targeted warheads, noting euphemistically that the missile's "larger payload would permit it to carry a much greater weight of penetration aids, and thereby to penetrate heavily defended urban/industrial targets."

Such, indeed, was the role envisioned for MIRVs. An Air Force study in 1958, looking ahead to ballistic-missile defense, suggested a number of hedges and noted that the ultimate solution might be MRVs (multiple reëntry vehicles, as distinguished from multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicles). With time, our own ABM research encouraged the designers of long-range missiles to plunge into the MRV technology. Briefly, by the early nineteen-sixties we were pitting two technologies—ABM and MRV/MIRV—against each other. We flattered ourselves that the Russians, in building up their forces, would follow the strategic path we had traced, and to a degree they did—hardening their ICBM silos and developing a Polaris-type nuclear submarine. But by deploying Galosh—doing something we hadn't done and didn't plan to do—they startled us. Galosh, a technologically deplorable system, may be one of the most counter-productive weapons ever built. We overreacted to it. It also encouraged us to overreact to Tallinn. And our fears of both fuelled the argument in Washington that we should deploy both MIRV and an ABM of our own.

Whether Galosh or Tallinn supplied the larger push behind our MIRV doesn't matter much now. What does is the near inevitability of Poseidon and Minuteman III. Deploying MIRVs suited most points of view, aroused little opposition, solved a few problems cheaply, and, finally, blurred the conflict between our competing strategies—assured destruction and damage limitation. At first, MIRV was labelled a penetration aid—"penaid," in the jargon. Penaids were, and are, part of the multiple-reëntry package. They include coated balloons, which show up on radar screens like warheads. The reëntry vehicle may also release a cloud of light objects, called chaff, which at high altitudes also deceive defensive radars. Closer in, other decoys can baffle such relatively primitive radars as those of the early Galosh system. The shift toward assured destruction inspired ultra-conservative planning assumptions. Nothing could be left to chance. McNamara demanded "high confidence" in meeting the assured-destruction criteria. He decided against allowing decoys to figure in scenarios in which enemy ABMs might be a factor. His systems analysts were convinced that some of our penaids—that is, dummy warheads—would "use up" part of an opponent's ABM, while others, like chaff, might saturate its data-handling capability, thus collapsing the system's "brain." Such a tactic, however, would be less reliable than McNamara's preference for "exhausting" the system by shooting at it more real warheads than it had launchers.

McNamara's grip on the Pentagon was being jostled by the services and



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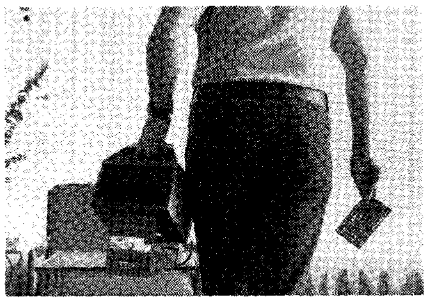

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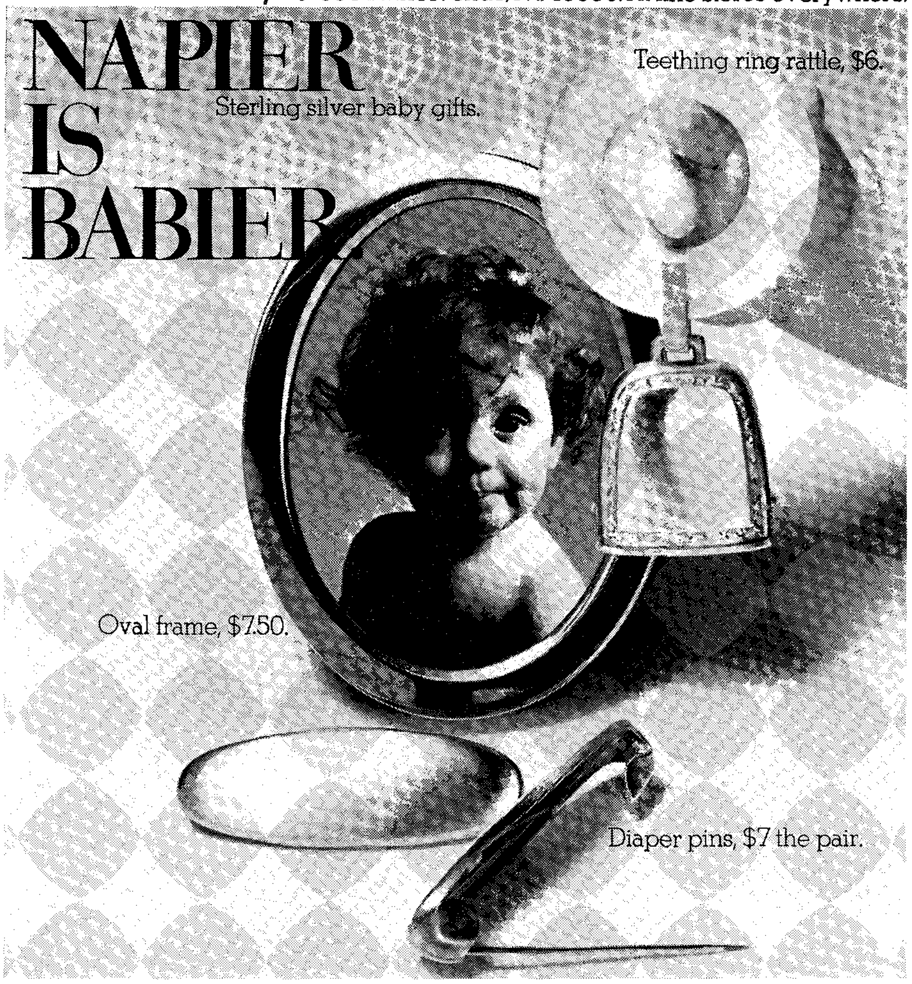

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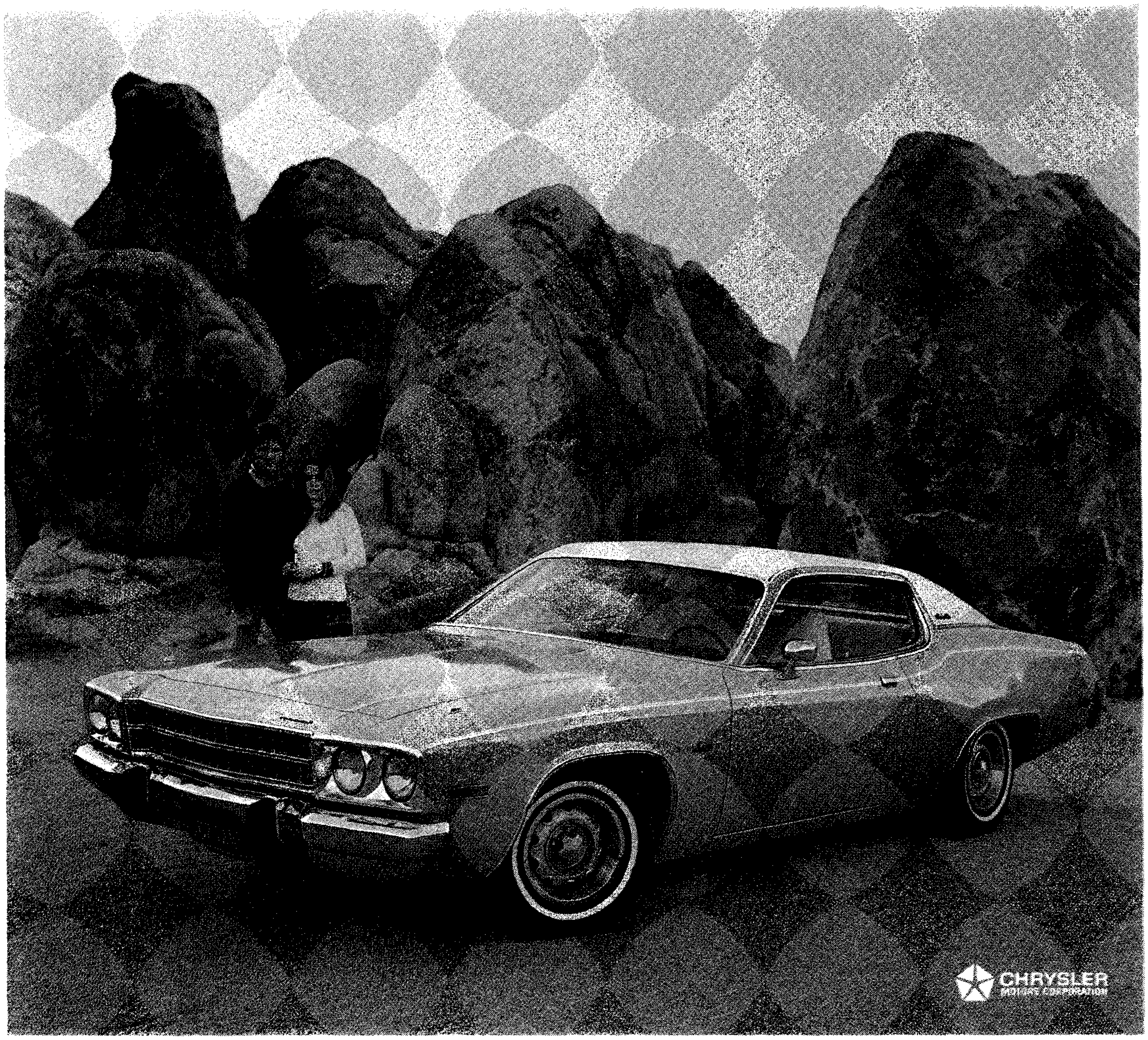
various baronial figures in Congress. The Army was trying to maneuver approval for a "thick" urban ABM system. The Navy wanted more of everything—more carriers, a fleet of missile-firing surface ships, and a new generation of nuclear submarines. The Air Force, then the most politically adroit of the services, was pushing for a larger ICBM than Minuteman, a new strategic bomber, and super-hardened missile silos. The military's shopping lists pointed to a damage-limiting strategy and the dizzying costs that would go with it. For McNamara and his colleagues in the Office of the Secretary of Defense, the virtues of restraint were fortified by our deepening commitment in Vietnam and the spiralling costs that would go with *it*.

MIRV was put to the service of restraint, and became a strong bureaucratic instrument for discouraging other new systems and higher numbers of systems. McNamara's analysts showed that multiple independently targetable warheads could perform both damage-limiting and assured-destruction tasks as well as or better than other weapons, and far more cheaply. Expanding Soviet industry, argued the Air Force and the Navy, dictated an expanding assured-destruction target list—hence more offense. Systems analysts replied that MIRVs would considerably extend our target coverage without increasing the number of our missiles. To the Chiefs' "worst case" scenario—the destruction of all our Minuteman force and a portion of the B-52 force—the analysts replied by proving that Poseidon alone could perform the entire assured-destruction job. To the argument that failure to buy a range of new weapons would deny us damage-limiting capability, the analysts replied by calculating that MIRVs with improved accuracies would score well against hardened targets. What, then, of the soft urban targets and the greater-than-expected threat? A Galosh missile, argued the Joint Chiefs, could knock out three incoming MRVs from a Polaris submarine, because they would be so closely spaced. MIRVs, because they would be more widely spaced, silenced that concern, too.

MIRV, it seemed, was the *rara avis* of the arsenal—competent, versatile, cost-effective, and no threat to stability. Some defense and arms-control specialists, who now see MIRV in a more ominous light, had no reservations at the time. Moscow, they felt, could easily measure how many warheads we had by monitoring our flight tests of MIRV. These would disclose the



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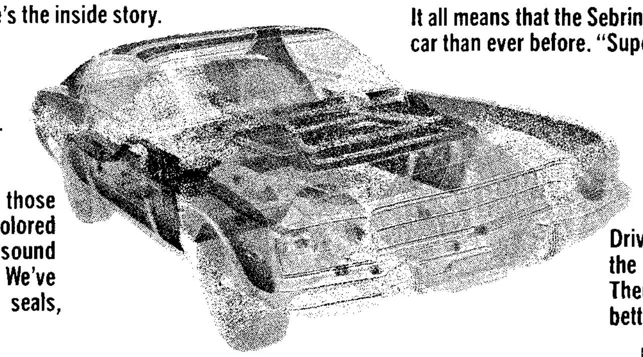

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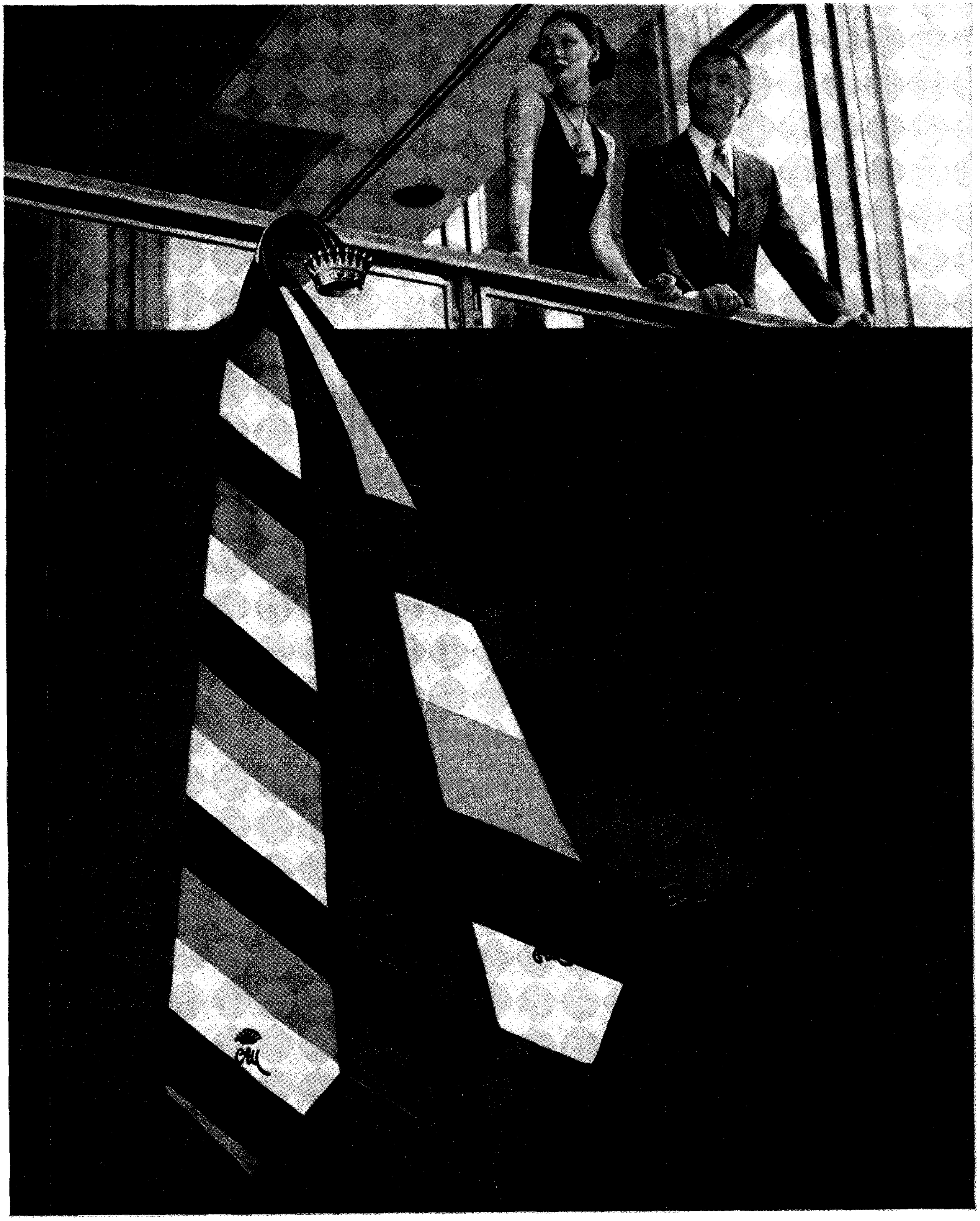

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number of reëntry vehicles, which, when multiplied by the number of missiles, would give the Russians a precise count of our total offense. It is the unknown, not the known, that fosters instability. McNamara also struck a blow for stability by deciding to outfit Poseidon with from ten to fourteen small MIRVs, and rejecting a version of the system that would have used just three much bigger ones and thus have packed a wallop so enormous as to inspire Soviet fears of a first-strike weapon. Minuteman III, the other MIRVed system, pleased Systems Analysis, because its warhead was sleek and easy to decoy; the warhead for Minuteman II was, for technical reasons, much more difficult to decoy effectively. Stated briefly, MIRV abruptly emerged as the most efficient way of delivering—in the jargon—payload. McNamara was always inclined to compare United States and Soviet forces in terms of numbers of warheads; he normally calculated a United States advantage ranging from three or four to one (bombers included). Even with the Russians trying to catch up, MIRV would permit him to continue claiming the advantage without yielding to pressure from the services and elsewhere to expand our strategic inventory. By now, it was axiomatic in the circles around McNamara that instead of deploying new weapons against the greater-than-expected threat, we should hedge against it with research and development. MIRV became an exception to the rule. The ABM, in a sense, became another.

THE ABM was always a weapon in search of a role. Neither the system approved for deployment by Johnson and McNamara nor the very similar system adopted by the Nixon team has been coherently linked to a rational mission. The Nixon people hit on the right role—defending Minuteman—but sustained a design that eludes it. Three years ago, Dr. Donald F. Hornig, Johnson's science adviser, wrote:

> Although Presidents may change, Secretaries of Defense may come and go, the philosophies enunciated by political leaders may change, the design of our ABM system hardly changes at all.

Almost certainly, our misdirected ABM program has been a useful bargaining instrument at SALT. Little more, if anything, can be claimed for it. In fairness, it is just as true that many of the arguments in favor of ABM deployment in the mid-nineteen-sixties had intellectual merit. The notion of ABM crept into favor as the

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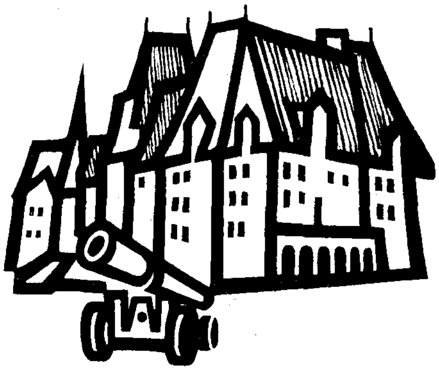

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prospect of civil defense disappeared. Detection of Galosh, the Chinese explosions, and the Russian buildup set the stage. Three separate roles for an American ABM swam to the surface: a "thick" population defense against Russian missiles; a "thin" defense against Chinese missiles which would also offer protection against an accidental launch from anywhere; defense of Minuteman sites. The first two options, known as "area defense," fitted a damage-limiting strategy but threatened stable deterrence (by possibly sapping Moscow's confidence in its own second-strike forces). The third, or "hard site," option (defending Minuteman with ABMs) was nicely suited to assured destruction, since it would protect a major part of our second-strike forces. The hard-site option made sense but got short shrift. Predictably, the thick defense against Russia drew the heaviest support—from the military, from Defense Department Research and Engineering, and from the services' allies among committee chairmen in Congress. McNamara and some of his associates—notably a few systems analysts—were opposed to the thick system, but they were impressed by the argument for a thin system as a defense against China and accidental launches. At this early stage, the hard-site option had few partisans.

It was eventually decided to deploy the thin anti-China system. The twisting, random course of this affair illustrates very clearly the interplay of clashing Washington interests, plus the pattern—all too familiar—of how unresponsive a major decision can be to the merits of what it involves. Whereas MIRV seemed, at least, to be in line with the logic of our new direction, the anti-China ABM decision showed floundering. At best, it seemed a small, possibly harmless gesture—one that it was hoped would shut off pressure for larger ABM deployment. In a bureaucratic sense, the ABM issue may have been the toughest that McNamara ever dealt with. "At one point," he says, "almost everyone in the building [the Pentagon] was for ABM, except Cy Vance and me." (Cyrus R. Vance was then Deputy Secretary of Defense.) The Joint Chiefs, he says, were putting a ten-billion-dollar price tag on the thick system. McNamara felt that forty billion dollars was a more realistic figure, and he was dead set against deploying any specifically anti-Russian ABM system, which he felt would only encourage Moscow, at far less cost, to make a compensatory increase in Soviet of-

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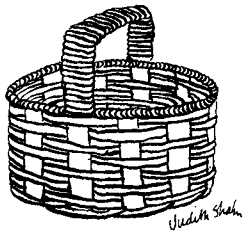
fense. Although the Chiefs presented a solid front, only the Army much cared about missile defense; no other path to a strategic-weapons role was available to the Army, and, not surprisingly, it wanted the heaviest possible deployment—in effect, national coverage, with the full panoply of huge radars, long- and short-range interceptor missiles, and the exquisitely refined computer and data-processing hardware upon which the structure would rely.

In 1955, the Army had asked the Bell Telephone Laboratories to make an ABM feasibility study: Could you shoot a bullet with another bullet? Ever since, the Army has largely controlled the design of ABM, with the result that until fairly recently the emphasis, as well as most of the money, has been on defending cities instead of Minuteman sites. A few systems analysts fretted, aware that the cost of defending cities is exceeded only by its difficulty. Defending Minuteman fields is a simpler matter. The required level of performance is far lower, for whereas a single warhead, if it penetrates, can destroy a city, or most of it, the loss of a certain number of Minutemen would not necessarily be critical. Thus, there would be more reaction time available before firing ABMs; the radars would have more time to discriminate between warheads and decoys. And the hardware for defending Minuteman sites could be far less exotic than the systems needed for urban defense; they could be smaller and less vulnerable to attacking missiles, and the computer and data-processing equipment simpler, more reliable, and easier to develop. No such sensible considerations were to deflect the course of the ABM-deployment decision. The Air Force interest in the issue was limited to discouraging hard-site defense of its Minuteman force. To defend Minuteman, after all, might narrow the chances of gaining approval for new systems, especially larger offensive missiles. So the Air Force, for purely internal reasons, supported the concept of city defense. The Navy, too, treated the issue as a function of its own interest—in this case, gaining approval for a sea-based ABM. Such a system, the Navy argued, would have the political advantage of permitting us to defend our NATO allies and Japan from enemy missiles. Morton H. Halperin, formerly with the Pentagon's International Security Affairs office and now a senior fellow with the Brookings Institution, has written:

> The Navy . . . wished to proceed with the ABM in a way which kept open the possibility that later additions to this system would include a Navy-controlled sea-based system. In return for Army support of continuing development of the Navy sea-based-ballistic-missile system, the Navy was prepared to support an Army land-based system. Moreover, the Navy was concerned, as was the Air Force, with maintaining the system of unanimous support by the Joint Chiefs of Staff for service procurement programs.

Not that it would matter, but the State Department and the Arms Control agency strongly opposed ABM deployment. Both agencies feared the instabilities that might follow. The State Department also worried that once we had deployed ABM, our NATO allies would ask for similar protection; and defending European cities against the seven hundred-odd Soviet missiles targeted against them, if it was feasible at all, would pose a technical problem of staggering complexity. In any case, the State Department was excluded from the decision-making process. Not even Dean Rusk was consulted, or so much as informed, at the various stages. Under Johnson, the forum for focussing high-level attention on major security issues was the famous "Tuesday lunch" at the White House. Besides the President, the regular participants were Rusk, McNamara, Richard Helms (director of the C.I.A.), and Walt W. Rostow (Johnson's special assistant for national security affairs), along with a note taker. The agenda was arranged a day or so before, and each man arrived briefed and equipped with a working paper prepared by his staff. Discussion was lively, and the notes were later summarized and distributed for policy guidance to a limited group of officials spread around the government. The ABM issue never reached the Tuesday-lunch agenda. The question of deployment, together with the political pressures animating it, would remain a private matter between Johnson and McNamara. Though Rusk was not consulted, he did have views. He recalls having "always disliked" ABMs in principle. "I always felt that it was a system unlikely to work and potentially destabilizing," he says.

Across the Potomac, McNamara and Systems Analysis were, in 1965, developing toward ABM an attitude best described as ambivalent. They were the



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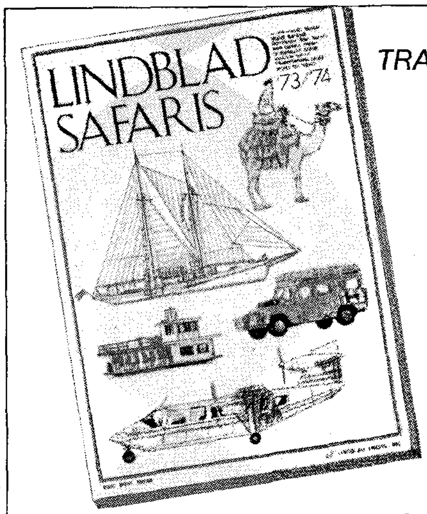
closest to the issue, knew the most about it, and faced directly the pressure from the Joint Chiefs, plus the beginning of a strong congressional bias in favor of ABM. Rather tentatively, McNamara and Systems Analysis began to review steps to block the thick anti-Russian ABM, head off the congressional problem before it became serious, and take some action in regard to ABM that would do no violence to stability, strategy, or cost-effectiveness. His closest civilian advisers of the time say now that McNamara was from the start unimpressed by the argument for the modest hard-site option of defending Minuteman. He felt, they say, that any such defense could be easily overcome by Soviet offense. His aversion to defending either cities or ICBM sites against Russian missiles squarely posed the option of deploying a thin area system of ABMs designed to protect cities against Chinese missiles and accidental launches. The idea made a certain amount of sense—at least, at first—to some Pentagon systems analysts and to several outside consultants. It also made some sense to McNamara. Which of the arguments particularly impressed him is not clear. Most people, even in Washington, think that McNamara saw an anti-China ABM simply as a hedge against the thick coverage he feared. Still, he must have recognized, as others did, that to build an unambiguous anti-China system was just not possible. One has only to look at the globe to see that attacking missiles from Russia and from China would travel an almost identical trajectory. Could Moscow, then, be expected to regard our anti-China ABM deployment as other than a start toward a large, anti-Russian system? The hardware, whether it was called anti-China or anti-Russia, would be the same. McNamara's former colleagues cite two other considerations influencing him. First, they say, he, like everyone else, read Lin Piao, and may have taken seriously the prospect of eventual Chinese lunacy. Second, they suggest, there was the continuing pressure on him to keep some faith with our other strategy—damage limitation. "The Chiefs kept coming at him with damage-limiting proposals involving new offensive weapons," one analyst recalls. "It's hard to say no all the time. He would knock down most of these proposals with the argument that they were asking him to spend ten dollars for something the Russians could offset by spending one dollar. Yet he didn't reject the damage-limiting options per se but only insisted that they meet his test



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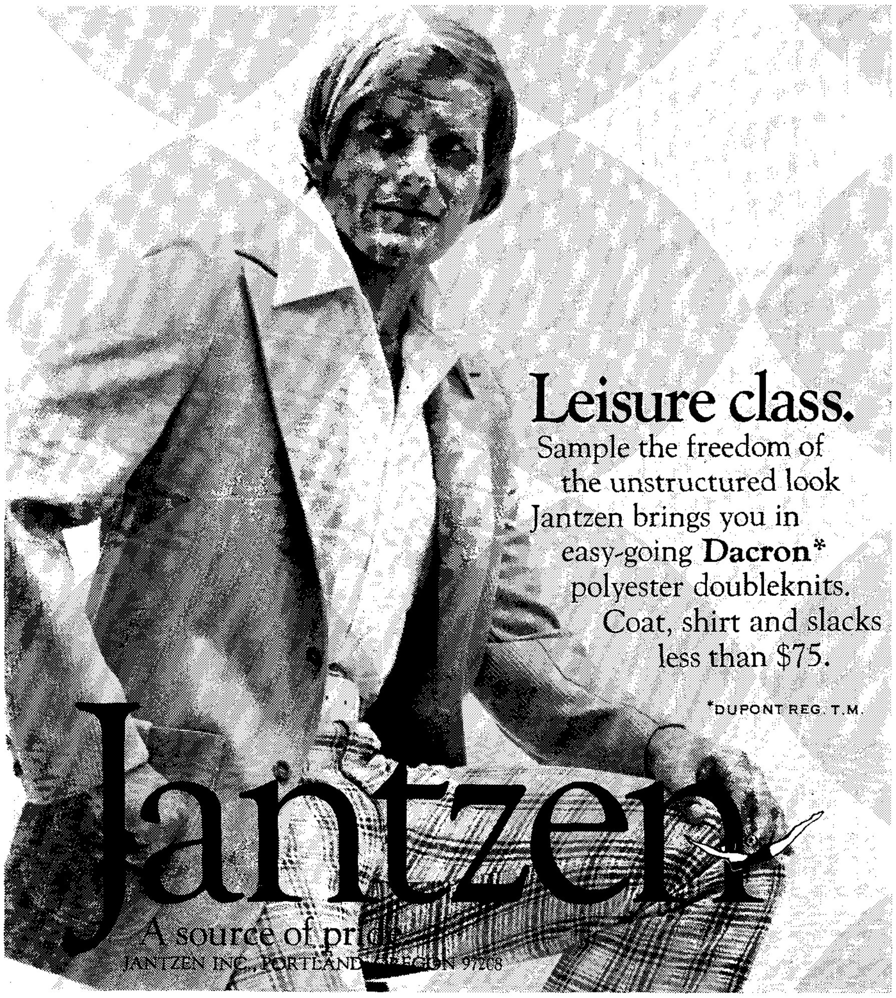

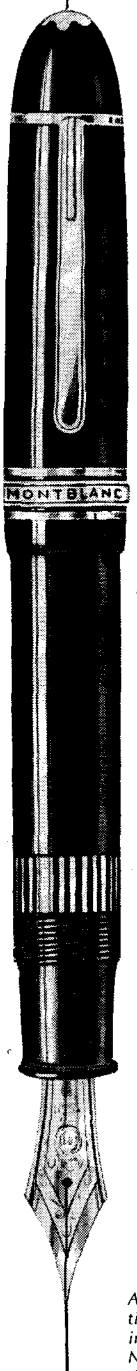

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of cost-effectiveness." This position left McNamara vulnerable on the issue of an anti-China, anti-accident ABM deployment. The thin system, it appeared, would at modest cost buy a good deal of insurance against an irrational Chinese act, even though the threat might be at least a decade away.

McNamara seemed to veer back and forth on the issue. In the summer of 1966, just as Systems Analysis itself was becoming leery of the anti-China ABM, McNamara sent a memorandum to the President identifying three roles for ABM: anti-China; anti-accident; defense of Minuteman. The memorandum expressed a bias in favor of deploying a thin anti-China and anti-accident ABM. It is worth noting that in May, shortly before this memorandum was sent to the President, China exploded its first thermonuclear device.

Just at this moment—the late spring and the summer of 1966—the congressional pressure abruptly became critical. First the House, then the Senate approved funds (just under a hundred and sixty-eight million dollars) for the procurement of ABM hardware. McNamara had not, of course, requested the money, and he telephoned one committee chairman angrily protesting the action and making clear in the bluntest possible language that he had no intention of spending one dime of the appropriated funds. Around him raged the arguments—old and new—for deployment. ABM, even if it couldn't prevent Soviet penetration, would at least "deny the enemy a free ride"—force Moscow to invest heavily in penetration aids. Failure to deploy would deny us operating knowledge of a vital weapons technology, leaving the field to the Russians. The Army, Defense Department Research and Engineering, and other parts of the Pentagon feared that only by deploying could they sustain ABM research and development. The laboratory groups must be kept intact and busy.

Vietnam aside, ABM deployment had become the consuming problem within the Pentagon. As the tempo of maneuvering and debate rose, McNamara's doubts deepened. His apparent ambivalence, even on anti-China deployment, had shifted to the tough negative line for which he is best remembered. Still, however hard his position, he could not control the ABM issue. He might have contained antagonistic forces within the Pentagon, but the deployment decision lay ultimately with Lyndon Johnson. The President shared McNamara's bias for restraint and for capping the arms race but not his aver-

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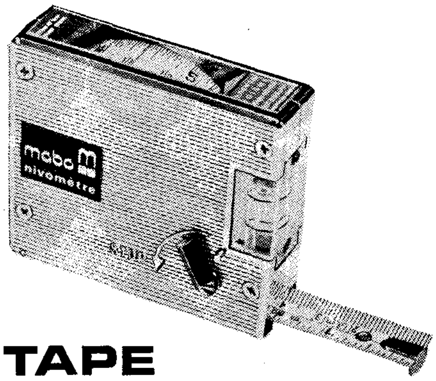

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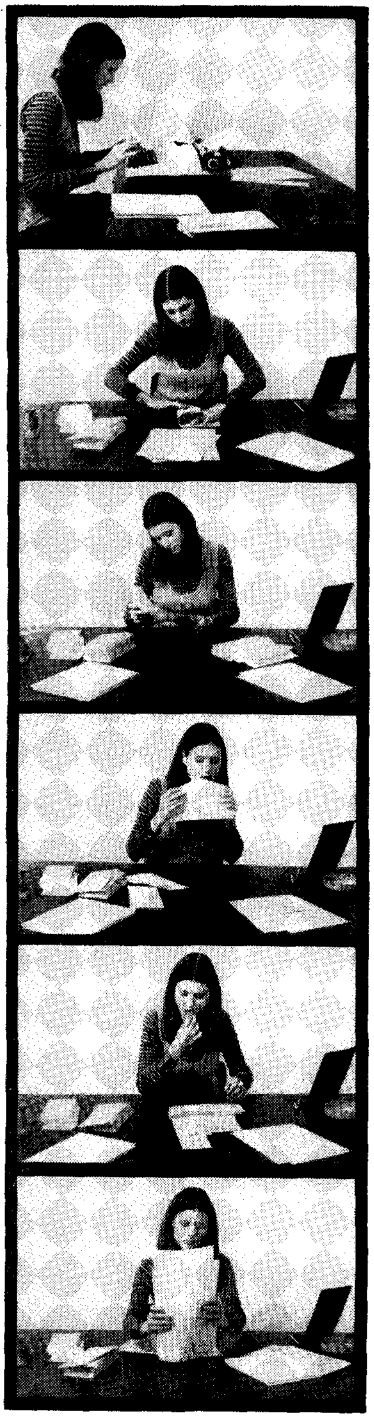

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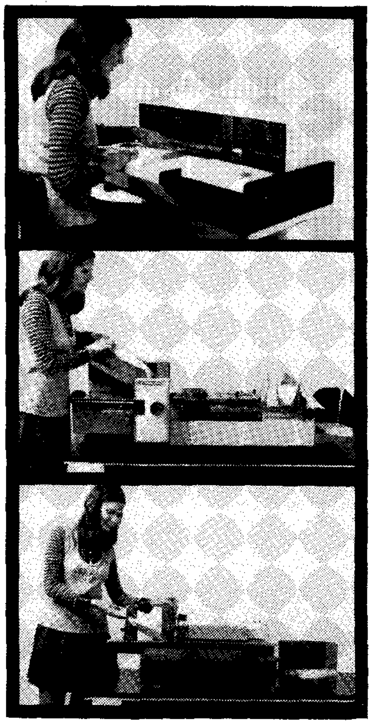

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sion to the ABM. Johnson, after all, had to deal at the political level with such congressional powers as the late Richard Russell (the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee), Senator John Stennis (chairman of its Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee), and Representative George H. Mahon (chairman of the House Appropriations Committee). What's more, he respected their judgment, and Russell took the line on ABM that if only two human beings were to survive a nuclear war he wanted them to be Americans.

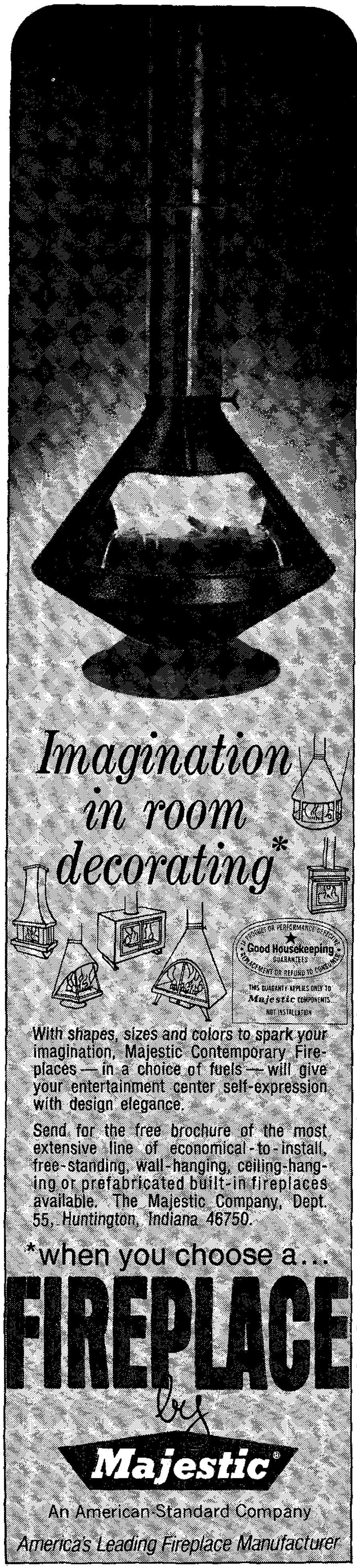
Morton Halperin, who was there, has written:

> Johnson does not appear to have seen any major national security stakes in the decision whether or not to deploy the ABM. Because it was an issue that generated intense passion in others, he was concerned, but he did not ascribe to it any intrinsic importance in terms of . . . American security. . . . He was apparently wary of possible Chinese irrationality, having recently received a number of reports that the Russians believed the Chinese to be dangerous. Therefore an ABM against China, while not imperative, made sense to him.

Dean Rusk, although he was never in the picture, feels that "the China issue was dragged in by the heels and became a makeweight for the decision." Nobody—not Rusk, not McNamara, not anyone else—knows how Johnson weighed the various pressures to deploy something against the argument not to deploy. Clearly, he was impressed by his old congressional colleagues' dramatic gesture of appropriating funds for ABM which his Administration had not sought. Everyone knew that Johnson had frequent telephone conversations with Russell, Mahon, and others. Inevitably, Johnson was also looking ahead to the 1968 elections. Having helped mightily to foster the notion of a missile gap in the late nineteen-fifties—an issue that was used to advantage against Nixon in the 1960 election—he obviously wished to avoid facing a Republican charge of an ABM gap. Like McNamara, he had decided that the moment for *serious* talks with Moscow about arms limitations had come, but, unlike McNamara, he was not convinced that an American ABM would discourage prospects for such talks. A decision of some kind could be put off no longer. Autumn in Washington is the time for thrashing out the budget for the next fiscal year. The autumn of 1966 seemed to be the moment for deciding whether to request funds for ABM deployment. McNamara would do all he could to avoid or delay deployment while starting a process that could lead to talks with the Russians. First, he held long private talks with key Pentagon civilians, trying to bring them around to his viewpoint, and for a time, at least, even John Foster, the director of Defense Department Research and Engineering, acquiesced in the no-deployment position.

McNamara was scheduled to meet three times with the President in Texas, chiefly to discuss the budget and Vietnam. The meetings were set for November 5th, November 10th, and December 6th. McNamara's first two meetings with Johnson at the ranch in Texas were inconclusive. At a press conference after the second session, on November 10th, McNamara was asked a number of questions about ABM deployment. He used the occasion to reveal the Soviet deployment of the Galosh ABM system around Moscow. He also called attention to the China threat, and said, "We concluded that it's much too early to make a decision for deployment against the Chinese threat and we haven't arrived at a decision on any other deployment. We'll continue our discussions on this subject in the weeks to come." For initiates, the Texas press conference disclosed a McNamara ploy to head off ABM: he asserted the Administration's intention of procuring a new missile—Poseidon—though without describing its novel MIRV quality. Clearly, he was trying to go public with the argument he was making in private to the President—that instead of matching the Soviet ABM folly the United States should hedge against it with improved offense.

The die was cast in the form of a tenuous and perishable compromise worked out by McNamara and Vance in the December 6th meeting with Johnson in Austin. All the Joint Chiefs of Staff were also present, and they unanimously urged on the President an anti-Russian ABM defense of our cities—a system larger than the anti-China alternative and one with a sturdy potentiality for growth. The ground on which McNamara's hard position rested was melting away. He had cut from the next year's budget the funds requested by the Chiefs for an initial ABM procurement; at this meeting it was decided to restore the money—about three hundred and seventy-five million dollars. McNamara then offered the President his compromise—a



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Man: No? What's a Japanese waitress going to serve? Corned beef and cabbage? Vermont roast turkey?
Girl: What I mean is just because they're Japanese doesn't mean you're going to get sukiyaki. Or raw fish.
Man: Says who?
Girl: Myrna. Myrna ate in this place.
Man: I could kill Myrna. Why—why did I let you drag me down here!
Girl: Why don't you believe me? This place won't give you the usual Japanese food.
Man: Yes they will. (Morosely) I'm going to eat creepy, quivering masses of who knows what.
Girl: No, you're not.
Man: Mysterious blobs wrapped in rice.
Girl: You're wrong.
Man: Strange shapes that leaped out of the ocean only this morning.
Girl: Will you stop it!
Man: Little pickles that can burn a house down...

At this point the chef arrives. He begins doing his stuff right there at the hibachi table. The couple spends the next hour or so engrossed in an absolutely glorious hibachi feast. They eat the most scrumptious hibachi shrimp, steak, and chicken. (Raw fish? It's not even on the menu.) Then it's all over. They settle back in their chairs.

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Girl: Me too.
Man: I guess I've been wrong about a lot of things.
Girl: Yes you have.
Man: I'm really a narrow, prejudiced person.
Girl: Yes you are.
Man: Maybe I've even been narrow and prejudiced about raw fish.
Girl: No, you haven't Harry, you really haven't.

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suggestion that the Administration hold off spending the money, or making a firm decision on what sort of ABM system to deploy, until the State Department had explored with Moscow the idea of talks on limiting strategic arms, especially ABMs. Johnson bought the compromise, but the Chiefs and other ABM adherents now felt reasonably secure that the path to deployment had been cleared.

Upon returning to the Pentagon, McNamara instantly called the State Department. Rusk was out of town, so McNamara met with Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Under-Secretary of State, and Llewellyn E. Thompson, who was returning to Moscow in January for a second tour as Ambassador. McNamara told Thompson he was authorized to make contact with the Russians and, if possible, to get negotiations started. The three then called Johnson in Texas—just to be "doubly sure," as one of them put it, that "L.B.J. was fully on board." He was.

FOR the late Ambassador Thompson and other closely involved figures, the days and weeks that followed marked the precise beginning of SALT. It was an intensely focussed, remarkably eventful period. Not being due to arrive in Moscow until January 11, 1967, Thompson, just after his meeting with McNamara and Katzenbach in December, got in touch with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin to explore informally the possibility of talks. Thompson put the stress on ABMs, while Dobrynin noted the need to discuss offensive weapons as well. On arriving in Moscow, Thompson proposed to the Soviet leadership that talks be carried on secretly in the two capitals. His initiative was followed up by Johnson in a letter to Premier Alexei Kosygin, dated January 27th, putting forward a similar proposal. While Thompson was making contact with the Russians, Raymond L. Garthoff—a State Department specialist in Soviet military affairs, who has been involved in every important arms-control negotiation since the limited-test-ban treaty of 1963—began working with a few men from the State and Defense Departments on a United States position for the talks. Among other things, the work of Garthoff's group showed sensitivity to the Soviet requirement that talks, if they should develop, would have to cover offensive as well as defensive weapons.

On January 24th, in the President's budget message to Congress, Johnson said he would continue intensive de-

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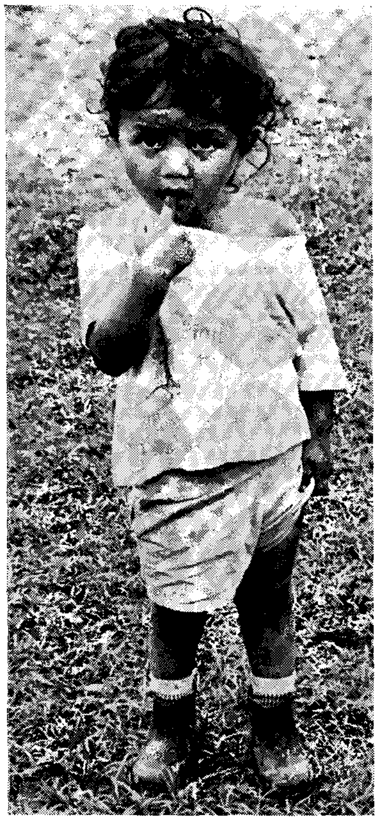
velopment of the United States' ABM system, which was then called Nike-X, but would "take no action now" on deployment. The following day, McNamara and General Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, testified before members of two Senate committees in joint session. McNamara presented his posture statement, and even now he remembers precisely what he said about ABM deployment; indeed, he can recall almost exactly the page numbers of the record of the hearings. "The language was very carefully chosen," he says today, in a rather understated way. "I wanted to leave open the loophole that even a failure to start negotiations would not necessarily mean that a decision to deploy would be taken." The language was actually composed by McNamara himself and Vance. The relevant passage reads:

> We propose: (1) To pursue with undiminished vigor the development, test, and evaluation of the Nike-X system . . . but to take no action now to deploy the system. (2) To initiate negotiations with the Soviet Union designed, through formal or informal agreement, to limit the deployment of antiballistic-missile systems. (3) To reconsider the deployment decision in the event these discussions prove unsuccessful; approximately three hundred and seventy-five million has been included in the fiscal year 1968 budget to provide for such actions as may be required at that time.

McNamara's posture statement showed him continuing to play the virtue of better offense in a major key. "We must, for the time being, plan our forces on the assumption that they [the Russians] will have deployed some sort of an ABM system around their major cities by the early nineteen-seventies," he said. Deploying Poseidon and Minuteman III, plus developing improved penetration aids—that is, MIRVs—would, he testified, be the best way "to overwhelm" Soviet ABM complexes. The senators found his aversion to city defense against Russian missiles to be complete and unshakable. The split between McNamara and the Joint Chiefs on this point also emerged, and entered the public record. When the presiding chairman, Senator Richard Russell, asked specifically for the views of the Joint Chiefs, General Wheeler replied:

> We believe, sir, that we should go ahead now and start to deploy a light defense as a first step. . . . You will recall that last year the Joint Chiefs of Staff recommended deployment of . . . an area defense of much of the country, with defense also of [deleted] of the highest density populated areas. We made this recommendation for two reasons. First, we had continued to watch the growing Soviet ability to destroy our popula-



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tion and our industry, and, second, the research and development program on Nike-X had reached a point where we felt that the Nike-X was ready for deployment.

McNamara continued his maneuvering against the anti-Russian system. In late January, he again sent the President a memorandum restating his bias but noting the possible utility of ABM defense against China. That was the line he took in his posture statement, too, suggesting that "this austere defense could probably preclude damage in the nineteen-seventies [from China] almost entirely." He reckoned the cost of such a system at about three and a *half billion* dollars—much less than the estimated cost of anti-Soviet deployment. To counter the Chiefs and their congressional allies, he tried to confront Johnson with viewpoints of others which were compatible with his own. During that tumultuous January, McNamara arranged a confrontation in the Cabinet Room of the White House between the President and all the past and current Special Assistants to the President for Science and Technology (James R. Killian, Jr., George B. Kistiakowsky, Jerome B. Wiesner, and Donald Hornig), plus the past and current directors of Defense Department Research and Engineering (Herbert F. York, Harold Brown, and John Foster). The Joint Chiefs were also there, but McNamara controlled the meeting. He put short, uncomplicated questions to the scientists: Should we protect the American people against a Soviet missile attack with the kind of ABM hardware then being developed? Replies were unanimously negative. On the question of whether an anti-China system should be deployed, opinions differed, but again the majority said no.

The pace of activity in February, both between Washington and Moscow and within the executive branch, was really not less than in January. The Russians announced that they were in fact deploying an ABM system around Moscow, and boasted of the ease with which incoming American missiles could be knocked down. On February 9th, at a news conference in London, Kosygin was asked whether he considered an ABM moratorium possible. He replied, "Maybe a defensive system is more expensive than an offensive system, but it is not a cause of the arms race but designed instead to prevent the death of people." The best course, he said, was to "seek renunciation of nuclear armament and the destruction of nuclear weapons." Five

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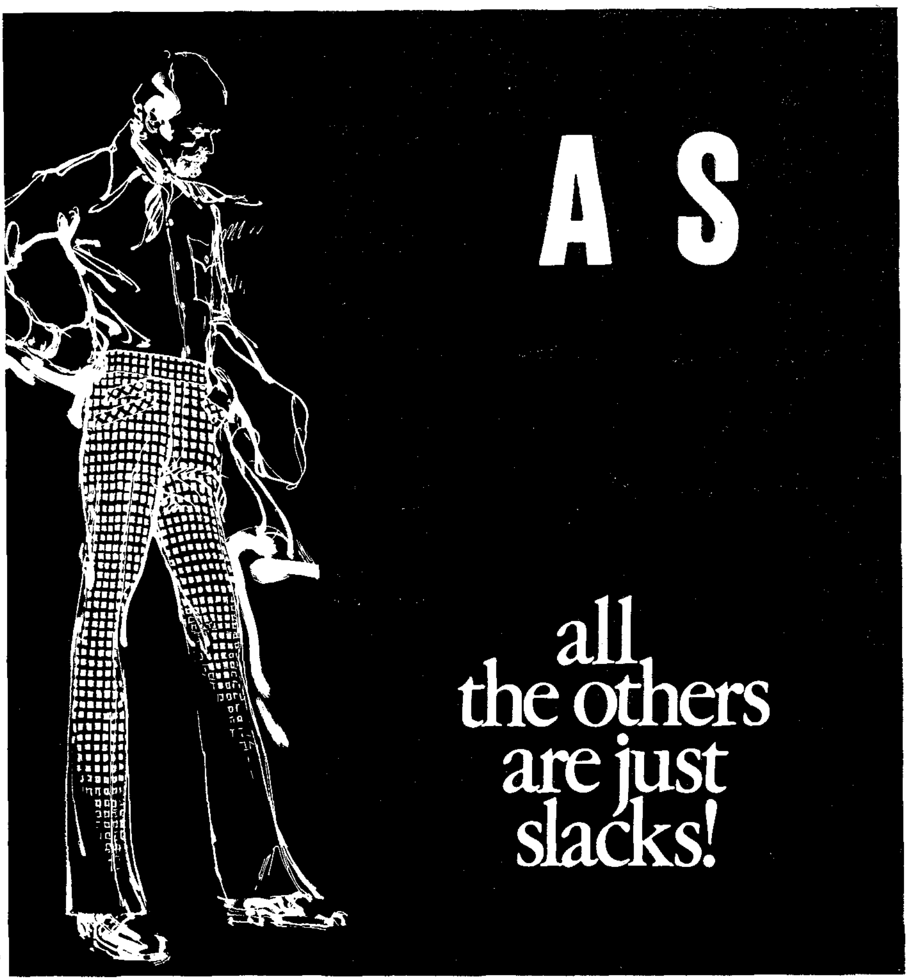
days later, *Pravda* issued a kind of clarification, saying, "The Soviet government [is] ready to discuss the problem of averting a new arms race, in both offensive and defensive weapons." (Nonetheless, inhibiting offense, not defense, was a hard Russian position for the next two and a half years.) Rusk had meanwhile answered Kosygin in a television interview on February 10th, stating that ABM deployment by both great powers, followed by increases in offensive missiles to saturate the ABMs, could lead to "new plateaus of expenditures . . . with no great change in the underlying strategic situation." So far, Washington's position on linking offense to defense had been studiously vague. But on February 18th Thompson saw Kosygin and communicated a United States willingness to discuss limits on offensive systems. Kosygin's response was "vaguely positive," according to one of the very few Americans who read Thompson's transmission of it. Neither the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency nor the Joint Chiefs had as yet been "cut in on the action," according to one man who was deeply involved. McNamara and Rusk were personally clearing the messages to Thompson.

The White House meeting with the scientists had impressed the President; it bought some time, but not a great deal. Everything depended on arranging talks with the Russians. The message from Moscow fostered some optimism. Preparations continued, and by March most of the American delegation had been tentatively selected. Thompson was to be chairman—a role for which he would have been admirably suited in 1969, when the arms-limitation talks began, if his declining health had permitted. By now, of course, the Arms Control agency and the Joint Chiefs of Staff were involved, though not closely. Through Thompson, it was proposed that the talks be held in Moscow, since this seemed the best way for the McNamara-Rusk group to maintain tight control; to put it differently, various senior officials sought to minimize the role of the Arms Control agency. General Wheeler and others upon whose good will and coöperation a great deal might depend held the agency in low esteem. Thompson, however, had the confidence of every key Washington personality and of the Russians as well.

On March 2nd, Johnson announced that Kosygin had answered his letter of January 27th and agreed to bilateral talks on "means of limiting the arms race in offensive and defensive nuclear



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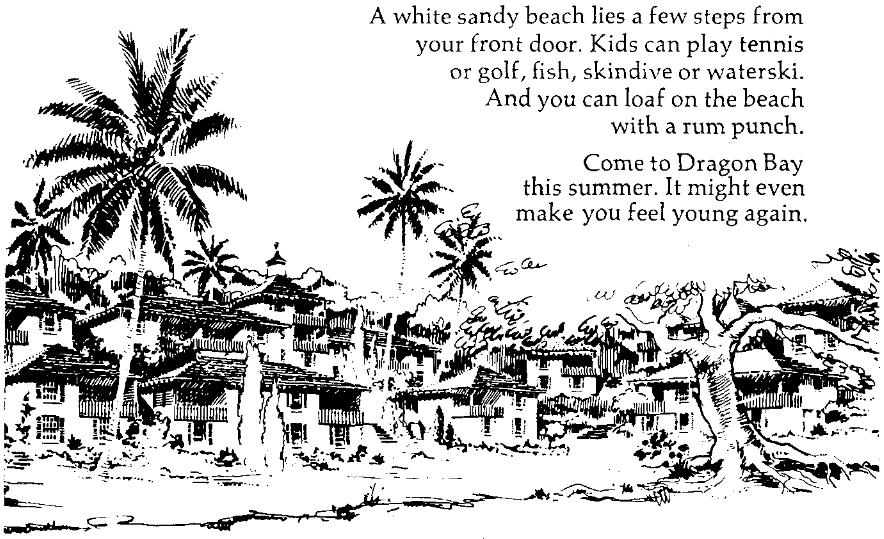

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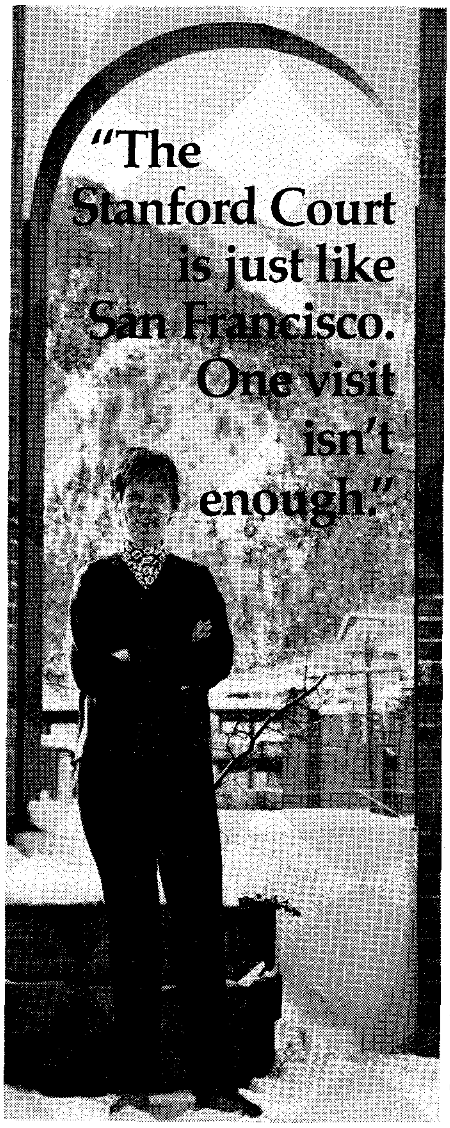

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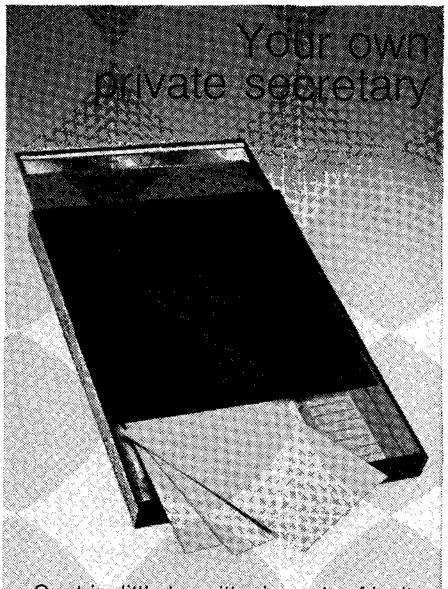
missiles." Washington immediately put forward a more formal offer to the Russians, suggesting that, besides ABMs, the talks might set limits on offensive systems—specifically, land-based missiles and submarine-launched missiles. The day before Thompson delivered this proposal to the Soviet government, the other NATO governments were informed of Washington's intentions. It was during this consultation in Brussels that our allies first heard of the MIRV program; it fell to Herbert Scoville, who was then running the Arms Control agency's Science and Technology Bureau, and to the ubiquitous Garthoff to describe this exotic multiplier of our strength.

The momentum apparently gathering behind the talks was deceptive; it was generated in Washington, not in Moscow. Kosygin's responses committed the Soviet Union to nothing specific. Washington's optimism was self-induced. McNamara and his allies needed talks. Less involved skeptics in the Pentagon and the State Department saw that the pressure to deploy ABM would be hard to sidetrack, and also saw that even if the Russians *were* ready for self-limiting steps, they would find it hard at that moment to bargain with a government that not only was at war with their ally North Vietnam but, worse, was systematically trying to bomb the country into submission. Washington exaggerated the appeal that Moscow would find in this country's formal willingness to limit its forces. McNamara, after all, was scattering the public record with declarations of unilateral restraint; Congress was repeatedly told that our ICBM and nuclear-submarine forces would not be increased, and that we would not procure a new strategic bomber. Perhaps unfortunately, the Russians knew almost nothing then of MIRV. Briefly, with the United States holding a rough strategic advantage of three to one, the Russians had little incentive to join with us in self-limiting steps. Let Washington exercise restraint, they must have concluded, while the Soviet Union narrows the gap. That is just about what happened. Until the gap was closed, a Soviet ABM program doubtless seemed a useful hedge against our superior forces and, more important, the potential threat from China. Almost certainly, the Soviet military—especially the Strategic Rocket Forces and the Air Defense Command—strenuously opposed talks with the Americans about limiting offensive and defensive missiles.

With talks far from assured, the deployment issue remained front and



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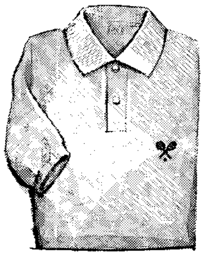
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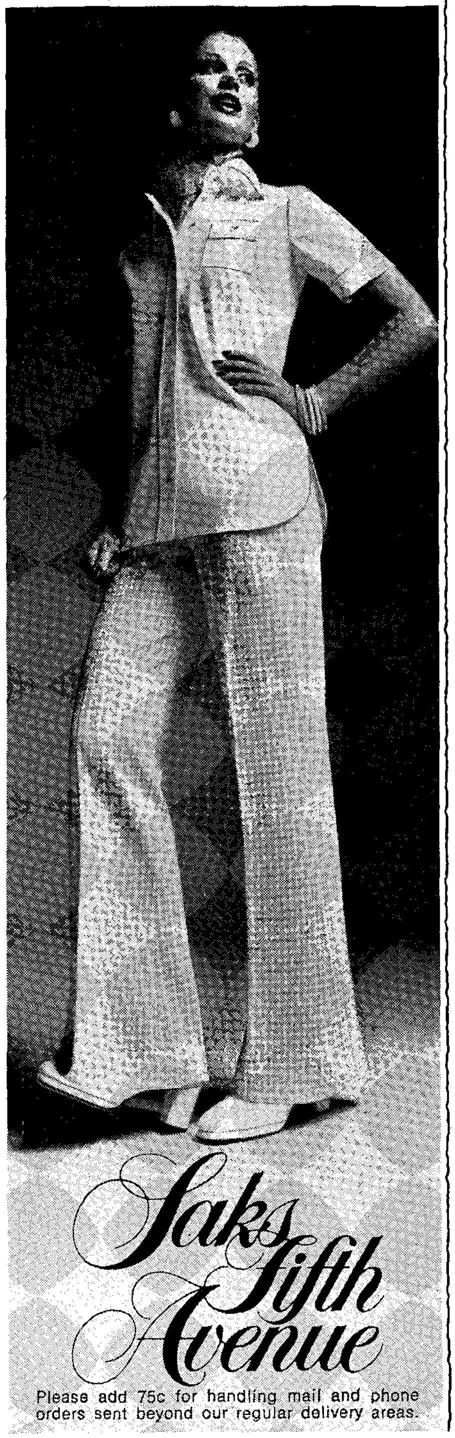

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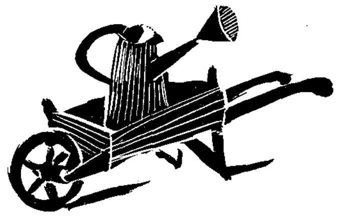
center. The argument swirled around McNamara, reaching into various parts of the Pentagon's civilian bureaucracy—Systems Analysis, International Security Affairs, and Research and Engineering. Points of view varied sharply. McNamara had converted some people, partly converted others, failed to influence still others. A few prominent civilian figures supported thick anti-Russian deployment; more of them favored the thin anti-China system. Finally, support was growing, especially in International Security Affairs, for the hard-site option of defending Minuteman fields. Unlike the other options, hard-site didn't have a major bureaucratic constituency. Hard-site's brief moment arrived in the spring of 1967, when one version of a classified study then in preparation argued for Minuteman defense as the best option. A few people in the Arms Control agency and the State Department, upon hearing of this document, tried to mobilize support for it, but there was no time. A few days later, a new version of the same study shot down the hard-site option and restored the bias in favor of anti-China deployment.

In April, Ambassador Dobrynin sent a message to McNamara through an intermediary suggesting that they meet for a talk. McNamara responded to this singular initiative by offering to meet in his office or at his home. Dobrynin came alone to McNamara's home, and they talked for three hours. Dobrynin then flew to Moscow for consultation. McNamara and the few other Americans who knew of this meeting could be excused for hoping that the Soviet leadership—especially Kosygin, who seemed to be handling the matter—were becoming serious about talks and more rigorous about the issues. The meeting, as it turned out, meant nothing of the sort. There was no follow-up. The Thompson talks in Moscow continued on a desultory, inconclusive course. Indeed, when Thompson returned in June for the Kosygin visit and the famous Glassboro, New Jersey, summit meeting, he conceded in a news conference that Moscow had not yet set a time and place for arms-limitation talks.



Glassboro was anticlimactic. Kosygin's unyielding attitude dimmed the hope—already guarded—that talks on limiting arms could be arranged in the near term, if at all. One week before Glassboro (which took place on June 23rd and 25th), China tested a hydrogen bomb—an event considerably more disturbing to the Russians than to the Americans. Dean Rusk recalls that the United States tackled Kosygin "in a go-for-broke fashion" at Glassboro. "There was lots of staff work," Rusk says. "L.B.J. approved it all before the talks. He was saying, in effect, to Kosygin, 'Just set a day and I'll have McNamara there in Moscow.' Kosygin's problem was that he didn't have a negotiating position. He clearly had no authority to discuss limiting arms, least of all ABMs. He replied, in effect, 'How can you expect me to tell the Russian people they can't defend themselves against your rockets?' " Johnson raised the question during lunch on the first day, and asked McNamara to take over. And McNamara, in the words of one observer, "made a long, detailed, and impassioned presentation." Russian ABMs, he warned repeatedly, would simply oblige us to increase our offense. Kosygin did show interest; he was apparently impressed, if not surprised, by the intensity of the Americans. The meeting on the twenty-fifth, which had not been on the schedule, was held at his request. The experience at Glassboro may have moved Kosygin and some of his colleagues to do what we thought they had already been doing—look hard at the problems of stable deterrence. Glassboro, Rusk suggests, may have been the start of SALT for the Russians.

CLOSER to home, Glassboro dissolved any lingering hope of starting talks before the next budget message to Congress. The deployment decision could be put off no longer. In July, a heated debate on the issue erupted in Congress. A few days before, McNamara had called in a small group of Defense Department people to discuss a speech announcing ABM deployment. He has never told *anyone* that Johnson instructed him to make such a decision, yet that is what many of those who were then closest to him believe. Some, in fact, say that certain members of Johnson's staff told *them* that McNamara had been ordered to do so by the President. The group with whom McNamara first consulted on the speech included Paul H. Nitze, then Deputy Secretary; the late John McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of International Security Affairs and a close associate of McNamara's; and

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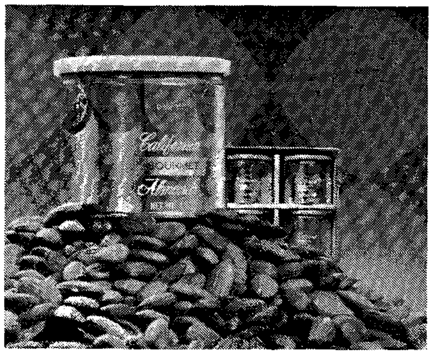

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Morton Halperin, then a deputy to McNaughton. Halperin was asked to draw up a draft outline of the speech, and McNamara said that he, too, would do one. He and Halperin met the following week. Other drafts were prepared, and then McNamara put his private speechwriter to work on the final version. At that point, the enterprise disappeared from view. One of McNamara's former colleagues remembers lively betting both ways, "even in the building," about what the speech would finally say.

About two weeks before the speech surfaced again, Under-Secretary of State Katzenbach called the Pentagon to ask for guidance. The State Department, he said, understood that there was to be an ABM announcement. Either give us a copy, he suggested, or make the speech conform to what we tell our allies it will say. As it happened, the European NATO governments had no more than two or three days' notice. When the speech was delivered—in San Francisco, on September 18th, before an audience of newspaper editors and publishers—it presented a forcible case for restraint, for stability, and for avoiding pernicious agents of instability, especially ABMs, right up to its concluding passage. Indeed, as the journalists listened, some of them may have been silently anticipating headlines the next day proclaiming the Johnson Administration's refusal to bow to pressure to deploy an ABM system. They heard warnings from McNamara about the "mad momentum intrinsic to . . . all new nuclear weaponry;" they heard that uncertainties had misled us into developing larger forces than we needed, which had inspired the Soviet Union to follow suit. "It is precisely this action-reaction phenomenon that fuels an arms race," he said. Then the shoe fell. Although anti-Russian ABMs would be costly, futile, and even dangerous, a light deployment against the future China threat would be "prudent" and "relatively inexpensive." McNamara concluded, "We have decided to go forward with this Chinese-oriented ABM deployment, and we will begin actual production of such a system at the end of this year." The stress was on China, but he noted some "concurrent benefit: a further defense of our Minuteman sites against Soviet attack [and] protection of our population against . . . accidental launching of an intercontinental missile by any one of the nuclear powers."

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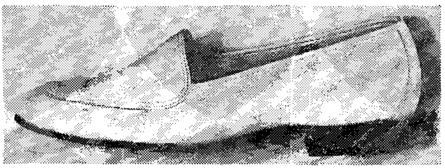

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iar with the details of the background—the high-level skirmishing on the ABM issue, the Thompson talks, the stand-off at Glassboro—McNamara's speech aroused strong but incoherent reactions. The press and public had trouble distinguishing between threats from Russia and threats from China; the distinction seemed confusing and vague—as, indeed, it was. Within the government, those who wanted large ABM deployment claimed that the so-called anti-China system was just the beginning—and not a bad beginning. General Wheeler assured Congress that the thin anti-China system also had anti-Russian potential and could grow into a thick system.

Both the San Francisco speech and a long interview McNamara gave to *Life* provoked difficulties with other NATO governments. Our major allies were highly irritated at not having been consulted, or informed in the normal way, before so major a decision by the Americans. A NATO unit called the Nuclear Planning Group had been doing an ABM study and had scheduled a meeting in Ankara in late September. For the European members of the Nuclear Planning Group not to have been consulted on the September speech had added insult to injury, and the tone of the meeting, at which McNamara represented the United States, was one of undisguised hostility. The *Life* interview, which appeared shortly after the San Francisco speech, created a different kind of problem. For weeks prior to the announcement of September 18th, McNamara had been "peppered with memos," in the words of a former colleague, urging him to come down in favor of hard-site defense of Minuteman instead of the anti-China option. Curiously, the language that McNamara used in the *Life* interview tended to put Minuteman defense on more of an equal footing with anti-China defense than the San Francisco speech had. After noting the dual purpose of the anti-China system, he said at one point:

> We considered . . . adding more missiles, a new manned bomber, or even a new strategic missile system. We reached the conclusion that one of the most effective steps we could take, and the one least likely to force the Soviets into a counter-reaction, was the deployment of an ABM system which would protect our Minuteman sites, so that our own deterrent is not diminished.

A decision to deploy an anti-China ABM, it could be argued, was really none of NATO's business. But talk about defense against Soviet missiles seemed to the Europeans very much

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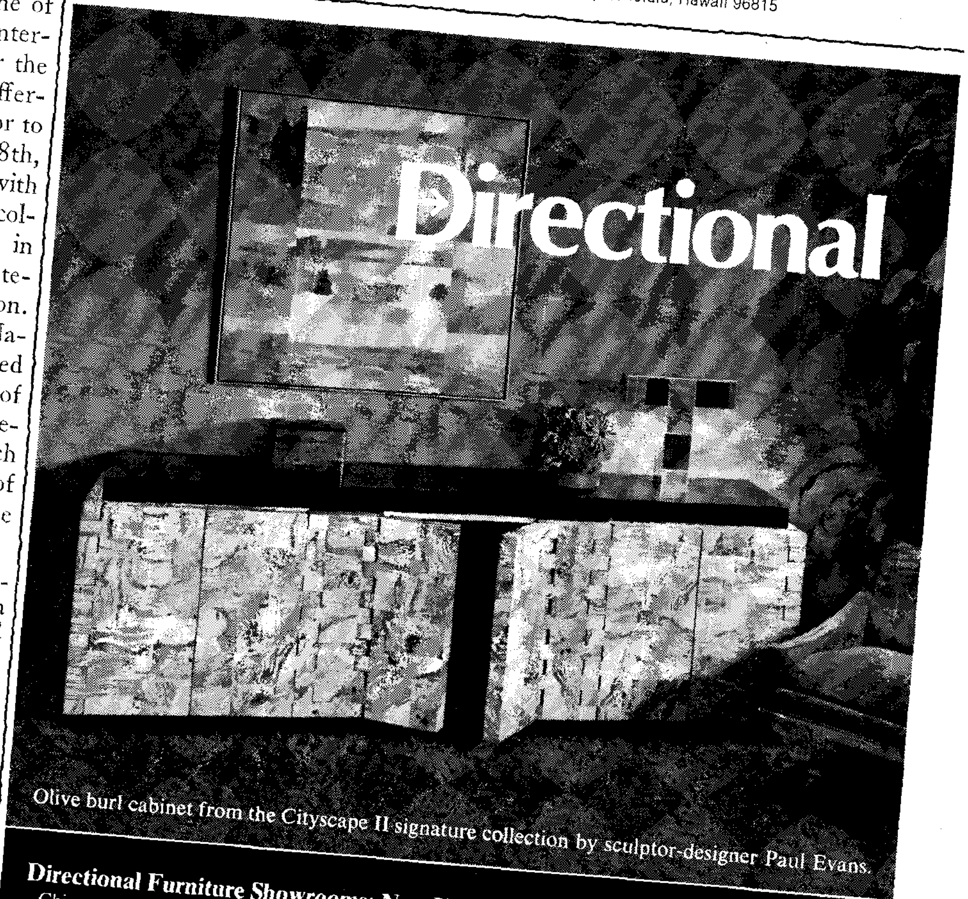

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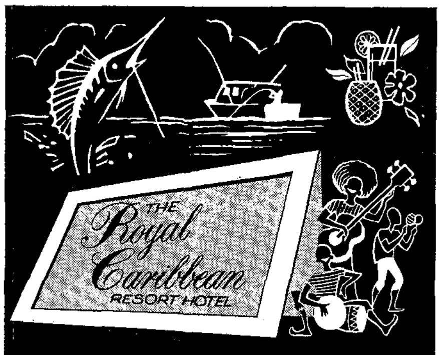
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their affair. The distinction between defending cities and defending Minuteman sites was lost on them, just as it was on the American public and press. Any kind of American defense against Russian ICBMs, in European eyes, raised all kinds of disturbing questions: Was there to be an American-Russian ABM race? Would Europe have similar protection? Would Moscow react by building more missiles, some of them targeted against Western European cities?

McNamara, taken aback by the hostility he encountered at the Ankara meeting, immediately began to deëmphasize Minuteman defense. He did not want the ABM decision trammelled up in NATO problems. A *Times* report of the Ankara meeting said:

> Although no communiqué was issued after the session, Mr. McNamara was known to have emphasized anew that the deployment of a limited antimissile defense system in the United States was aimed at Communist China, not the Soviet Union, and that its establishment would not upset the balance of power between the two great nuclear nations.

It remained only to appropriate the necessary funds for the system, whose name had by now been changed from Nike-X to Sentinel, and to remind Moscow of our surpassing interest in starting talks. In January, the Administration asked for one billion two hundred million dollars to begin production and deployment of Sentinel; the total cost was estimated at about five and a half billion. Ironically, the threat from Russia and China was beginning to look rather different from the way it had looked the year before. The combined Galosh-Tallinn threat, against which our MIRV program was supposedly directed, seemed to be declining. McNamara told Congress in his 1968 posture statement that "although construction of the Galosh ABM system around Moscow is proceeding at a moderate pace, no effort has been made during the last year to expand that system or extend it to other cities." In fact, the Russians were slowing down Galosh deployment, and it was to take them several years even to fill the already existing holes with interceptor missiles. In the same posture statement, McNamara said that "the majority of our intelligence community no longer believes that this so-called 'Tallinn' system (which is being deployed across the northwestern approaches to the Soviet Union and in several other places) has any significant ABM capability." Secretary of the Air Force Harold Brown told another congressional committee, in the spring of

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1968, that Tallinn, in his opinion, "has almost no ABM capability." The intelligence community was also reporting in early 1968 that the Chinese strategic-weapons program had slipped and was slipping further. Even McNamara, the public sponsor of an anti-China ABM, told the Congress—again in his 1968 posture statement—"It is now clear that they [the Chinese] failed to conduct either a space or a long-range-ballistic-missile launching before the end of 1967, as we thought possible last year." In the same hearings, John Foster said that Washington did not now think that China would launch its first ICBM as soon as had been expected. Inexplicably, the Chinese dismantled their ICBM test stand during 1968 and 1969. In the spring of 1971, Foster told a congressional committee that the Nixon Administration, upon taking office and reviewing the strategic situation, learned that "Chinese progress toward testing an ICBM had slowed down."

Still, the issue never really turned on the rhythm of the Chinese ICBM program. One day, China will have an ICBM capability. The issue is whether we should have based an ABM-deployment decision on the China contingency. Even at the time, the logic of the decision was lost on the larger part of the bureaucracy, although many individuals had originally been attracted to the idea. Now, of course, the anti-China option has no standing whatever. The truth is that we launched our ABM program because Washington felt pressed to do something, sensible or not. Ballistic-missile defense, especially the defense of ICBM sites, was an option well worth exploring. Washington, however, did not explore the option systematically and dispassionately in 1966-67. Instead, it found itself caught up in a wave of ABM hysteria; the decision, like so many others in so many realms, was not a measured one. It was driven through by essentially tangential concerns: the failure to start immediate talks with the Russians; the pressure to appease members of Congress who insisted on emulating the Russian example; the understandable White House fear of ABM's becoming a solid Republican issue in 1968; and so on. Few, if any, competent China experts thought it wise or prudent to deploy Sentinel against the inchoate Chinese program. The prevailing view among Sinologists was that a Chinese nuclear capability posed no special danger to anyone, and would probably serve as a politically restraining influence, just as the possession of nuclear

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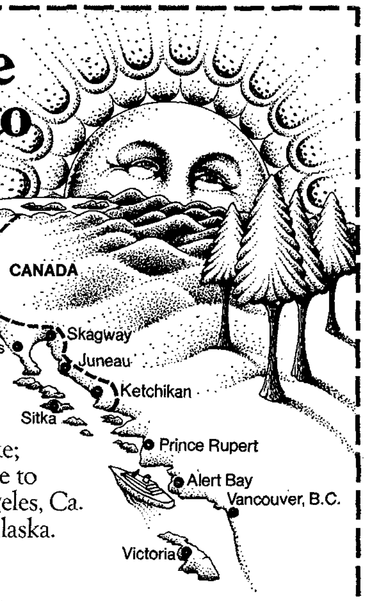

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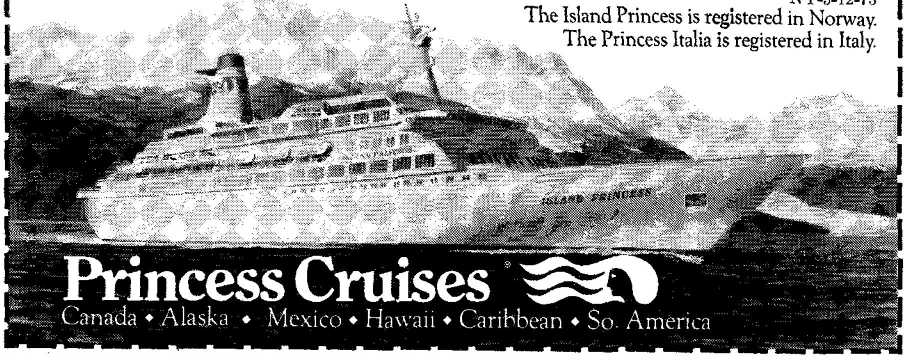

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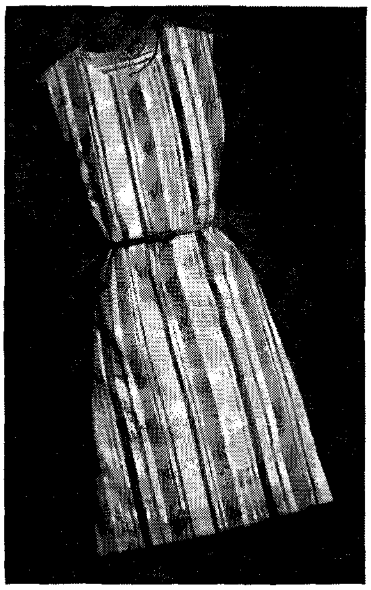

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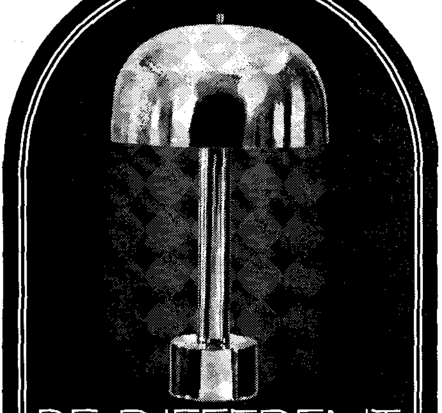
weapons restrains other nuclear powers, especially in their relations with one another and with one another's allies.

BY 1968, it was becoming clear—certainly clearer—that MIRV and Sentinel were responses to threats that either had not materialized or would not materialize or were not threats at all. Bureaucracy's worst-case notion, the greater-than-expected threat, should not have inspired, or helped to inspire, these deployment decisions. Both MIRV and ABM should have been held at the level of research and development. Neither bore much relation to the really significant buildup of enemy strength. We learned from intelligence reports in the winter of 1967-68 that the Soviet Union was nearing parity with the United States in land-based ICBMs, and was believed to be deploying its first solid-fuelled missiles. And McNamara, in his January, 1968, posture statement, told Congress that the Russians had more than doubled their ICBM force—from three hundred and forty to seven hundred and twenty—in the space of a year. A month before, John Foster had announced that we had a weapon to counter the Soviet ICBM buildup. The weapon was MIRV, which, as Foster revealed for the first time, could deliver multiple separately targeted warheads against the enemy. Quite possibly, this was the first hard information available to Moscow about the character and capability of Poseidon and Minuteman III. One can only speculate about the reaction of Soviet leaders. Their small, primitive Galosh system must have seemed to have earned them an American deployment of both ABM and MIRV. The Americans then held—and still hold—a commanding lead in both technologies. The Soviet military bureaucracy was becoming noisily assertive, demanding larger, balanced forces. Almost certainly, the Glassboro affair had a sobering influence on Soviet political leaders, though not enough to spare them—and us—the effects of two deployment decisions that were to enormously complicate the problem of stable deterrence.

Soviet diplomats can always be relied upon to take a tough line on United States defense programs; the American people, they argue, are victimized by a military-industrial complex that obliges Washington to plunge ahead in an endless arms race. One of their diplomatic SALT experts takes this conventional line, but he once added solemnly, "It's too bad we waited so long. If



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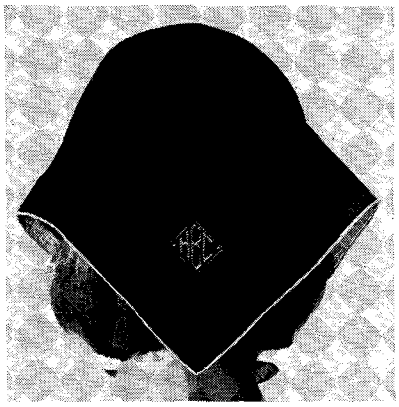

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only we had gone ahead with talks when McNamara was pressing for them. Don't think we weren't studying the problem. It was just too soon. We didn't think we were ready." These words convey a great deal. They imply that in building up its forces the Soviet Union was replicating our experience. As the forces grow, so do the competing claims of the different parts of the military bureaucracy. The Soviet government in 1968 must have begun to sense that a "mad momentum," of which McNamara spoke, flows impartially from either "the action-reaction phenomenon," of which he also spoke, or the skirmishing of competing parts of the military establishment, itself spurred by the impulse of technology.

The elegiac words of the Russian diplomat also imply that a great chance was missed in 1967 to contain both the ABM and the MIRV technologies. Doubtless he was thinking, as well, of a second chance, in 1968, that was also missed. By then, the Soviet leadership apparently felt obliged to do something about inhibiting the arms race. In May, 1968, Moscow took a deep breath and signalled to Washington a willingness to begin talks. Washington, no less anxious, of course, set busily to work. The term "SALT" abruptly surfaced within the government. Talks would have started in the autumn if the Soviet government had not also felt obliged, in August, to invade Czechoslovakia. —JOHN NEWHOUSE

(This is the second of a series of articles.)

•

Both cities have eight underground layers and are estimated to have been unable to house 10,000 persons each.
—*Poughkeepsie Journal.*

Over the years, cities don't change much.

•

According to state police, Shepard and Nicholson escaped from the Wilton jewelry store by jumping into the Skowhegan River and driving away in a black Ford with dealer's plates.—*Keene (N.H.) Sentinel.*

Dealer's plates and firm bilges.

•

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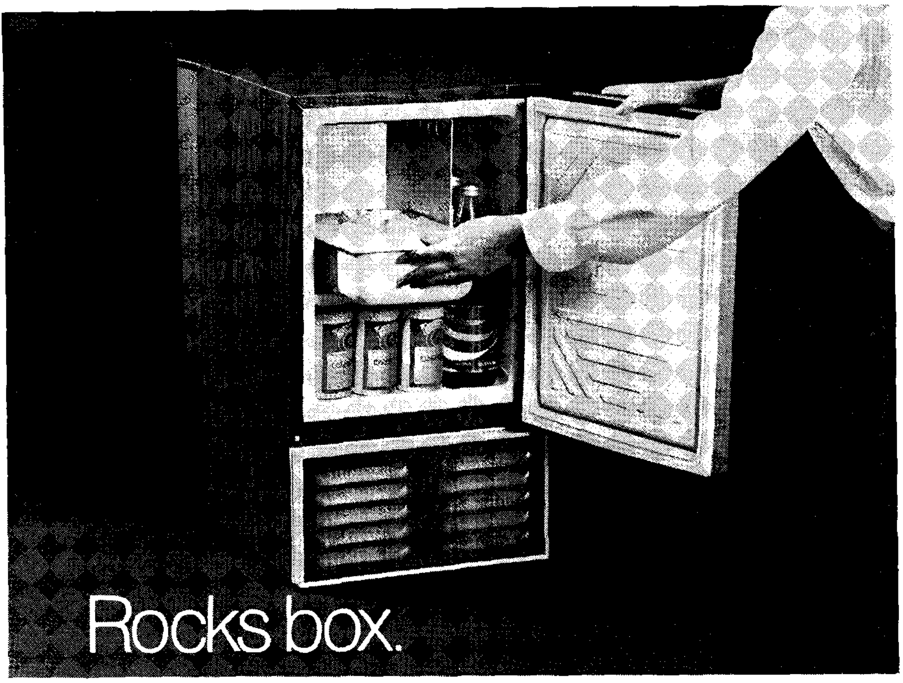
Mr. and Mrs. John Risas of Worcester, Mass. were week-end guests of Mrs. Oliver Counce.
News is scarce at this time of year.
—*Camden (Maine) Herald.*

But you can hear the frogs now, and the brooks are running.



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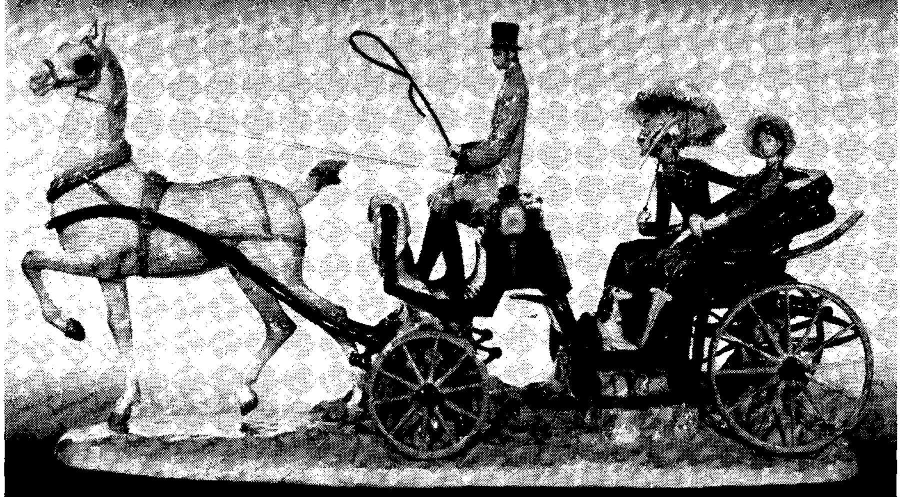

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Notes on Reporting and Fiction

CLOAKED IDENTITY

CONSTANTIN COSTA-GAVRAS, director of "Z" and "The Confession," and Franco Solinas, writer of Gillo Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers," have lately made a movie called "State of Siege." It was unwisely banned by the American Film Institute for its Kennedy Center opening after being officially invited, but it is now in theatres all over the country and they are packed to the gunwales. Costa-Gavras's whipping cuts probably play more part in its popularity than Solinas's levelheaded traditional Marxism, which shows us a Uruguay that believes itself to depend on United States aid but that actually contributes vitally to the United States economy every time a Uruguayan uses American toothpaste or swallows American aspirin.

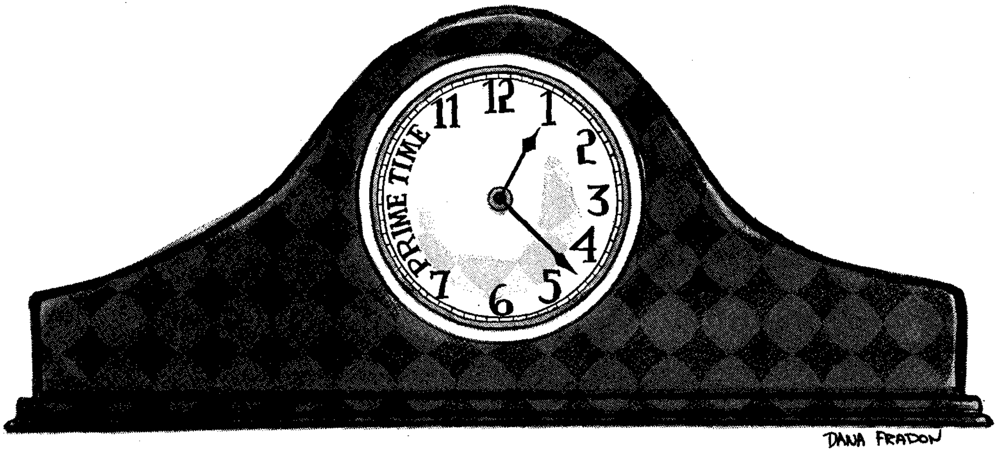
The central character, an A.I.D. worker whose actions are villainous in the picture's terms, emerges as more hero than sinner, because he is played by Yves Montand, who irreversibly seems a rather exhausted good guy, carrying the sour taste of a jaded Europe on his tongue like cigarette fur on an all-night driver's. He doesn't seem to belong at all to the clan of energetic good-lookers who carry out the late President Kennedy's plan for benevolently collaring underdeveloped countries before Communism gets its foot in the door. His name in the identifiable affairs depicted was Dan A. Mitrione: an A.I.D. man assassinated by young Tupamaro guerrillas in 1970. But his name in the film is Santore. Why the change, when Solinas and Costa-Gavras insist on the social veracity of their sources? Shakespeare's "King Lear" obviously couldn't be accurately biographical, but there are verifiable cases, like Mitrione's, where future students are apt to be vitally misled by the bequests of our artists. "Hamlet" and "King Lear" merely pose as biographical; fiction of this sort has a freedom that journalism can't properly allow itself. The result of the name change in "State of Siege" is that a knife-blunting job is done on A.I.D. and on the involvement of big powers in the sovereignty of little powers. The casting of Yves Montand further dulls the blade. One is looking at Uruguayan events across reflecting cutlery: In what is specified only as "a real South American country," though it is identifiably Uruguay, one sees a very European and benign Frenchman playing a wicked American. It is like casting, say, Henry Fonda as Neville Chamberlain. The edges of the story don't bite. The Pentagon Papers would have meant nothing if they hadn't been about what turned out to be documented historical facts. "State of Siege" allows itself not the liberty of art but the cloaked name-calling of the New Journalism.

THE VEHICLE OF URGENCY

ANY journalism is a powerful engine. Daniel Defoe—son of James Foe, a tallow chandler who lived in Cripplegate—often used the classic form of journalism for fiction. He used it in his "A Journal of the Plague Year," which is written as if it were a contemporary chronicle. No one would believe from its sober, factual, brick-on-brick style that Defoe was actually only four when the Great Plague broke out, in the winter of 1665, and that he was using the instinct of a novelist in electing to end the book not with the real, purging climax—the Great Fire of 1666—but with citizens praising God for an abatement of the plague. Chekhov, greatest fiction writer of all the Russians, chose to work instead as a reporter in his "The Island: A Journey to Sakhalin," which gives a firsthand account of the Czarist penal colony on Sakhalin Island. As for "State of Siege," you wonder why Solinas, in particular, didn't use the method of reporting, which implies not the Olympian omniscience of fiction but the "there are things we don't know" element in newspaper stories, which helped to make "The Battle of Algiers" so remarkable. A work using journalistic methods is a quick nail to drive into a subject, not a slow fuse, like a novel. The intellectual technique of "State of Siege" gives it an inapplicable stately look of factual dependability, for all the whirring style of the editing.

THE HALF NELSON OF SEMI-BIOGRAPHY

CINÉMA VÉRITÉ about real people—"Salesman," "Marjoe," the Leacock and Pennebaker films, "Chronicle of a Summer"—often tells semi-truths, because the unadmitted presence of the camera forces more or less unreality on behavior, depending on how native the style of showoff is to the characters. Entertainment hucksters and, indeed, salesmen thrive on it; subjected to it, perfectly nice children tend to turn into little Shirley Temples. Girl models and ballet dancers, who are anyway used to inspecting themselves in looking glasses all the time, aren't modified by the presence of the camera, but most ordinary people are. So what looks like truth—a housewife with a shopping bag being interviewed on TV in the street—actually has less veracity than the same chronicle would probably have if it were played by an actress. Even drum majorettes get shy of a camera in a way they don't of a football crowd. In the Maysles brothers' "Salesman," the scenes of the Bible peddlers in people's front rooms ring sometimes dead false. The Richard Leacock film about the police at a convention in Hawaii, called "Chiefs," itself, for the same reason, has some of the hollowness of the backslapping he is trying to show us. In Howard Smith's and Sarah Kernochan's "Marjoe," the young evangelist of the title thrives on exhibitionism but seems—correctly, as

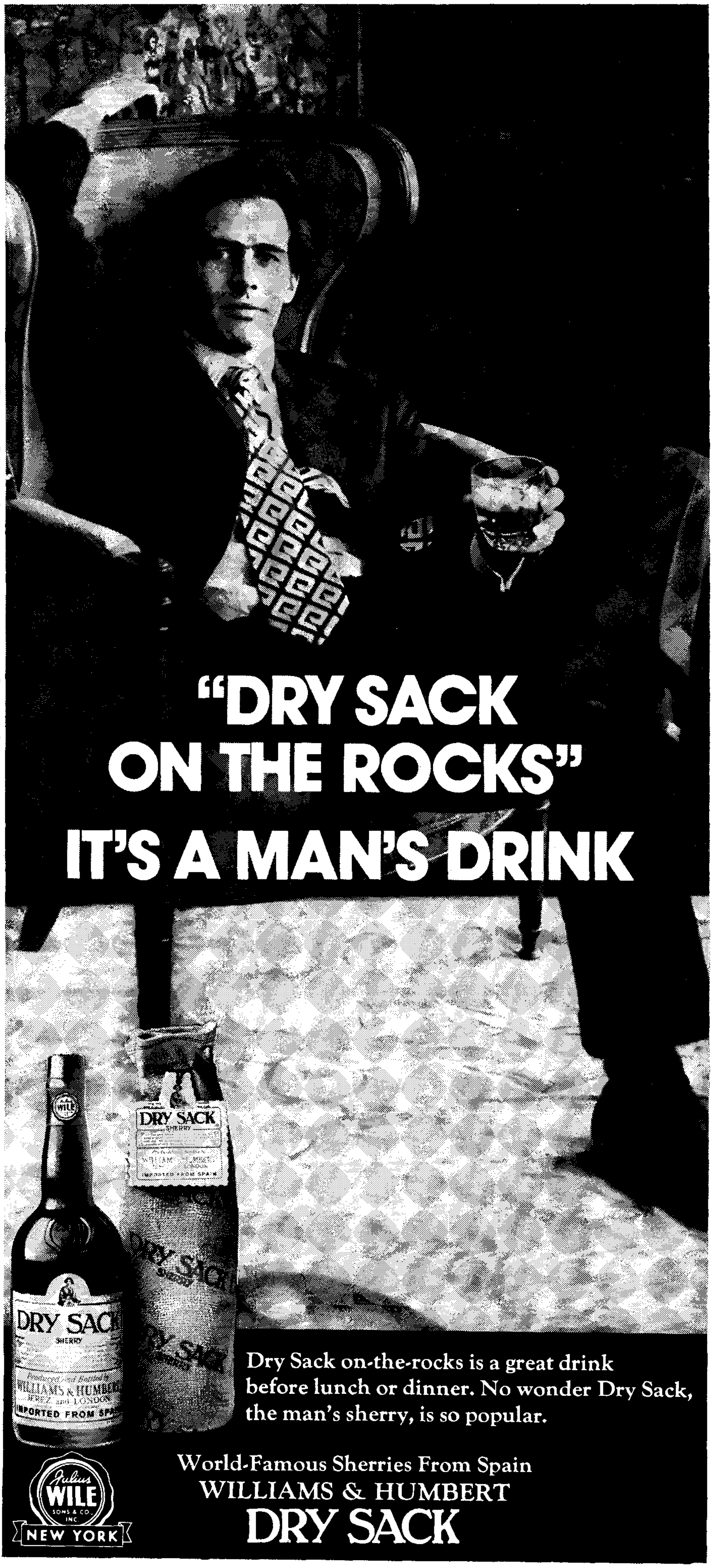


it turned out—to be taking part in a story of conversion which is being told with hindsight. On the other hand, Jean Rouch's and Edgar Morin's interviews in "Chronicle of a Summer" are done in a probing, psychiatric style that forces confidences out of their subjects by pressing questions and cameras so close to them that sometimes they almost cry. Vanessa Redgrave's Isadora probably comes closer to the truth of Isadora than the real Isadora would have done if she had been trying to draw herself; it is a difficult thing for nonprofessional actors to convey an essence of themselves, as the cast of Straub's dramatized and slow, slow "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" did. If "State of Siege" had veered more from Uruguay, Mitrione, and the concrete-looking but unknowable facts (who can tell what Edward IV or the Duke of Clarence actually thought about when he was alone?), it might have come closer to the vividness of fictional truth, instead of giving us the passing color of fake reporting flashily done.

PRIMERS OF REVOLUTIONARY METHOD

EVEN more than Godard, Brecht was the master of revolutionary handbooks. In "Galileo," for instance, we are shown an unscrupulous man of the senses who claims credit for the invention of the telescope when it has already been invented (by a Dutchman). The Pope's own astronomer confirms Galileo's round-earth findings, but the Inquisition forbids their publication. So for eight years, to the chagrin of his worshipful apprentice Sarti, Galileo remains mute, then recants after breaking silence, and meanwhile writes his great "Discorsi" in secret. He ends by knowing himself to have been a traitor to his profession, a man who has made science the servant of authority, a criminal whose cowardice has been signal. Yet he stands on the central plank of Brecht's revolutionary platform, the plank of the antiheroic. ("Unhappy the land that breeds no hero." "Unhappy the land that needs a hero."—Brecht's "Galileo." And, from his "The Exception and the Rule," "Next to you someone is thirsty: quickly close your eyes! Plug up your ears: someone is groaning next to you!")

Brecht is energetic, sardonic, a writer of broadsheets in urchin poetry. In his didactic plan of things, though not in his often sweet-spirited and gentle view of people, the poor are stingy and the rich are ruthless. After an increase of income, the sufferers immediately turn



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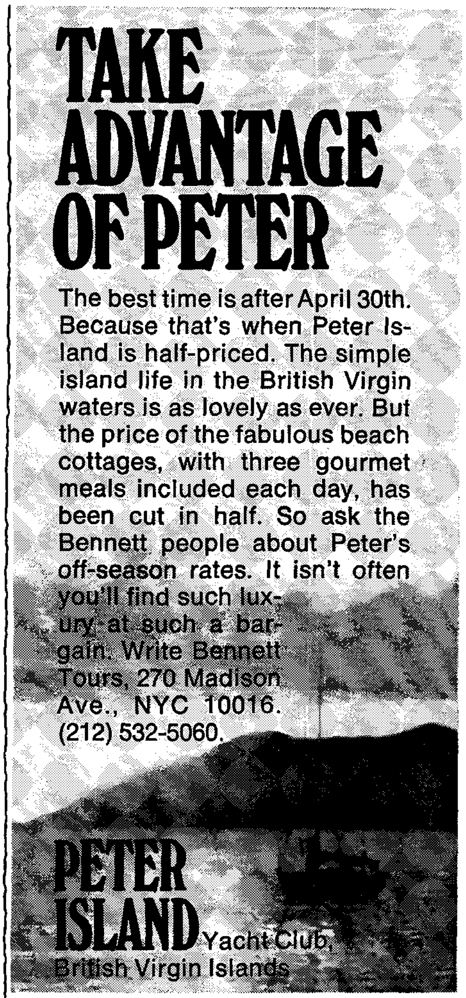
into rapacious businessmen. Like Brecht's "The Mother," freely adapted from Gorky, "State of Siege" intentionally neglects the psychological and particular. It is about the theoretical and communal, and it is written in an arid style with a rasping eloquence. Even so—as with Brecht's plays, in spite of himself—the central figure emerges potently as a dignified, sly human being. But there is an essential difference between Brecht's work and "State of Siege." Play after play of Brecht's shows us the horror *before* revolution, whereas "State of Siege" happens *during* what is very nearly a successful overthrow of a stolidly brutal government by students, trade-union leaders, professional men and women, and workers conjoined in learning to master the mechanics of revolution, as the people of Dubček's spring were. The repeated wording of a referendum that is conducted in an undertone on a bus has the echoic effects of poetry. Like Defoe's prose, the film can perhaps best be understood by people similarly placed to the ones depicted: by people like the Uruguayan rebels, who are shrewd, matter-of-fact, philistine, to whom the methods of the pamphlet are natural.

THE BIOGRAPHER POLEMICAL AND PRESUMPTUOUS

COSTA-GAVRAS and Solinas would have done better to call the Mitrione character by his real name, and to come clean about where the events happen. After all, the writer and the director are dealing in polemic. Why not use the zest and liberty of the form? They could have held up Brechtian placards when they were talking about unknowable things if compunction kicked. What really stopped them? Misplaced respect for a dead man who is anyway besmirched politically by their story? A hope that a quasi-fictional method would look less patently anti-monopolistic (seen in America as anti-American)? It merely seems hole-in-the-corner.

PRATFALLS OF COMMITMENT

LIKE High Tories depicting butlers and charwomen, Communists drawing the rich are likely to take headers. Brecht's stock-exchange intrigues in "Saint Joan of the Stockyards" present a grotesquely naïve picture of capitalism. So does the procession of corporation owners and bankers in "State of Siege." Only Brecht's furious comic muscularity wards off the objection to Hitler's being represented as a Chicago gangster in "Arturo Ui,"



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THE most cogent pamphleteer and fiction writer of them all, George Bernard Shaw, knew the wisdom of giving good arguments to the other side. The Inquisitor in his "Saint Joan" debates brilliantly. So does the Church in Brecht's "Galileo," and so does the existing order in his "Days of the Commune," in which the pull between violence and discipline is stated but not resolved. "State of Siege" has to deal with the same problem and doesn't quite make it intellectually vivid, though it sometimes successfully shows the Tupamaros as creatures of surprising wit and whimsey, who catch by infection their totalitarian government's brutality and capacity for committing torture. They are dressed in hoods that make them look like Ku Klux Klansmen, with nothing but pairs of eyes and alarmingly pretty pink-lipsticked mouths showing through their brown wool masks. The armed guerrillas are mostly escorted by girls carrying handguns. (The abundance of pretty girls equipped to kill seems to make the hackles of the film's detractors rise.) But when the young men take off their masks they look tired and scared. We have the sense, after their kidnapping of three officials in an attempt to overthrow the government, that they hadn't counted on the cold-bloodedness of A.I.D. Nor had the Montand character, who wrongly reckoned that he was more valuable to authority alive than dead. The decision of the government to let the ultimatum about his execution go past without a move is shocking to the Tupamaros. Their position is suddenly and rather piteously impossible. If they give in, they will seem impotent through weakness; if they hold out, they will seem impotent through cruelty. This Marxist understanding of the characters' predicaments is one of the best things in a coolheaded picture, written with gravity and seriousness. If the big-power opposition had been less caricatured—in the scene where American diplomatic wives are indoctrinated and warned against local water, for instance—"State of Siege" would have been comparable to Shaw, though still culpable for lack of biographical truth. In two hundred years' time, one wouldn't like putative students of our benighted period to find this film in the biographical file about Mitrione; its shrewdness about A.I.D. is a different matter.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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YOU ALWAYS TURN YOUR HEAD

PETE DERIZOTIS, CITY ALCOHOLISM COÖRDINATOR: *I was in the Mayor's office. . . . Somebody knocked. . . . I opened the door. It was Larry Casuse and another Indian fellow.*—Radio Station KGAK live coverage, from the street in front of Stearn's Sporting Goods store, March 1st.

IN Gallup, it was taken for granted that employees of the city government would recognize Larry Casuse on sight. A couple of years before, he had been just another one of the Navajo students at Gallup High School—a bright, husky, energetic boy who served as an aggressive linebacker on the football team and as an officer of the Indian Club. Unlike a lot of students who had grown up on or near the huge Navajo reservation that Gallup serves as a trading center, he had brought little first-hand knowledge to the Indian Club's study of Indian ceremonial costumes and Indian dances. In a city where radio advertisements for pickup trucks are in Navajo, he spoke only English; among students whose brothers returning from Vietnam were likely to have felt the need for an Enemy Way ceremony, he was accustomed to only Roman Catholic rituals. His father, a Navajo from the reservation town of Mexican Springs, had married an Austrian woman while serving in the Army and had then settled near Silver City, New Mexico, far from the reservation, where he found work in the copper mines, and raised his children among non-Indians. In high school, Larry had spent a lot of time on Indian Club work—making costumes, helping to organize the first Gallup High School powwow—and when he went to the University of New Mexico, in the fall of 1971, he joined the Kiva Club, an Indian cultural and social organization that had been best known for its sponsorship of an annual dance. When he became president of the Kiva Club last fall, its interests began to turn from dances to such questions as whether the university's history textbooks presented a true version of Indian history and whether the advertisement of a local merchant was insulting to Indians. By that time, he had also been active for several months in Indians Against Exploitation, a group of young Navajos in Gallup who had organized to protest against the Gallup Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial on the ground that it was a white-run business operation that made money for whites by presenting Indian religion in a cheapened form for the entertainment of tourists. I.A.E. had expanded its criticisms to include the way Gallup treated the Indians who came in to trade and the Indians who came in to drink, and Larry Casuse had been to City Hall before to complain or demand or condemn. When the State Commission on the Bicentennial Celebration met in Gallup in January, Casuse had been one of the young Indians who appeared to say that money should be spent not for celebrations but for people in need. When Pete Derizotis opened the door of the Mayor's office on March 1st, the Larry Casuse he recognized had the look of an Indian militant—bluejeans, long black hair, a red bandanna worn as a headband.

Joseph Farris

"O.K. We're Japanese art buyers. Do we buy it?"

DERIZOTIS: *They say they want to see the Mayor. I say they will have to wait—he's in a meeting at this time. So the Mayor hollered, "No, let 'em come in. Let 'em come in." So I let 'em come in. So Casuse pulled his gun right away. . . .*

A LOT of people who knew Larry Casuse were astounded to hear that he had pulled a gun on anyone. Young Navajos of the type active in I.A.E. have ordinarily gone in for peaceful, even dignified, protest. At the Gallup Ceremonial in August of 1971, when it was clear that the most effective tactics would have been to create enough raucous harassment to frighten away the tourists, the I.A.E. was interested only in a silent, almost funereal march. As far as anyone knew, Larry Casuse had not even been familiar with guns.

There were varying speculations as to what might have caused him suddenly to take up arms. Some sympathetic whites believed that he might have, in

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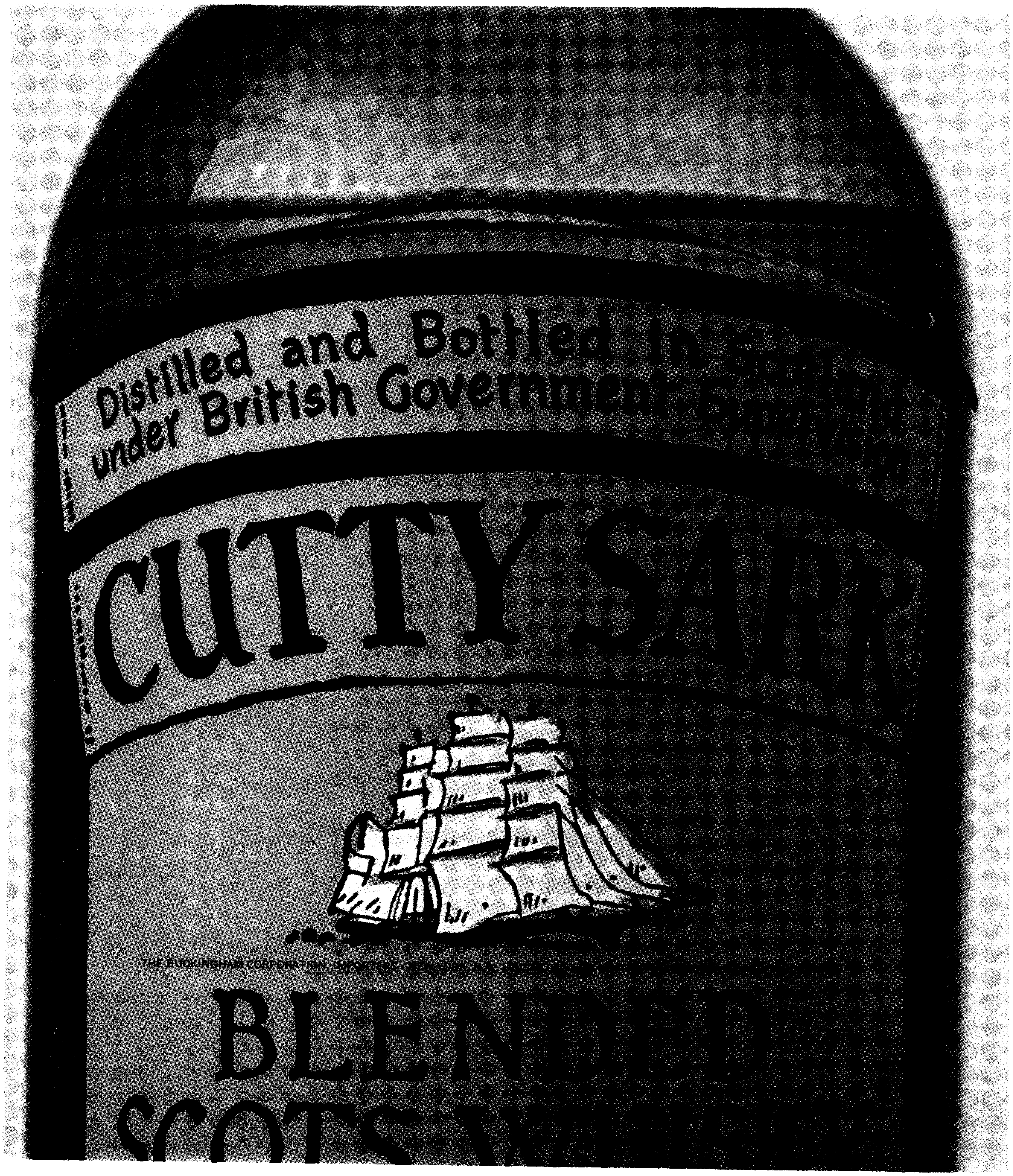
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General Electric explains microwave cooking for cookbook writer, Myra Waldo.

Myra Waldo has written more cookbooks than any other person. She has circled the globe collecting more than 25,000 recipes for her 45 cookbooks published to date. Her most recent cookbooks include: *Seven Wonders of the Cooking World* and *The Diet Delight Cookbook*.

Q. How much faster is microwave cooking than conventional oven cooking?

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FOOD	CONVENTIONAL TIME	MICROWAVE	
		PORTABLE OVEN	COOKING CENTERS
1½ lb. meat loaf	60 min.	20 min.	18 min.
8 lb. turkey	3½ hrs.	1½ hrs.	40 min.
6 lb. rolled roast	3 hrs.	1¼hrs.	35 min.
Baked Potato	60 min.	8 min.	6 min.
Baked Apple	45 min.	4 min.	4 min.

Q. Can you use standard recipes for microwave cooking and just change the timing?

A. In many cases, yes. General Electric furnishes a complete User's Manual and Cookbook with each microwave oven. Included are recipes representative of all food categories. To adapt your own recipe, you would select a similar one and use the same time and dish size stated for that particular food.

Q. Is there any change in flavor because of the rapid way the food is cooked?

A. No. Foods cooked by microwave energy generally taste the same as when cooked conventionally. Some people say foods cooked in a microwave oven taste fresher, because the faster cooking time retains more of the natural moisture in the food.

Q. Do I need special utensils for microwave cooking?

A. No. Glass, china, ceramics, pottery, paper plates and heat resistant plastics can be used if there's no metal in their composition or decoration. Metal tends to reflect microwave energy away from the food and should not be used unless specifically recommended in the User's Manual and Cookbook.

Q. Will a microwave oven brown food like my conventional oven does?

J856
J896
JET80

A. General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers can speed cook and brown with conventional heating elements at the same time. Of course, you can use either the microwave energy or the conventional heat separately. General Electric's portable microwave oven will brown larger foods nicely due to the longer cooking period.

Q. Is there any hazard in working next to a microwave oven while it's operating?

A. No. General Electric's microwave ovens are engineered to keep the microwave energy from escaping outside. Two special interlocking devices automatically shut off the oven whenever the door is opened. GE complies with all Federal Safety Performance Standards for microwave ovens set by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Rules 42 CFR Part 78.

Q. Can I get a microwave oven that's self-cleaning?

A. Yes. General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers feature our P-7® Total-Clean™ oven, because they utilize both microwave energy and conventional heat, making it possible for food soil to bake on. The surfaces inside our portable microwave oven remain cool enough so food soils don't bake on. You can clean them easily with a damp cloth.

Q. Can I get a microwave oven serviced easily, should I need it?

A. Yes. General Electric's Customer Care… Service Everywhere™ goes with every microwave oven we sell. This is our pledge that wherever you are, or wherever you go in the U.S.A., you'll find a qualified GE serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him.

If you'd like to know more about microwave cooking, write: General Electric, Dept. M.O., Appliance Park Bldg. #4, Louisville, Kentucky 40225.

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the words of one of them, flipped out. Even as a high-school student, he was the kind of boy sometimes described as "high-strung," and to some people he had appeared increasingly tense at various public appearances in the previous months. Everyone agreed that he had been particularly upset by an accident in which, while driving toward Gallup at three or four in the morning, he struck and killed a young Navajo woman who had apparently wandered onto the highway. He had been tried twice on a charge of not rendering proper assistance—the prosecution and Casuse differed basically on whether, just before his car became mired on a side road and he pounded on the door of a state policeman's house, he had been searching for help or trying to dispose of the body—and a hung jury on the second trial stood eleven to one for conviction. A date for a third trial had just been set. Casuse's remorse about the accident was such that he could not speak of it without weeping. But he believed that the criminal charge was a matter of the authorities' punishing him for his political beliefs, and those who shared the beliefs tended to agree.

In the view of a lot of his Navajo friends, Casuse decided to do something as drastic as abducting the Mayor not out of insanity but merely out of impatience and frustration. A lot of people who knew him at the university describe him as someone who "couldn't sit still." He was apparently becoming more and more impatient with the lack of effect the efforts of the young Indians seemed to have. He was frustrated, his friends say, about his inability to focus attention on conditions in Gallup. In the opinion of one young Navajo who knew him at the university, "He thought he would have to utilize the white man's way of doing things to get anything done—just to shake people up enough to get a few lines in the paper, to grab people in midair and say 'Wait a minute! Listen to me!' "

REPORTER: *How did the activity change places over here to the sporting-goods store?*

DERIZOTIS: *With a gun right to the head, he escorted the Mayor all the way down. They broke the glass door, and they entered.*

CASUSE said nothing that would have made it clear what he intended to do with the Mayor. One of his friends from I.A.E. thinks Casuse obviously intended to hold the Mayor hostage as a way of negotiating for an investigation into Gallup's treatment of Indians or a compromise on specific demands. Precisely that type of negotiation was taking place at the time at Wounded Knee. When students at the Kiva Club are asked what Casuse might have been up to, they tend to base their answer on a remark he apparently made to the Mayor at some point during the abduction—that he was going to march the Mayor around the state. Navajo college students who are politically active tend to talk more than other young demonstrators do about shame and dignity and ridicule. In planning the protest march at the 1971 Gallup Ceremonial, they decided to have two demonstrators ride on horseback partly on the theory that men riding above the crowd on horses were more difficult to ridicule. When they talk about having Gallup on the run, they sometimes say that Indians are now "snickering at Gallup." "Larry wanted to show the people that the Mayor deserved no respect," a Navajo girl at the Kiva Club said later. "Larry wanted to humiliate him, to bring him down to the people's level. For a long time, the Indian people have believed that white men are better than they are. The Mayor was an authority figure. I think Larry would have taken him out and walked him through the streets of Gallup—to show it was just a man, to show that the Indian people should be treated with respect."

REPORTER: *Did they indicate what their grief was with the Mayor?*

DERIZOTIS: *No, sir, not at all.*

A LOT of Gallup residents thought of the Mayor, Emmet (Frankie) Garcia, as what used to be called a real go-getter—an energetic, ambitious, pragmatic young man who was the first person to treat the mayor's office as a full-time job. He had hired some people from outside Gallup and had tried to take advantage of any federal money that was available. He had helped organize an alcoholism project—working against the inclination of Gallup citizens to believe that Indian alcoholism is an Indian problem, even if the alcohol is provided in Gallup—and had rounded up financial support from the city and the county and the state in anticipation of a large federal grant for a rehabilitation center. He had served all but a few weeks of his first two-year term, and his reëlection seemed almost certain.

To Larry Casuse, Frankie Garcia was the man who presided over a town that enriched itself on Indians—on

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their trade, on their artistic talents, on their ceremonies, on their drinking. Even worse, he was a part owner of the Navajo Inn, a package liquor store a few hundred feet from the Navajo reservation. The Navajo Inn is a small cinder-block building surrounded by open space and on some paydays by so many passed-out Navajos that it takes on the appearance of a bunker in a recently contested battlefield. Frankie Garcia had said that, as one-third owner, he had no control over the way the Navajo Inn was run. He had also argued at times that a liquor store next to the reservation was less dangerous than one in Gallup, twenty-five miles away—the difference being how many miles a Navajo had to drive drunk to get home. It is possible to argue, of course, that the Navajo Inn, however grotesque and callous and ugly it might be, is not the real headquarters of the enemy, any more than a Jewish pawnbroker on 125th Street is the real agent of the miseries afflicting black people in Harlem—that blaming the Navajo Inn for the alcoholism problem is no more accurate than blaming tribal prohibition or the Navajo bootleggers who support it. But if the Navajo Inn is only a symptom of the condition the Navajos find themselves in, it is a particularly visible and profitable symptom, and the one most despised among Navajos, who have seen many of their people destroy themselves with alcohol. According to Frankie Garcia, the Navajo Inn, a cinder-block hut miles from the nearest large town, has steadily been the single most profitable liquor store in the state of New Mexico.

Larry Casuse and his friends had become increasingly interested in the traditional Navajo way of thought—a way of life based on man's living in harmony with all that surrounds him. Casuse had written poems and fables about the harm brought by change. He had spent some time talking to Navajo medicine men, and had spoken to his mother about wanting to go back to the reservation to live simply in the traditional Navajo way. He and his friends seemed particularly taken with a concept of "false people"—people who pretend to understand but actually are so lacking in the compassion and sensitivity inherent in the Navajo way that they have a questionable claim on being human beings. Frankie Garcia, who was chairman of an alcoholism project while profiting from Indian drinking, was their prime example of a false person. Despite that, the governor of New Mexico had, in

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January, appointed Frankie Garcia to the University of New Mexico Board of Regents.

REPORTER: *A man has apparently just been shot and thrown out the window. We can't tell at this time if it is the Mayor. . . . Another shot has been fired . . . and another shot. . . . Chief Gonzales has a rifle.*

THE University of New Mexico student newspaper printed some editorials critical of Garcia's appointment. The student senate, after hearing a speech about the appointment's being a political payoff and watching while a doll representing Garcia was burned, passed a resolution calling for "a more qualified and suitable candidate." But the strongest opposition was from the Kiva Club, and particularly from its president, Larry Casuse. When Garcia's nomination came before the Rules Committee of the New Mexico Senate, Casuse and some other students went to Santa Fe to testify against it. Casuse had gathered documents and photographs and had circulated a petition. "The man is an owner of the Navajo Inn, where numerous alcoholics are born, yet he ironically is chairman of the alcohol-abuse rehabilitation committee," Casuse told the senators. "Does he not abuse alcohol? Does he not abuse it by selling it to intoxicated persons who often end up in jail or in a morgue from overexposure?" The nomination was approved by the committee—"They were just like stone-faced men," one of the students said—and then by the Senate.

When Garcia was about to be sworn in, at a regents' meeting held on the U.N.M. campus in Albuquerque, Casuse stood to ask permission to make a statement, and the permission was politely granted. Casuse spoke of the charges he had made against Garcia and of the lack of interest exhibited by the senators. "These are the type of people who run our government, and these aren't The People—these are the false people," he said. "There's no reason for me to scream or shout. There's no reason for me to bring documents. There's no reason, because you people will just turn your head, like you always turn your head. There's no reason for that. So what we're going to do is, we're going to find all the human beings in this country, in this state, and we're going to get the human beings together and we're going to put an end to people like Emmet Garcia, and we're going to start with Emmet Garcia. We don't really care what you

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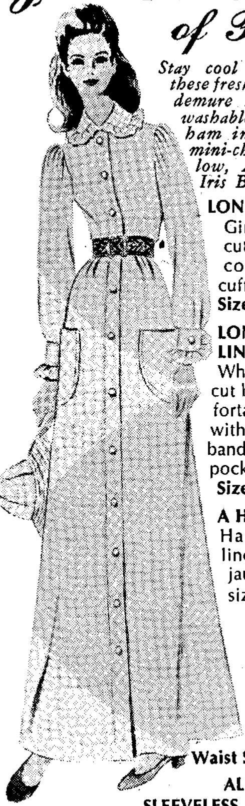

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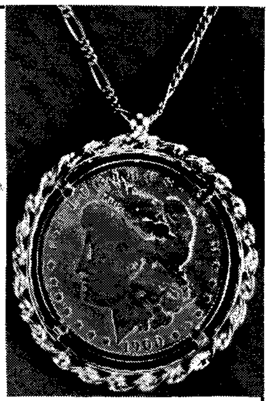

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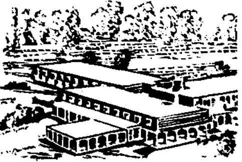

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people do. Because you people aren't human beings."

Casuse sat down, and there was scattered applause from his supporters, and the chairman said, "The second item on the agenda is the swearing in."

REPORTER: *City Manager Paul McCollum, can you give us a report on the Mayor's condition?*

McCOLLUM: *He is all right. . . . He came out through the window. . . .*

REPORTER: *Do you know at this time what the grievance is?*

McCOLLUM: *I have no idea at this point of time what the grievance might be.*

REPORTER: *Do you know why they released him?*

McCOLLUM: *I think that he must have escaped himself. . . .*

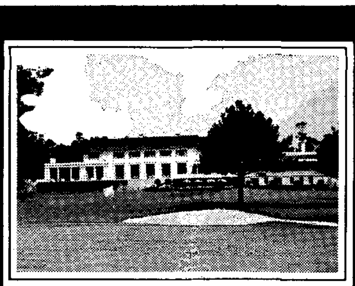
REPORTER: *Shots are continuing to be fired from out of Stearn's Sporting Goods. . . . What appears to be a tear-gas bomb has just been shot into Stearn's Sporting Goods. . . .*

VOICE: *They're going to come out shooting.*

REPORTER: *They're coming out with their hands on their head. One of them thus far has come out. . . . He has been directed by the officers to lie flat. . . . His partner in having taken the Mayor hostage remains in Stearn's Sporting Goods store. . . . Police are now pouring into the Stearn's Sporting Goods store. . . . They have now dragged out what appears to be Larry Wayne Casuse. He is covered with blood. . . . I am approaching the body. . . . From a distance of about thirty feet, Larry Wayne Casuse appears to be dead.*

VOICE: *Get a blanket.*

EVENTUALLY, someone did get a blanket. But Larry Casuse's body lay uncovered on the sidewalk in front of Stearn's Sporting Goods store for a while—long enough for the local paper to take a picture of it with three police standing over it like hunters who had just bagged their seasonal deer. It is now speculated that the appearance of the picture on the front page of the Gallup *Independent* may have had a lot to do with the outrage expressed even by Navajos who ordinarily have no interest in politics and no sympathy for the activist students of Indians Against Exploitation. For whatever reason, it soon became apparent that the incident had made an extraordinary impact on all sorts of Navajos. A white with wide contacts on the reservation said later, "People I had expected to say 'Well, he asked for it' said the only



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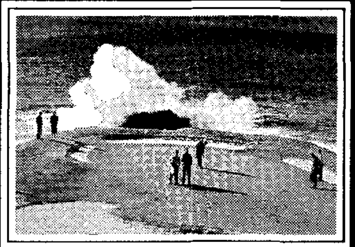

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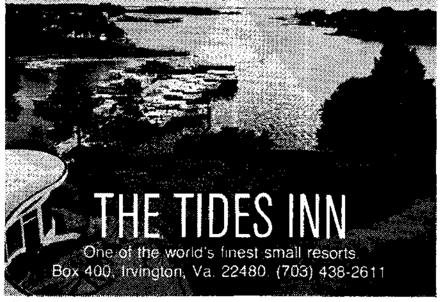

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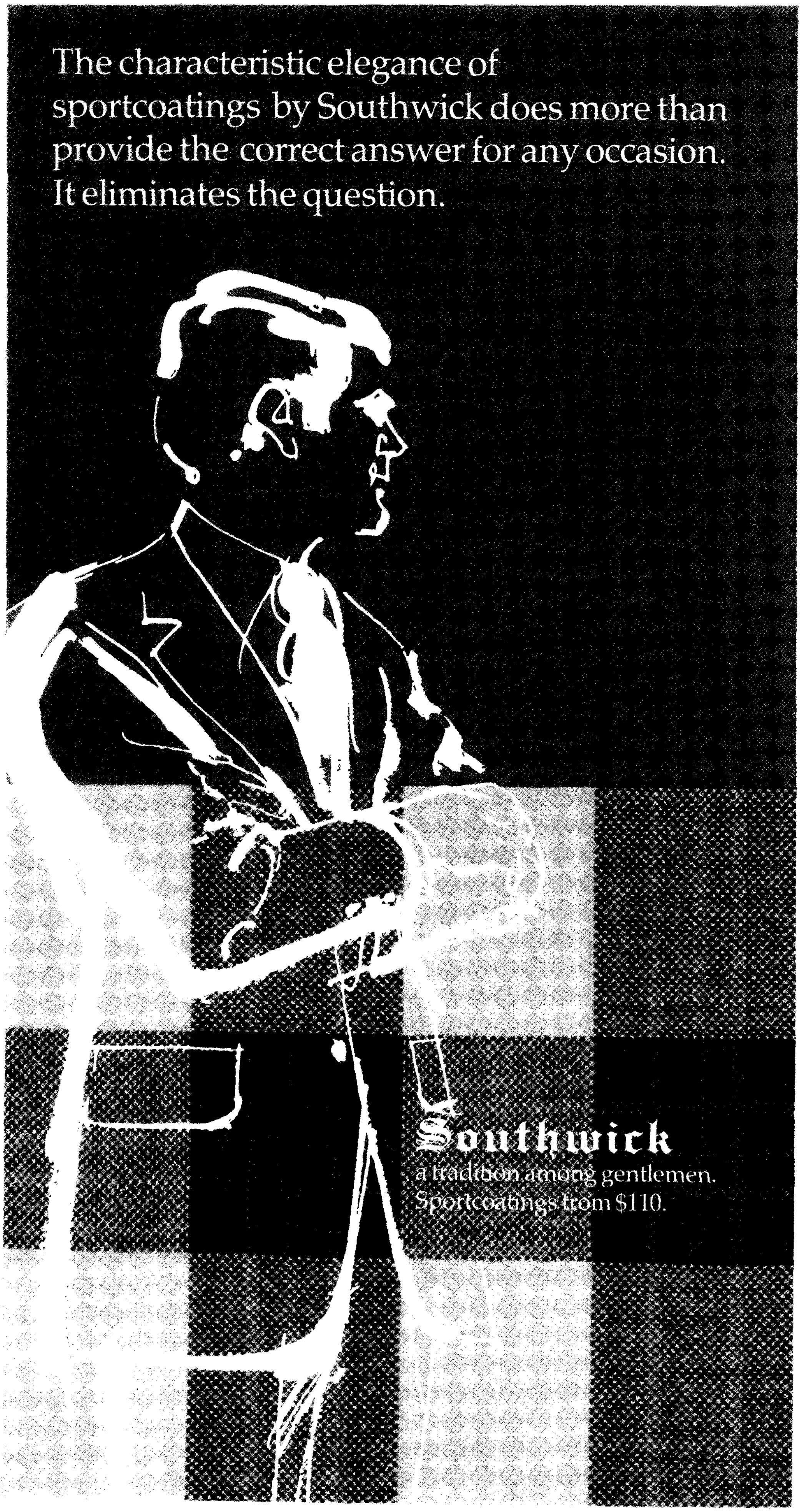
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thing they couldn't understand is why he didn't kill the Mayor when he had a chance." The elected chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council, Peter McDonald, a Nixon Republican who had never been a supporter of the militant young people, at first responded to the incident by expressing his shock and sending his sympathies to Garcia, but by the time Larry Casuse's funeral was held, McDonald had decided to be among the mourners. When the Albuquerque *Journal* did a long piece on the aftermath of Casuse's death, some of the harshest statements about the city of Gallup gathered by its reporter, Scott Beaven, were from the kind of Indians most despised by the young activists—middle-aged Indians who work for the local government or the Bureau of Indian Affairs. A Gallup protest march Casuse had helped organize on Thanksgiving Day had drawn a hundred and twenty-five young people; a march four weeks after his death attracted a couple of thousand Indians of all ages.

Gallup officials said Larry Casuse had shot himself, although they also said that a bullet wound inflicted by the police would have killed him anyway. Some white sympathizers thought suicide was a possibility—"After all, the whole thing was suicidal," one of them said—but Casuse's Navajo friends said suicide was out of the question, since it was contrary to the Navajo beliefs he had come to hold important. A flyer announcing a march just after his death was headed "Was Larry Casuse Murdered?," and some Indian groups demanded an investigation. But a statement from the Kiva Club—addressed to "All Human Beings"—said, "The real issue is not who-shot-whom, as the national media seem to imply, but rather why Larry Casuse so willingly sacrificed his life in order to communicate with the world his dream of unifying human beings with Mother Earth, the Universe, and Humanity."

REPORTER: *There is speculation that the Mayor has been wounded, but he has been taken to his family and is apparently all right.*

THE Mayor's injuries—a shotgun wound and some cuts incurred when he leaped out of the window—were minor, and it appeared that the incident could only enhance his political career, there being no significant Navajo vote in Gallup. Some citizens were concerned that the shooting might shift the attention of the American Indian Movement from Wounded Knee to

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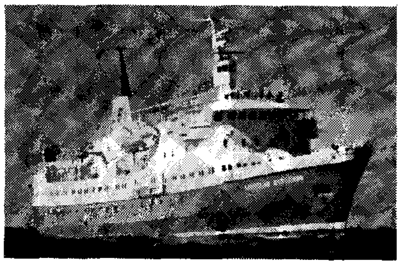

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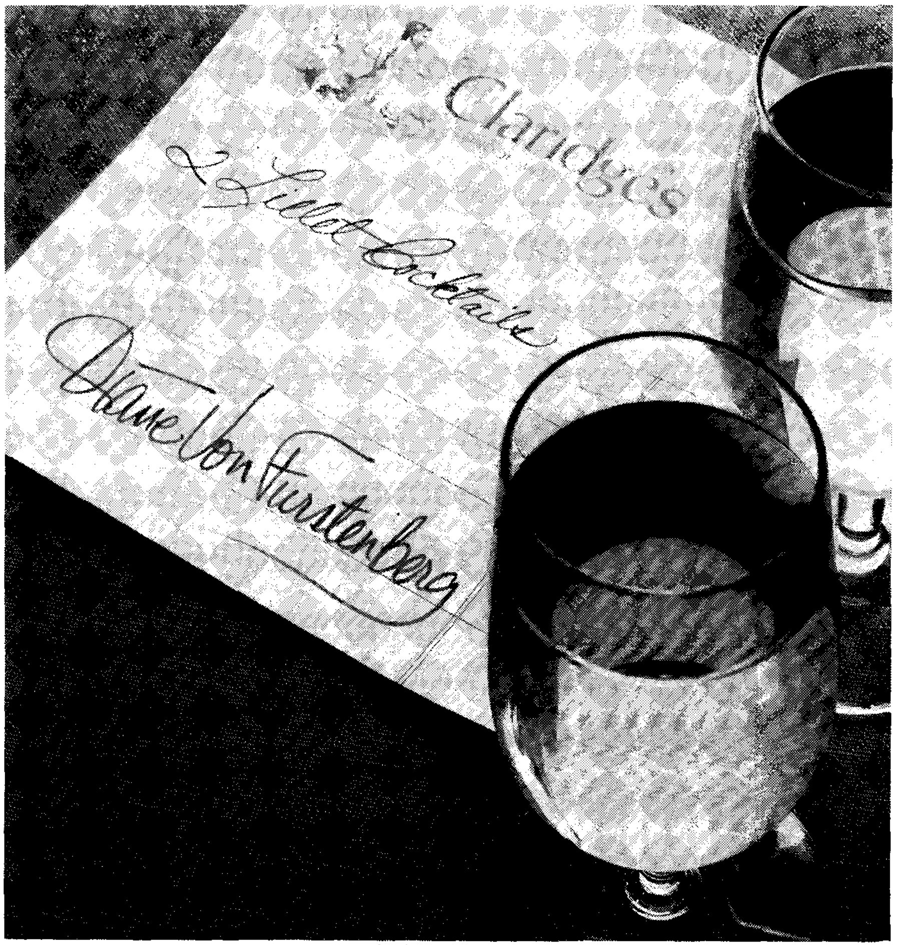

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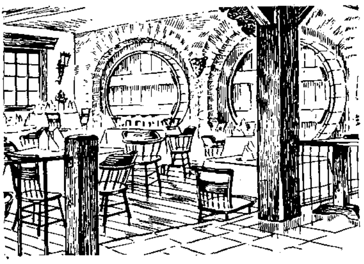

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Gallup, but Garcia removed the most obvious focus for a demonstration by buying controlling interest in the Navajo Inn and announcing, after a meeting with local Indian groups, that he would close it for thirty days. He made it clear that during the closing he would either sell the store to the tribe at a reasonable price so that it could be closed permanently or move the license into Gallup.

To the surprise of just about everyone, Frankie Garcia lost the election. The defeat is now usually explained as having been caused by Garcia's apparent reluctance to campaign and by the possibility that Gallup voters had begun to associate Garcia with Indian trouble and figured the trouble might stop if he was no longer there to provoke it. Garcia himself singles out the huge Indian march on the Saturday before the election as the most damaging factor in the campaign. The people in Gallup who were working for an alcoholism-rehabilitation center tend to believe that there is less chance of having one with Garcia no longer present to push the project, although the general cutback in federal funds for such programs made the prospect of an elaborate center highly unlikely anyway. The tribe could still buy the Navajo Inn, but Garcia now sees no reason to accept anything but a good price for it. If a profitable arrangement cannot be made with the tribe, Garcia told a visitor recently, he plans to leave the Navajo Inn right where it is and make as much money as possible from it. "I've gone strictly business now," he said. In that spirit, he has decided to resign from the University of New Mexico Board of Regents.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

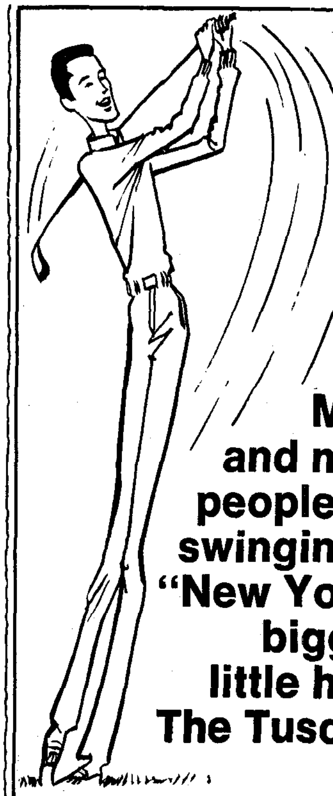
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Travels with My Aunt," by Graham Greene*]

She enjoyed talking, she enjoyed telling a story. She formed her sentences carefully like a slow writer who foresees ahead of him the next sentence and guides his pen towards it. Not for her the broken phrase, the lapse of continuity. —*Page 47.*

One of the few marks of age which I noticed in my aunt was her readiness to abandon one anecdote while it was yet unfinished for another. Her conversation was rather like an American magazine where you have to pursue a story, skipping from page twenty to page ninety-eight and turning over all kinds of subjects in between: childhood delinquency, some novel cocktail recipes, the love life of a film star, and even quite a different fiction from the one so abruptly interrupted. —*Page 48.*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MUSICAL EVENTS

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THE opening night, last week, of the Martha Graham Dance Company's season at the Alvin Theatre was an affecting occasion. Not just because the ballet was a revival of "Clytemnestra," Miss Graham's largest and grandest composition, created in 1958 and overwhelming still, but also because this is the company's first full season in which Miss Graham herself is not dancing. Even without that tremendous presence on the stage, her work is to continue—and it is something we cannot afford to lose. There is nothing like it—no other theatre, whether sung, spoken, or danced, that thrills so keenly through muscles and mind at once. Miss Graham's long series of works have been to me like the cantos of a Divine Comedy. She has guided me through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; in her mind I have met again and marvelled at the larger-than-life figures that people any Westerner's imaginative world. I write as an enthusiast, and my reactions are not pure but mingle, while I watch "Clytemnestra," with memories of moonlit nights in silver-walled Mycenae; in "Phaedra," with memories from a dawn when, as I walked to Theseus's palace of Troezen, I met women washing clothes in the swift torrent, enacting a chorus of Euripides. Her "Cortege of Eagles" plays not only in Noguchi's set but in a compound of the imagined Troy I read of as a boy and the real Troy where once I stood and dreamed. "Deaths and Entrances" recalls at once "Wuthering Heights," the emotions stirred by that novel, the fierce Yorkshire fell underfoot, and the high, wide sky. Miss Graham has given physical presence to the great dreams that shape the landscape of the heart. She has brought to tragedy the sense of touch—the different feelings of warm earth, and rock, and soft covering beneath the feet, the chill of steel to the palm, the surge or shudder of body pressed against body. Her dances are alive in every limb, and the spectator apprehends them in his own body. The scenery is not décor around the dance but part of it. No distinction between the costume and the body within, the throne and the priestess enthroned, the ground and the queen pressed close to it in anguish—they make one living image. Poetry and music also play their parts in this theatre of mind and tingling muscle. The dance seems to embrace the music (and even transfigure some of the weaker, more conventional scores) and to embrace any words that may be spoken or sung, until we do not know whether we are watching and hearing, or dreaming.

In this age when Oedipus is more familiar as a complex than as a king, every schoolboy knows that the great actions of myth and history, by heroes and saints, emperors and artists, can be sexually explained. In Miss Graham's ballets, something of the opposite occurs. Through sexual statement she can lead us to feel the tragic magnitude of the actions. For example, in "Night Journey," her work about Oedipus and Jocasta, the idiom is brutally explicit, from the moment when Oedipus plants his heel in Jocasta's groin, through the thickening and swelling of his limbs, to the fatal incestuous impregnation—but what stirs us is the sense of tragic destiny, not the physical events. Her "Phaedra" is a study of Aphrodite triumphant—"*Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée.*" Where d'Annunzio, treating the same theme, turned his heroine into a kind of super-Isolde proclaiming in empurpled torrents that love is a law unto itself, Miss Graham shows us Phaedra at the moment she yields, active and fevered, to her destiny—a moment of crisis that includes both what has shaped her (her mother's monstrous lust) and led her to this point and a vision of what will ensue from her yielding. Miss Graham's tragic ballets are made from emotion recollected not in tranquillity but in crisis. Usually they are centered on a single woman. In "Clytemnestra," the protagonist is at the gates of Hades. In visions and memories she relives her life—that strange birth with her sister Helen from divine eggs, Helen's abduction, Iphigenia's sacrifice, Troy, Aegisthus, Agamemnon's return, the chain of murders that has led to her own by Orestes—and tries to order the skein of bloodshed. Meanwhile, on earth, the curse on the house of Atreus continues, and Orestes is pursued by furious hellhounds his mother has loosed on him. The Prologue is a whirl of action. In Act I, Clytemnestra's meditations begin to find a pattern in the tragic sequence, reflected in the formal sequence of pas de deux. In Act II, at the moment when, in Athens, Orestes is freed of the curse and the Furies become Eumenides, Clytemnestra, in Hades, achieves a kind of peace.

Only a bold creator would tackle such a theme, and only a genius could have expressed it in a long work where the images are of such unfailing power and distinction. "Clytemnestra" is not a neat theorem but a threaded maze—an enactment of the agony that brings tragic understanding. Miss Graham can call on the resonances that are part of our heritage—that tremendous moment, for example, when Agamemnon sets his foot on the red carpet (and, in her ballet, the King of Death appears behind him to stalk his blasphemous steps). She uses them not complacently, nor with self-conscious reverence, but in unaffected grandeur. When Miss Graham herself portrayed Clytemnestra, it was hard to take one's eyes off her; the dance patterns seemed to emanate, like lines of force around a magnetic pole, from that burning, brooding presence. In the revival, it becomes easier to discover how fully and vividly all the roles have been composed. This season, there have been two Clytemnestras. Pearl Lang dances the part eloquently but limits her range of facial expression to looks of bland indignation and mild distress. Mary Hinkson's interpretation is more fully intense. Both of them copy Miss Graham closely, and both are very impressive. Bertram Ross's Orestes is as trenchant as ever, but in miming Agamemnon's complacent pride he now comes dangerously close to suggesting fatuity. In his three pas de deux, Ross Parkes as Aegisthus gives a lustrous, powerful, and subtle display of male ambition and animal confidence. Yuriko Kimura as Electra, Takako Asakawa as Iphigenia, Phyllis Gutelius as Cassandra all must be praised, and it was exciting to discover how swiftly, in successive performances, the new members of the company increased their command of the style. A word, too, for the instrumentalists' playing, under Stanley Sussman, of the very effective, incantatory, obsessive yet undomineering score by Halim El-Dabh.

There are two new works by Miss Graham in the repertory. "Myth of a Voyage," like "Circe," of 1963, deals with Ulysses, and is one of her few ballets with a male protagonist. Circe's animals reappear. Bertram Ross is once again Ulysses. The music is again by Alan Hovhaness. But where "Circe" explored one episode, of perilous, grace-

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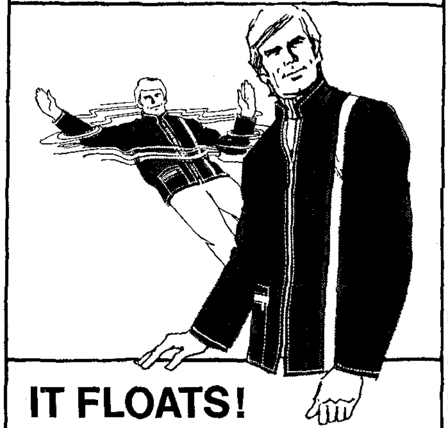

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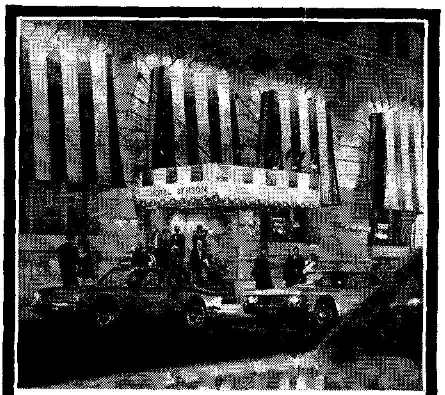
ful seductions, the new work includes Calypso and Nausicaä as well. Ulysses is accompanied on his wanderings by the Goddess of Change and by a steady Gray-Eyed One who represents both Athene and the dream of Penelope which lies beneath the luring idylls of his voyage; the adventures end in Ithaca, where Penelope and Ulysses sit quietly beside the loom. The work is an allegory of restlessness ("always roaming with a hungry heart"), of subtle enchantments, and of wisdom won. Ming Cho Lee's set, too fussy for my taste, is dominated by the loom and the bow. Matt Turney, grave and serene, plays Athene-Penelope; Miss Asakawa is the incentive goddess; Miss Kimura, Miss Gutelius, and Miss Hinkson play Calypso, Circe, and Nausicaä. All give memorable performances, as do Mr. Ross and the corps of sirens, sailors, and suitors.

Back in 1936, Miss Graham presented a dance suite called "Chronicle." Her new "Mendicants of Evening" is based on St. John Perse's "Chronique," sections of which (in Robert Fitzgerald's translation) are recited during the ballet and are shaped in plastic imagery the while by the reciter herself (Marian Seldes), a robed Guide (Matt Turney), and a robed Poet (Bertram Ross), who give a quiet, slow continuity to the sweep of the work, and simultaneously by a series of dancers in kaleidoscopic pas de deux that pattern the highly colored surface of the lines. "Chronique" is a poem that I find at once confusing and exalting; Miss Graham has not ordered it for me, but she has enhanced the sense of heady exhilaration that comes from Perse's contemplation of the whirl of civilizations and centuries in a moment of mystic stillness—his apostrophe of the Great Age, ending with a throb of acceptance at once passionate and calm. There is a simple, beautiful set by Fangor. David Walker's score is a gentle electronic musing.

In 1967, when last I saw the Graham company, I felt that I was watching a troupe, and an art, in sunset splendor; that a kind of settled, monumental quality had lessened the sharp, quick impact of the tragedies; and that the Adam and the Stranger of "Embattled Garden" had become slower, fleshier embodiments of the fulgent figures they once were. Any obituary sentiments were felt too soon. The current season is a new dawn, and the company, part veteran, part new, is in gleaming form. So much Graham movement has passed into the lingua franca of contemporary dance that



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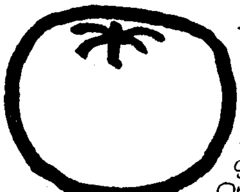

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there is a danger that newcomers trained outside her school may flip through her inventions without feeling the motivation behind them. The danger has not altogether been avoided. In "Diversion of Angels" and "Secular Games," there were moments of fleet, overeasy lyricism that seemed to belong to the Joffrey rather than to the Graham company style—episodes that brought Gerald Arpino's "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais" to mind. Merce Cunningham, Glen Tetley, and Paul Taylor have, in their different ways, eased her idiom while developing it into their own; but Miss Graham's utterances, even in joy, even when she celebrates without shadows the grace and energy of her divine acrobats, are extreme. The tensions and the tautness will surely come, for in the muscles of her dancers, as in those of her audiences, Miss Graham begins to wake ancestral memories; movement becomes thought and emotion in action.

SIR GEORG SOLTI's performance of Act III of "Götterdämmerung," with the Chicago Symphony, in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday, was greeted with extravagant rapture. The performance had the Solti virtues—vitality, excitement, flawlessly executed and imposing detail—and also what seem to me the Solti failings in Wagner: no long grand line, no lilt in the 9/8 music of the Rhinemaidens, no broad conception of the whole music drama to which all the tremendous passing effects are related. Chicago has a great orchestra, but it did not produce the characteristic Wagner sound (as heard in Dresden, Berlin, or Vienna)—that long-breathed, massive sound which generates its power slowly and then swells out to flood the auditorium. Solti prefers something more resiliently athletic, and in the climaxes of the Funeral March he encouraged his brass to jet forth and cover the strings. His Siegfried and Brünnhilde were Jess Thomas and Helga Dernesch—singers whom nature meant for a Walther and Eva, or Siegmund and Sieglinde, but who have ambitiously tackled the heavily heroic roles. They manage these roles ably enough, but Mr. Thomas has paid the price of lyrical freshness and variety of timbre; his Siegfried, like his Tristan, easily becomes monotonous and unresourceful. Miss Dernesch's clear and excellently schooled soprano rang out more freely at the close of this single act than it does when she has the whole long opera to cope with; even so, the warmth and expansiveness of a true Brünnhilde voice were

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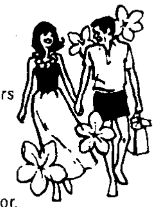

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not there. Karen Altman and Donald Gramm sang truly and firmly as the Gibichung siblings. Martti Talvela was a terrific Hagen.

MAHLER's Tenth Symphony, left incomplete at his death, in 1911, lay for nearly half a century largely undisturbed. In 1924 the sketches were published in facsimile, and just two movements—the opening Adagio and the "Purgatorio," which starts the second part—were performed; the full awakening came only when Deryck Cooke penetrated the thickets of an autograph difficult to read, prepared a fair copy, and discovered that "what I had deciphered was not a 'might-have-been,' but an 'almost-is,' five full-length movements in various stages of textural completion, but all sufficiently coherent to add up to a magnificent Symphony in F Sharp." Mr. Cooke's first "performing version of the sketch" (he has been scrupulous not to call it a "completion" of the symphony), in which a few apparently intractable episodes were omitted, was performed in 1960; four years later, helped by some extra pages of sketch that Alma Mahler had produced, he filled in the missing episodes; the revised score was heard at the London Proms and later recorded by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. "Continued rehearings of the record convinced me that the texture and the orchestration could still be greatly improved;" for five years Mr. Cooke has worked at yet a new version, which had its première in London last October. His principal change has been to use fourfold woodwinds (with a fifth clarinet) instead of triple. It is true that Mahler's sketches, in so far as they show instrumentation, show triple woodwinds most of the time, but there are six measures in the Adagio (on the seventh folio of sketch pages, measures 203-208) in which the wind chords are clearly four-part. I looked forward to hearing this new version at the Philadelphia Orchestra's last Philharmonic Hall concert of the season, but was disappointed; the program book was slipped with a "message to our audiences" in which Mr. Ormandy announced that Wyn Morris, who conducted the first performance of the new score, holds the performing rights to it for two years, and that therefore the 1964 version would once again be used.

The Philadelphia performance was flawed by some uncharacteristically out-of-tune wind intonation. (The players may have been disturbed—as was the audience—by a high-pitched

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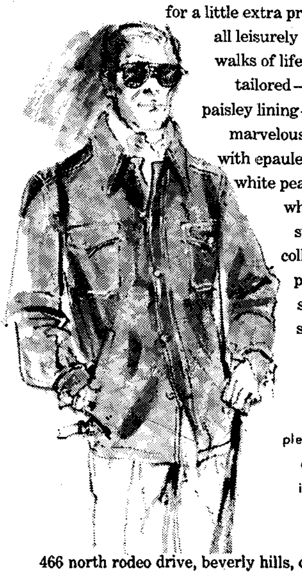

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whistle, presumably from a light on the blink, that filled the silences of the "Parsifal" Prelude, which opened the concert, and was not fixed during the interval.) In episodes of the first Scherzo the "effect of a rehearsal for the violins and brass alone," which Mr. Cooke sought to right in his revision, was again noticeable. Nevertheless, it was moving to experience again this last outpouring of the composer. The despair and horror are keener than in any of his earlier works, but the close is a tenderly passionate affirmative gesture. The construction of the long piece is magnificent. It is a noble work. Good news that the score is to be published.

—ANDREW PORTER

ROCK, ETC.

Reddy

HELEN REDDY has a fine, straightforward, expressive voice, melodic but not lush, controlled without being mechanical. Her interpretations of other people's songs are intelligent, funny, perceptive. In person and onstage, she is unpretentious and thoroughly likable. "Helen Reddy," the second of her three albums, is brilliant. All this, and she's made a feminist song into a smash hit besides—what more can I ask? Well, I hate to be fussy, but I'm afraid Helen is in danger of limiting herself artistically and cutting herself off from what could be a vital portion of her audience. The problem is one of self-definition. From the beginning, Helen Reddy has been a hybrid—a traditional pop singer with a genuine feel for contemporary music, which is to say that she can make a rock song hers without translating it into night-clubese. At her best, she has the ability to merge two forms, straddle the straight-pop and soft-rock audiences, and help (along with Bette Midler) to revive and refine interpretive singing. But if she does not maintain a delicate balance—and I think it has to be consciously and deliberately sought—she will end up just a very good pop singer, hipper than most but irrelevant to young people and to what has become the mainstream of popular culture. That would be a shame, both from my point of view and, I would guess, from hers.

When I heard Helen Reddy's second album, I thought she had achieved that balance; in fact, "Helen Reddy" defined for me exactly what needed to be achieved. Before then, I hadn't taken Helen seriously; with regrettable insularity, I had dismissed her as "show business," and not my department, even

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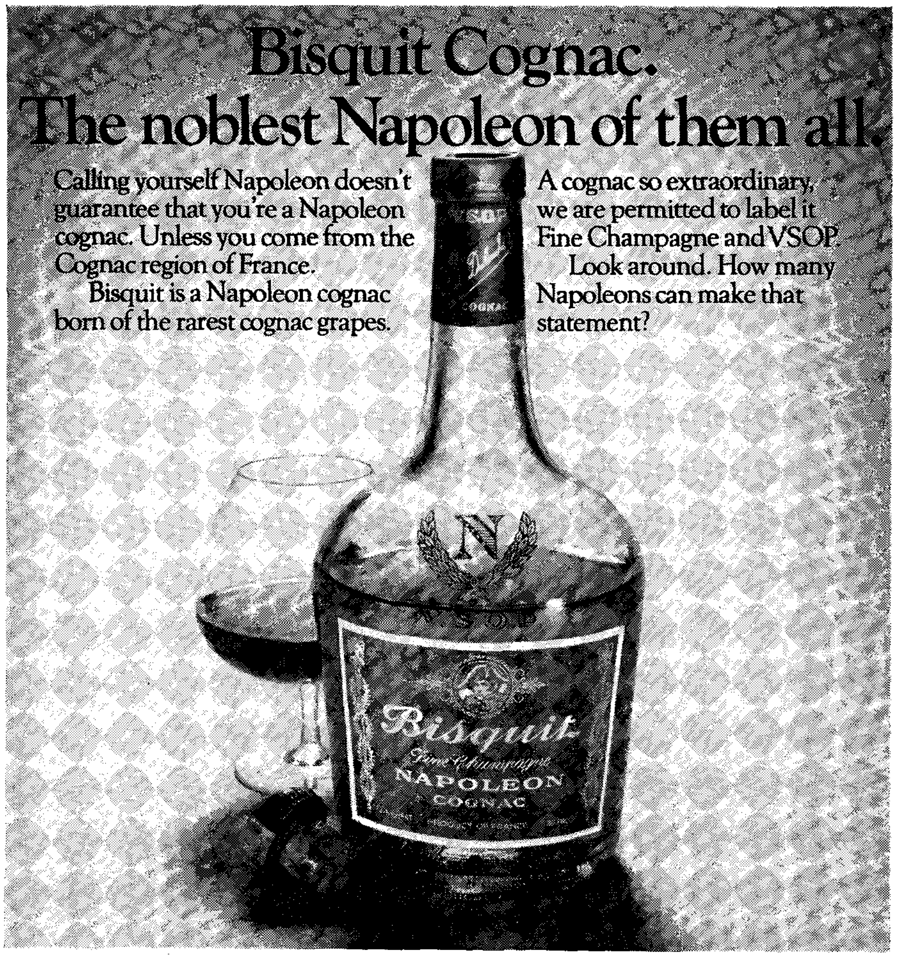

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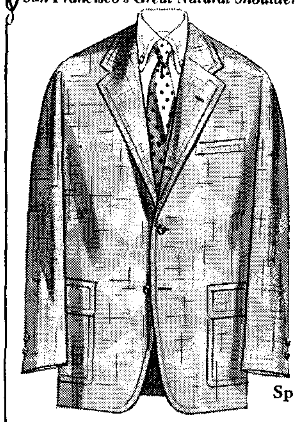

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though I regularly hummed along with her hit single "I Don't Know How to Love Him" when I heard it on the radio. But "Helen Reddy" was obviously the work of a generational peer, alive to the nuances of folk and rock idiom, capable of a version of "How" that cut John Lennon's and a version of "I Think It's Going to Rain Today" more poignant than Randy Newman's. What was more, the album displayed a sensitive, subtle, and witty female consciousness. It included the Brecht-and-Weillian "No Sad Song," a Carole King-Toni Stern ballad about the unlamented murder of a rake; Donovan's "New Year's Resovolution," whose lyrics ("Do what you've never done before, See what you've never seen") took on new significance when they were adopted by a woman; "More Than You Could Take," Reddy's own footnote to the annals of sex war ("The least that I gave would be more than you could take"); and my favorite cut, "Summer of '71," a simple, evocative song Helen had written about the pleasures of female friendship ("We're out of our mescaline minds . . . Digging that we seem to be three of a kind, And having such a good time"). This song was remarkable not only because it was so well done but because the subject matter itself was a breakthrough; women in pop music were supposed to relate to men. Helen and her husband-manager, Jeff Wald, considered releasing "Summer of '71" as a single but realized that no AM radio station would touch a song that mentioned mescaline. Now she has stopped singing it, because of what she calls a "falling out" with one of the women in the song. It remains a largely undiscovered classic.

Nothing Reddy has done since has impressed me as much as that album. "I Am Woman" isn't nearly as good a song as "Summer of '71;" my immediate reaction to lines like "I am strong, I am invincible" is "Don't *say* it, Helen—*show* it!" A lot of women, of course, disagree, as the song's popularity attests. A woman I know who works as a waitress told me a story good enough for a press agent to have invented: a co-worker came in one morning furious at her husband and declared that all she wanted to do was to play "I Am Woman" at him full blast. I'm sure Helen Reddy cares more about that kind of testimonial than any cranky rock critic's, and I'm not saying that she's wrong—just that if she wants to she can have both. From that standpoint, I found her third album, "I Am Woman," discouraging—more conventionally pop and much

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less interesting than "Helen Reddy."

It was with some ambivalence that I went to see her at Carnegie Hall a couple of weeks ago, along with a modest-sized, mostly straight crowd that included a contingent of teenies who had come for the supporting act, which was, inappropriately enough, Mac ("Baby Don't Get Hooked on Me") Davis. My feelings remained mixed. Helen's dress, her manner, her selection of songs, and (I have to say it) her sappy all-male band were more conservative than I would have liked, but her basic directness and vivacity shone through, and her singing was better than ever. She gave such a lively performance of "Travelin' Band" that I was ready to forgive her anything, even Don McLean's "And I Love You So" and a silly routine about rock groups ("So he said he was from William Morris Agency, and I said Who?"). "I Am Woman" sounded less pompous live than it does on the radio. All in all, I enjoyed the concert less than I'd hoped but more than I'd feared. I'd go again.

THIS month's Only Rock and Roll Can Comprehend the Times We Live In Award goes to the latest Slade L.P., "Slayed?" (Polydor PD 5524), the first hard-rock record to make me feel dangerous since—would you believe "Let It Bleed"? Mama, weer all crazee now, all right. . . . If you've been hearing a lot about reggae and are curious, the record to buy is the original sound track to "The Harder They Come" (Mango SMAS-7400). It's a delight from beginning to end; not one cut is bad, or even mediocre. Besides Jimmy Cliff, the star of the movie, the record features several groups whose names (Maytals, Melodians, Slickers) remind me of all those great fifties rock-and-roll one-shots. Hmm. . . . I'm happy to report that "Sweet Thursday," which has been one of my favorite records for years, has been reissued (Great Western Gramophone KZ 32039). Both the group and the original record label (Tetragrammaton) folded soon after it was released, in 1969; the album has been more or less impossible to get since. Jon Mark fans and anybody who digs British hard rock and Dylan's alienated period should check it out.

—Ellen Willis

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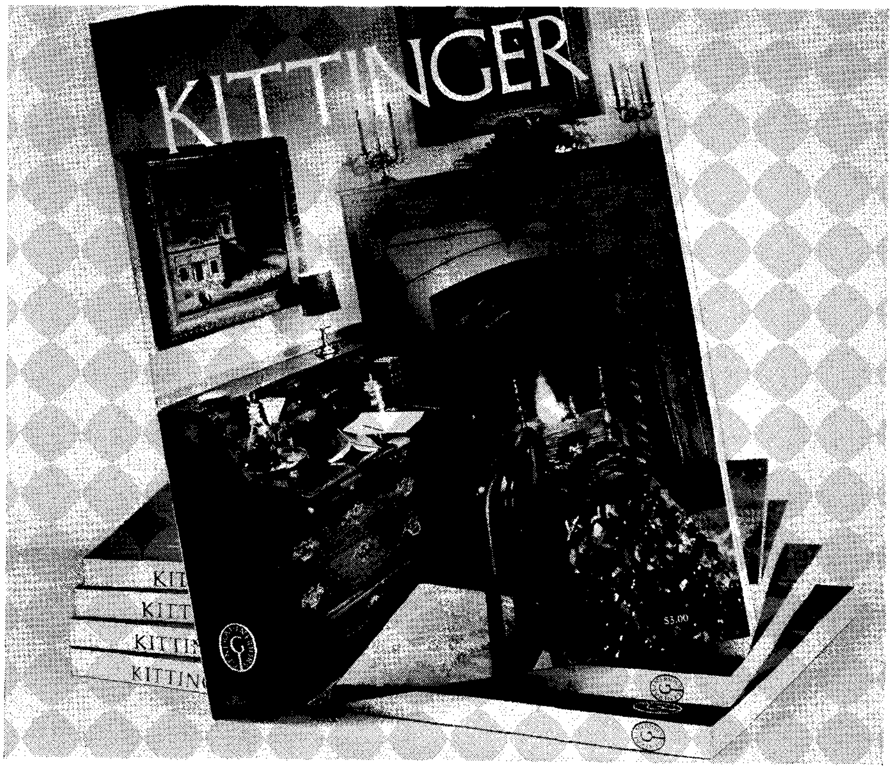

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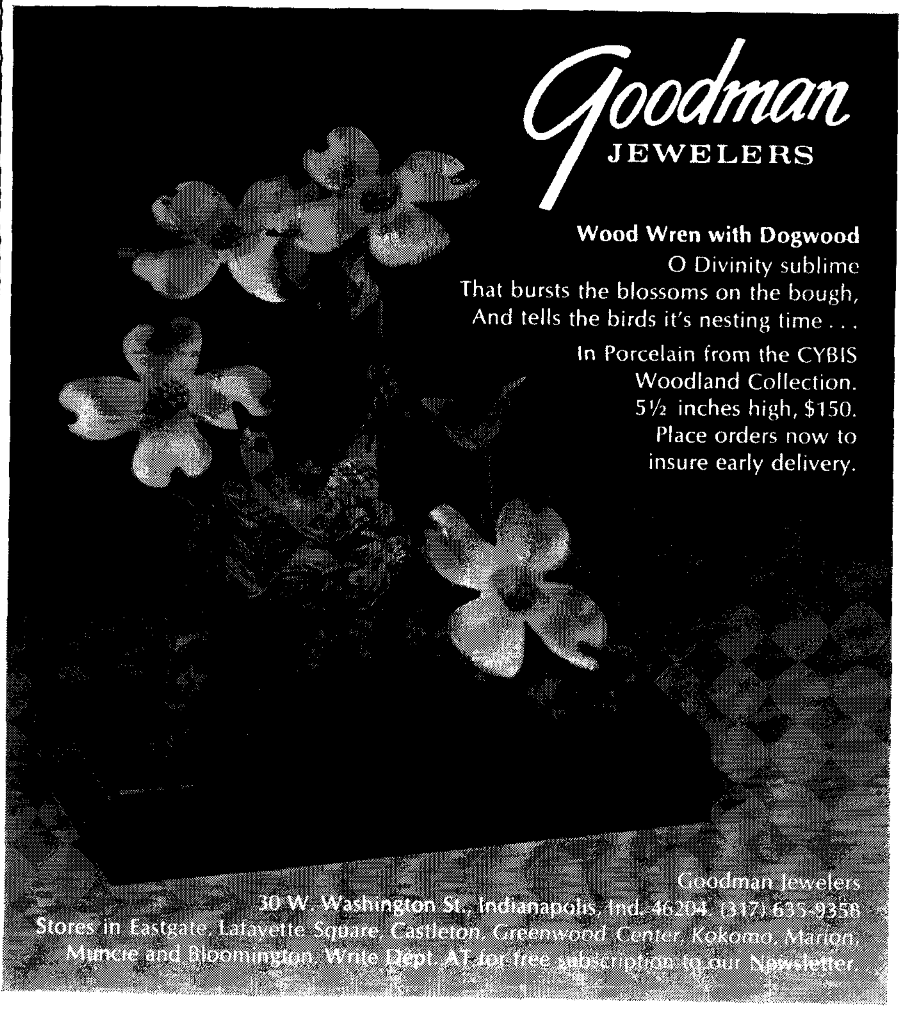

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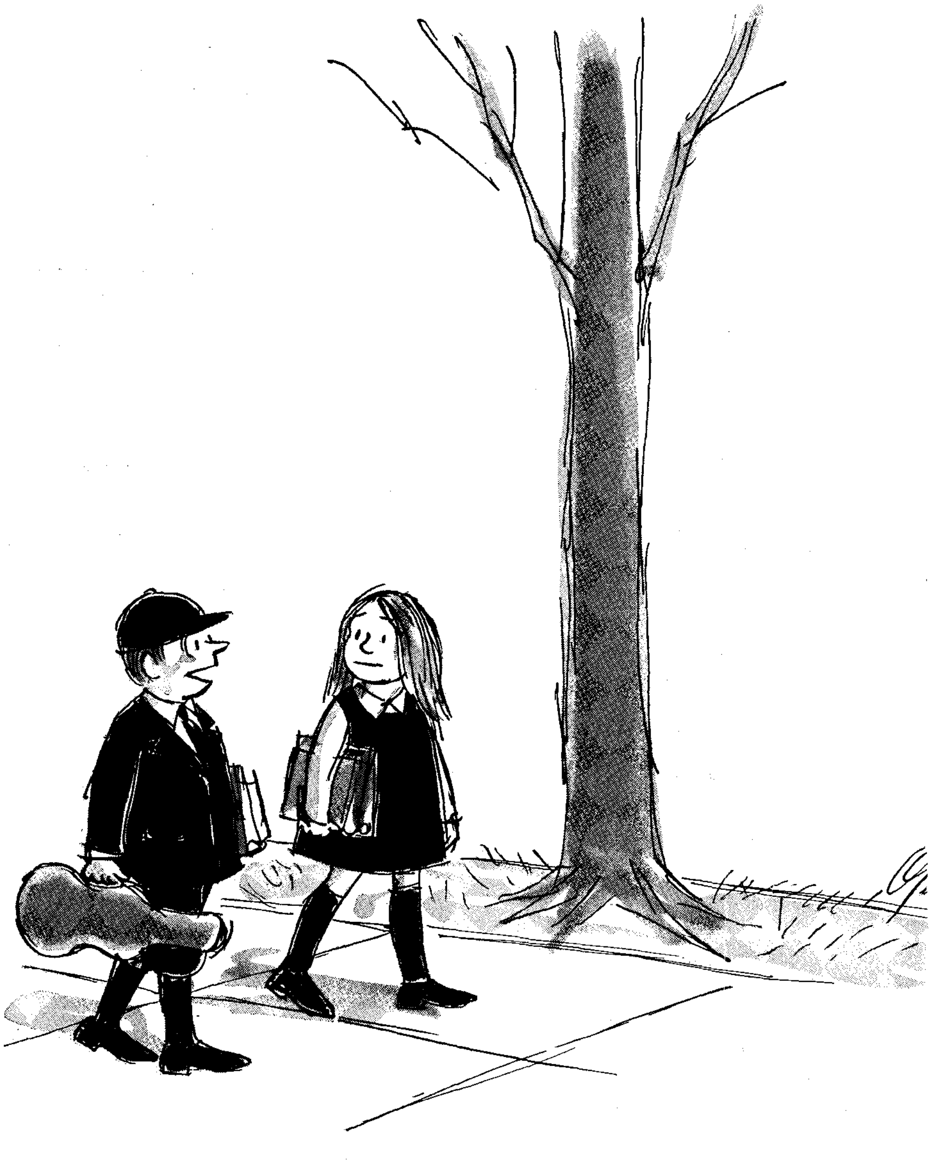
BOOKS

Under the Hammer

NOVELS, memoirs, history tell us (all too clearly) of the experience of men in a police state. The repertoire of humiliation, imprisonment, liquidation, and clandestine existence is commonplace. Politically engaged women, though only a few, turn up in the grim business. Women have led revolutionary movements in Germany and Rumania. They have even been among the torturers. But these last are exceptional figures, twisted into a masculine role by radical obsession or the stress of extreme circumstance. Not much has been written of the life of the "common woman" under totalitarian terror, of the housewife's routine, of the afternoons of the secretary or shopgirl under the glass jar of a Stalinist or Fascist system.

Yet it may well be that women endure the brunt of the hammering. A bureaucracy of terror translates ideological control into material detail. It enforces a persistent tired attention via scarcities in the food shops, via petty but menacing alterations in the rules covering housing, currency, movement inside and outside the country. Men are caught up in the rhetoric and sudden vengeances of Party life or public hounding. But it is women who bear the numbing blackmail of small exasperations and small hopes. Of course, they share the larger fear: the famous knock at the door before daybreak that has entered into the idiom of every East European language. They fear for their husbands and sons. But exhaustion comes of more banal chicaneries: of the inability to produce an attractive meal, of the desperately cramped quarters in houses one is not allowed to repair, of the interminable forms to fill in for identity cards, state pensions, more or less compulsory memberships in volunteer cadres. Most women must now work at a job; notoriously, in the Soviet Union and the less developed regions of Eastern Europe, they also do heavy labor. This means queuing at the baker and butcher in the very early morning or at the end of the work shift. It means trying to hurry home on run-down, often capricious means of public transport. Clothes have to be mended and floors cleaned. (Whoever has lived in the concrete and stucco of East German, Polish, or Russian mass-built housing knows of the acrid dust that blows from every crack, summer and winter.)

A police state presses on women sexually. Not in the obvious way of barter for survival or material favor, though these clichés do exist. The devaluation is subtler. In the intelligentsia, in artistic circles, in the political sphere, women know that their husbands or lovers are literally survivors. But almost inevitably the price of survival will have been stiff: fanatical obeisance to the machine, a betrayal along the way, a more or less public episode of abjection and self-criticism, an acquiescence either overt or mute in official lies and cruelties. The men whom educated women sleep with under Stalinist, Fascist, racist dispensation are ruthless or, at some crucial point of remembrance and sensibility, crippled. Meshed in the system, men will develop a certain pragmatic fatalism. They forgive one another and agree to forget. I have seen a host in Warsaw shake hands easily with a guest who not many years before had been instrumental in railroading him to a camp. The ex-police thug who tortured Kádár is now peacefully ending his days in a suburb of Budapest. But women's memories have an unforgiving, physical intensity. They ache like old scars. The instant of truth and naked sight can come abruptly, at a party in X's Western-style maisonette on the high bluff over the Danube or after a private showing of Y's banned but universally rumored film at a studio in Cracow. Suddenly, the inflection between men and women sharpens, and their attitudes become strangely focussed, as in a lit negative, and one senses that these intense, worn beings look on the men with whom they will soon be going home in a manner something like contempt. Survival,



"Schubert's was just 'Unfinished,' but Haydn's was a 'Surprise.'"

let alone success and privilege under a Stalinist regime, emasculates. In the Mandelstam image, they make of grown men little comic or venomous furry creatures posturing before power. Women know, and there are, one supposes, festering silences in intimacy.

Zdena Salivarova's "Summer in Prague" (Harper & Row) is placed not in the élite circles of People's Artists and high bureaucrats but on the seedy fringe of official (*apparatchik*) culture. The Daisy Chorus is one of numerous artistic manifestations through which the Socialist motherland voices the heartfelt felicity of its citizens. Occasionally these singers go abroad. To be included in the travelling party, particularly for "the capitalistic West," is a supreme mark of reliability. It means that Comrade Director and his satraps have combed one's confidential dossier and found no deleterious blots, no careless word, no sexual indiscretion, no symptoms of a negativist attitude or bourgeois background. It signifies that the fourteenth subsection of the ninth department of the Ministry of the Interior, which looks after visas for travelling trade delegations, dance troupes, volleyball teams, and Daisy Choruses has raised no objections. A foreign journey, even to a neighboring satellite in the happy camp of the People's Republics, means a shopping spree, a change of menu, a couple of deep, wasteful breaths away from the vacuum pump.

Jana Honzlova had been allowed to go to France. On her return, the Boss had gushed, "It must be a nice feeling, eh, knowing that you proved your abilities so successfully, I'd even say almost convincingly, eh what, and showed a positive attitude after so many years of distrust, eh what?" She had been all set for a trip to Finland: cut glass in the shopwindows of Helsinki, one of those famous saunas. But she had been left behind, to tend the office in the heat and dust of a Prague summer. Why? The answer lies in the office safe. Comrade Honzlova discovers the combination and gets a look at her file. The testimonials are appalling. Her father is designated a former capitalist exploiter; her mother employed maids. Jana herself lives in a moral swamp: she reads noxious literature, such as Sartre and Huxley, and disseminates confused feelings among the other girls in the Chorus; she studies Western languages at the Language Institute, an activity that plainly threatens the morale of the collective; she has written half-truths on security questionnaires. These billets-doux are

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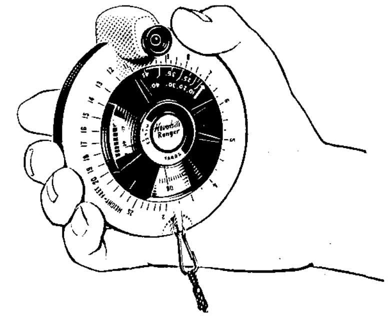

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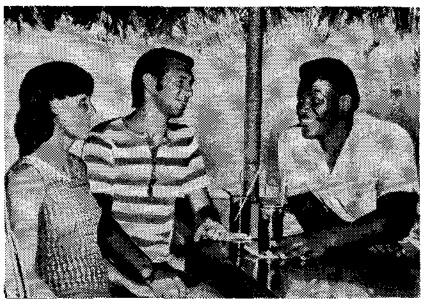

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either anonymous or signed "Hurrah for Peace."

There must be a mistake, a malignant confusion at some corner of the labyrinth. Honzlova seeks the appropriate cranny in the Ministry of the Interior: "So you think somebody made a mistake here, do you, Comrade? Hmm. Well, you are quite mistaken, Comrade. You have some very half-baked ideas about our Interior workers here. Mistakes can't happen here, is that clear?" What was she doing locked in her room in Biarritz? Why did she sit around in the garden restaurant in Pau with the producer Dupont and his wife drinking whiskey when the Daisy girls were patiently waiting in the bus? And here she is daring to question the Interior, suggesting that Edith Piaf, a "decadent Western whore," can be compared to the artists of Socialist realism. Bang goes the fist on the table. Bang again.

Life goes on, jolting and monotonous, like the unreliable buses. Jana's younger sister Andula hangs around the barracks; her little brother Hugo, on the other hand, is a joy. The balcony needs mending, but one can ask interminably for building material or workmen without any result. One absolutely *must* get a radio, for the political announcements, of course, but also for the glorious Czech carols at Christmastime, licit ghosts out of the condemned past allowed their midnight hour. One's number may turn up in the state lottery.

But there are changes. Comrade Sedlacek keeps turning up from the Ministry of the Interior. He is asking not that Jana become a police spy but merely that she use her bright little head in more constructive ways. There are always words to be overheard, gestures to be noted, privacies to be mined. After which one's dossier takes a surprising turn for the better and there are trips abroad. Comrade Honzlova is, after all, in a bit of trouble. She has drawn attention to herself. What was she doing at the funeral of Mrs. Pelikan, the notoriously unreconstructed cleaning lady, with whom she shared long hours of presumably subversive summer gossip in the deserted office? Coöperation is a mousy thing: "You'd only have to meet me for a cup of coffee once in a while, and we'd have a little chat. About the problems in your collective and about your own personal worries. Don't think that we're not interested in your own problems, too. We could help you." One half of the population informs on the other half; it makes for brotherhood.

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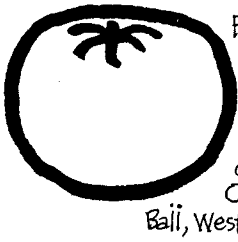

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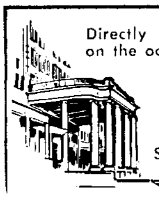

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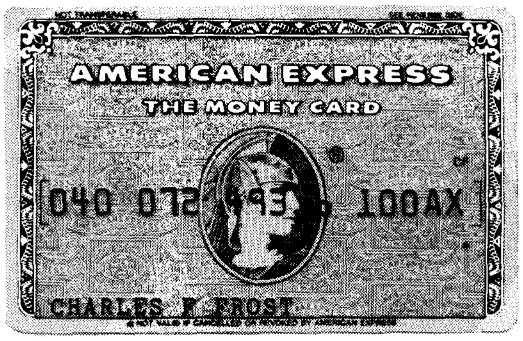
The book comes to a bitter climax. The old balcony at 26 Zizkov Street collapses, and ten-year-old Hugo is killed. For Comrade Honzlova, life is no promise of revolutionary utopia. It is not even a low-grade purgatory full of inane vexations. It is quite palpably "somebody's frightful revenge." Inquisitor Sedlacek appears—not to arrest Jana, not to take advantage of her grief, but to give her a passport with a permit for France. Is it a trap? Will she be arrested at the airport and charged with possessing false papers and attempting to escape? Probably not. Sometimes a sudden weariness, a rift of self-contempt, opens in the gray souls of police bureaucrats. Zdena Salivarova got out, to Berkeley and Toronto, where she now lives.

She has written a novel of great distinction and humor. There are weaknesses. Jana's relations with Father Kruno, a childhood friend to whom she turns for comfort, are somewhat forced. The gesture of baptism is strained. The author does not allow herself time in which to develop the critical motif of Sedlacek's turn of conscience. He feels drawn to Jana. Her inept defiance throws him off balance. But the modulations of feeling between hunter and quarry, which could really explain Sedlacek's final act, belong almost to the Dostoevskian world. Here they are too lightly sketched. Yet the technique of casual narration, the avoidance of the major key, are intentional. This is a study in numbing. It means to show how the existence of very ordinary men and women—the latter, especially—is hammered into small, cunning shapes under Soviet and East European Socialism. It tells of the techniques of survival on short breaths. One trusts this novel (despite awkwardnesses of translation) because it leaves so much unsaid.

A great deal of important literature is being produced in Eastern Europe, much of it inevitably clandestine. Zdena Salivarova's husband, Josef Skvorecky, is himself a novelist of the first rank. They have escaped not only to physical safety but to that exile within exile which is experienced by a writer isolated from his own tongue. Others remain behind, and, by obstinate miracle, continue to write vital work. The Lithuanian Icchokas Meras, soon to be translated into English, may well be one of the great masters of the short novel. Hungarian poetry continues to be of first importance. The tactics of survival and possible expression are various. They draw on fable and metaphor, on surrealist humor and remembrance disguised as utopia. But in a



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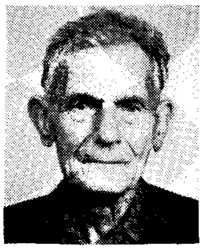

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good deal of the best work there is an unspoken prayer. Jana Honzlova hears it coming over a radio somewhere in the scarred house as she prepares to leave. It is an old folk song from the Tatras, but it could just as well be from the Ukraine or Bohemia, from Carpathia or Taunus:

Misery, woe is me.
I am in slavery.
Find my oppressor—O God!
Slay him, I beg of thee.

The tune is simple enough for a lullaby. Women have sung it often.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Delacorte). To celebrate his fiftieth birthday, Kurt Vonnegut decided to give up (at least temporarily) fancy sci-fi plots and to take up illustrating. The result of this housecleaning turns out to be an excoriating, funny, depressing, personal State of the Union Message, which takes the form of a melancholic romp through the current American scene. The country Vonnegut takes us through has been plasticized, prepackaged, and brainwashed beyond redemption. The poor are sinking into oblivion, and the rich are choking on the fruits of their wealth. The action takes place chiefly in Midland City, a small Midwestern metropolis whose streams are coated with plastic bubbles the size of ping-pong balls, and the book, in short episodes, touches on just about every major problem afflicting this country, even projecting us at one point into the future, when the government's answer to the population problem would be to give "a big balloon full of helium to every man, woman, and child who didn't own property." This is a highly moral book, written as if it were going to be found under the rubble of a destroyed civilization. It is Mr. Vonnegut's most serious and impressive work to date, occasionally made less so by his inclination to, as he puts it, "perform childishly," particularly in his drawings. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

THE FACE OF DEFEAT: PALESTINIAN REFUGEES AND GUERRILLAS, by David Pryce-Jones (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The author is a reporter who has been in and out of the Middle East for more than a

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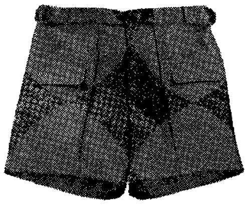

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decade, and this book is a restatement of his sympathetic—and truly nonpartisan—understanding of that almost hopelessly troubled area. The pivotal force is, of course, the Israeli presence, and Mr. Pryce-Jones directs our attention to the most formidable problem raised by that presence—the anguished proliferation of refugees, especially Palestinians, and especially the Palestinians of the west bank of the Jordan. He has talked to everyone on every side, he has been everywhere (everywhere in Israel; to Gaza, to Sinai, to Jordan, to Lebanon; up and down both sides of the Jordan River), he has seen fighting and terrorist sorties, and he has trudged through a score of refugee camps, some grim, some comfortable, and some offering their bewildered peasant residents a scale of living never before even dreamed of. The presentation is informal, anecdotal, and pictorial. Maps.

JOAN, MAID OF ORLÉANS, by Henri Guillemin, translated from the French by Harold J. Salemson (Saturday Review Press). An attempt to get somewhere close to the facts of the remarkable story of the teen-age girl from Domrémy who changed the history of France. M. Guillemin, a well-known critic and historian, says he got tired of the legend, which was so palpably false and prettied up, and went to the original sources—municipal records, church records, the accounts of Joan's trial and the rehabilitation investigation that came twenty-five years later, provincial archives and histories—to arrive at a plausible re-creation of the girl who appeared, full of confidence in her mystic powers and military prowess, at the French court just when the advisers to the luckless Dauphin were looking for a ruse to use against the English. M. Guillemin is persuasive but never didactic, and his comments along the way on earlier writers on Joan are devastating. Illustrations.

KEROUAC, by Ann Charters (Straight Arrow). This interminable but information-packed book would have been more useful both as a biography and as a social document if the author (who first met Kerouac at a poetry reading in the mid-fifties) had been more selective and critical of the material she has so meticulously accumulated. Instead, she has given everything in her subject's life equal weight—his childhood in Lowell, Massachusetts; his friendships with William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg,

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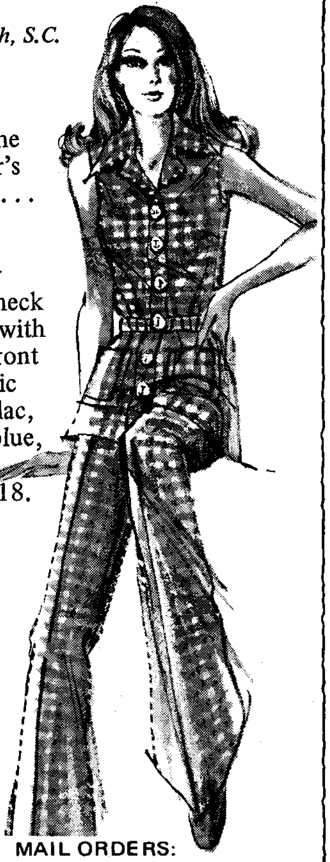

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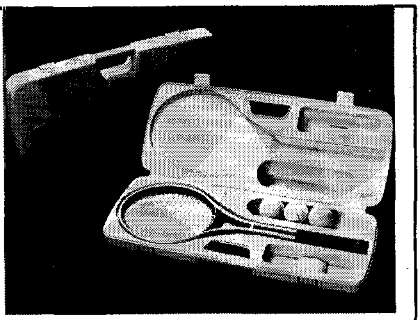

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and "the legendary" Neal Cassady; his hangups; his marriages; and his work. As a result, the portrait that emerges is a rather blurry, if touching, one. But how unshocking the Beats' bohemianism now seems! What an enormous gap, too, between the cool, hip popular image of Kerouac and the rather pathetic, naïve man we see here: taking his intellectual cues from Ginsberg and his sexual ones from the frenetic Cassady; eating his way across the country on ice cream and pie; thrilling to hear an old farmer say to a waitress, "Maw, rustle me up some grub before I have to start eating myself raw;" becoming sicker and sicker from all the grass, Benzedrine, morphine, and whiskey; and forever dreaming of himself as a footloose cowboy, although he was to spend much of his life (and end it) strung out, ill, and living with his mother.

ROBERT BROWNING: A PORTRAIT, by Betty Miller (Scribners). This remarkably well-wrought biography of an artist is at the same time a credible account of several neurotic Victorians, of the sources of poetic inspiration, and of the literary and intellectual moods of the nineteenth century. It is to some extent debunking—Mrs. Miller finds that the appealing romance of Robert and Elizabeth became an icily unhappy marriage—and it is altogether convincing.

NOTE: "A Russian Beauty and Other Stories," by Vladimir Nabokov, has been published by McGraw-Hill, and "The Pegnitz Junction," a novella and five short stories by Mavis Gallant, has been published by Random House. In both cases, much of the material originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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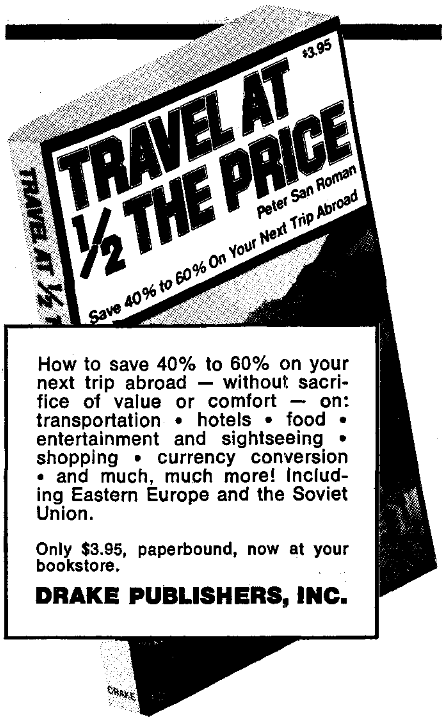

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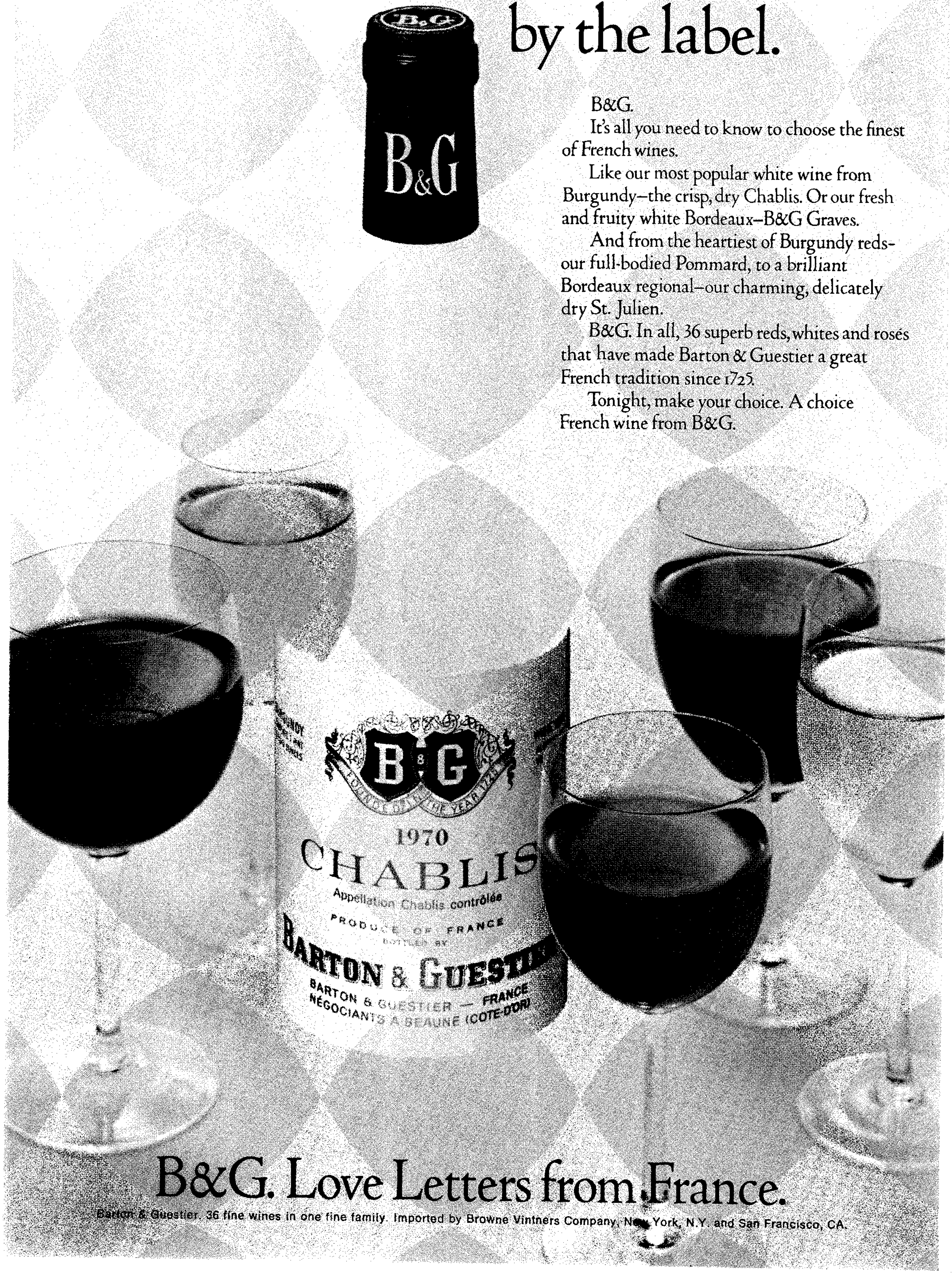
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